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# POEMS

ON

Various Occasions;

AND

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

SEVERAL AUTHORS.

BY

Mr. John Dryden.

*Now first publish'd together in one Volume.*

LONDON,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate,  
next Grays-Inn Lane. 1701.



P. O. E. M.

OF

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L O N D O N

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Crown and Anchor, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, near Gray's-Inn Lane.



To Mr. D R Y D E N,  
 O N H I S  
 R E L I G I O L A I C I.

**B**Egone you Slaves, you Idle Vermin go,  
 Fly from the Scourges, and your Master know;  
 Let free, impartial men from Dryden learn  
 Mysterious Secrets, of a high concern,  
 And weighty Truths, solid convincing Sense,  
 Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.

What can you (Reverend Levi) here take ill?  
 Men still had faults, and men will have them still;  
 He that hath none, and lives as Angels do  
 Must be an Angel; But what's that to you?

While mighty Lewis finds the Pope too Great,  
 And dreads the Yoke of his imposing Seat,  
 Our Sects a more Tyrannick Power assume,  
 And would for Scorpions change the Rods of Rome.  
 That Church detain'd the Legacy Divine;  
 Fanatics cast the Pearls of Heaven to Swine:  
 What then have honest thinking men to do,  
 But chuse a mean between th' Usurping two?

Nor can the Ægyptian Patriarch blame a Muse,  
 Which for his firmness does his heat excuse;  
 Whatever Counsels have approv'd his Creed,  
 The PREFACE sure was his own Act and Deed.  
 Our Church will have that Preface read (You'll say,)  
 'Tis true, But so she will th' Apocrypha;  
 And such as can believe them freely may.

But did that God (so little understood)  
 Whose Darling attribute is being good,  
 From the dark Womb of the Rude Chaos bring  
 Such various Creatures, and make Man their King;  
 Yet leave his Favorite, Man, his chiefest care,  
 More wretched than the vilest Insects are?

O! how much happier and more safe are they?  
 If helpless Millions must be doom'd a Prey  
 To Telling Furies, and for ever burn  
 In that sad place from whence is no return,  
 For unbelief in one they never knew,  
 Or for not doing what they could not do!

The very Fiends know for what Crime they fell,  
 (And so do all their Followers that rebel)  
 If then a blind, well-meaning, Indian stray,  
 Shall the great Gulph be shew'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,  
 Or the faln Angels Rooms will be but ill supply'd.



*That Christ, who at the great deciding Day  
 (For he declares what he resolves to say.)  
 Will damn the Goats, for their Ill-natur'd faults,  
 And save the Sheep, for Actions, not for Thoughts,  
 Hath too much mercy to send men to Hell,  
 For humble Charity, and hoping well.*

*To what Stupidity are Zealots grown,  
 Whose inhumanity profusely shown  
 In Damning Crouds of Souls, may Damn their own !*

*I'll err at least on the securer side,  
 A Convert free from Malice and from Pride.*

ROSCOMON.

To Mr. DRYDEN, on his Play, call'd,

## The Conquest of GRANADA.

**T**H' applause I gave among the foolish Croud,  
 Was not distinguish'd, tho' I clap'd aloud :  
 Or, if it had, my Judgment had been hid :  
 I Clap'd for Company as others did.  
 Thence may be told the fortune of your Play,  
 Its Goodness must be try'd another way.  
 Let's Judge it then, and, if we've any Skill,  
 Commend what's good, though we Commend it ill.  
 There will be praise enough, yet not so much,  
 As if the World had never any such :  
 Ben. Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespear, are,  
 As well as you, to have a Poet's Share.  
 You, who Write after, have besides this Curse,  
 You must Write better, or you else Write worse.  
 To equal only what was writ before,  
 Seems stoll'n, or borrow'd from the former Store.  
 Though blind as Homer, all the Ancients be,  
 'Tis on their Shoulders, like the Lame, we see.  
 Then not to flatter th' Age, nor flatter you,  
 (Praises though less, are greater when they're true)  
 Your're equal to the best, out-done by you ;  
 Who had out-done themselves, had they liv'd now.

VAUGHAN.



*To Mr. Dryden on his Play, call'd,  
Truth Found too Late.*

**A**ND will our Master Poet then admit  
A young beginner in the Trade of Wit,  
To bring a plain and rustick Muse to wait,  
On His in all her glorious Pomp and State?  
Can an unknown unheard of private Name,  
Add any Lustre to so bright a Fame?  
No! sooner Planets to the Sun may give  
That Light which they themselves from him derive.  
Nor could my sickly fancy entertain,  
A thought so foolish, or a pride so vain.  
But as when Kings through Crowds in Triumph go,  
The meanest Wretch that gazes at the show,  
Though to that Pomp his voice can add no more,  
Than when we Drops into the Ocean pour,  
Has leave his Tongue in praises to employ:  
(Th' accepted Language of officious joy:)  
So I, in loud applauses may reveal  
To you, great King of Verse, my Loyal Zeal,  
May tell with what Majestick grace and miene  
Your Muse displays her self in every Scene;  
In what rich robes she has fair Cressid drest,  
And with what gentle fires inflam'd her Breast.  
How when those fading eyes her aid implor'd  
She all their sparkling Lustre has restord,  
Added more Charms, fresh Beauties on 'em shed,  
And to new youth recall'd the Lovely maid.  
How nobly she the Royal Brothers draws;  
How great their quarrel, and how great their cause:  
How justly raised! and by what just degrees,  
In a sweet calm does the rough tempest cease!  
Envy not now the God-like Romans Rage,  
Hector and Troilus darlings of our Age  
Shall hand in hand with Brutus tread the stage.

Shakespear 'tis true this tale of Troy first told,  
But, as with Ennius Virgil did of old,  
You found it Dirt, but you have made it Gold.  
A dark and undigested heap it lay,  
Like Chaos e're the dawn of Infant day,  
But you did first the cheerful Light display.  
Confus'd it was as Epicurus World  
Of Atoms by blind chance together hurl'd,  
But you have made such order through it shine  
As loudly speaks the Workmanship divine.

Boast then, O Troy! and triumph in thy flames,  
That make thee sung by three such mighty names.  
Had Ilium stood, Homer had ne're been read,  
Nor the sweet Mantuan Swan his Wings display'd,



Nor thou the third, but equal in renown  
 Thy matchless skill in this great subject shown:  
 Not Priam's self, nor all the Trojan State  
 Was worth the saving at so dear a rate.  
 But they now flourish by you mighty three  
 In Verse more lasting than their Walls could be.  
 Which never, never shall like them decay,  
 Being built by hands divine as well as they;  
 Never, till our great Charles being sung by You,  
 Old Troy shall grow less famous than the new.

R. Duke.

To Mr. Dryden on his Translation of

## P E R S I U S.

AS when of Old Heroick Story tells  
 Of Knights Imprison'd long by Magick Spells;  
 Till future Time, the destin'd Hero send,  
 By whom, the dire Enchantment is to end:  
 Such seems this Work, and so reserv'd for Thee,  
 Thou Great Revealer of dark Poesie.

Those sullen Clouds, which have for Ages past,  
 O'er Persius's top-long-suffering Muse been cast,  
 Disperse, and fly before thy sacred Pen,  
 And in their room bright Tracks of Light are seen.  
 Sure Phœbus self, thy swelling Breast inspires,  
 The God of Musick and Poetique Fires:  
 Else, whence proceeds this great Surprise of Light!  
 How dawns this Day forth from the Womb of Night!

Our Wonder, now, does our past folly show,  
 Vainly contemning what we did not know:  
 So Unbelievers impiously despise  
 The sacred Oracles, in Mysteries.  
 Persius, before, in small Esteem was had,  
 Unless what to Antiquity is paid;  
 But, like Apocrypha, with Scruple read,  
 (So far our Ignorance our Faith misled)  
 Till you, Apollo's Darling Priest, thought fit  
 To place it in the Poets sacred Writ.

As Coin, which bears some awful Monarch's Face,  
 For more than its intrinsic Worth will pass;  
 So your bright Image, which we here behold,  
 Adds Worth to Worth, and dignifies the Gold.  
 To You, we, all this following Treasure owe,  
 This Hippocrene, which from a Rock did flow.

Old Stoick Virtue, clad in rugged Lines,  
 Polish'd by you, in Modern Brilliant shines:



*And as before, for Persius our Esteem,  
To his Antiquity was paid, not Him :  
So now, whatever Praise from us is due,  
Belongs not to O'd Persius, but the New :  
For still Obscure, to us no Light he gives ;  
Dead in Himself, in You alone he lives.*

*So stubborn Flints their inward Heat conceal;  
Till Art and Force, th' unwilling Sparks reveal ;  
But through your Skill, from those small seeds of Fire,  
Bright Flames arise, which never can expire.*

Will. Congreve.

To Mr. D R Y D E N,

O N

R E L I G I O L A I C I.

*'T*IS nobly done, a Layman's Creed profest,  
When all our Faith of late hung on a Priest ;  
His doubtful words like Oracles receiv'd,  
And when we could not understand, believ'd.  
Triumphant Faith now takes a nobler course,  
'Tis gentle, but resists intruding force :  
Weak Reason may pretend an awful sway,  
And Consistories charge her to obey ;  
(Strange Nonsense to confine the sacred Dove,  
And narrow Rules prescribe how he shall Love,  
And how upon the barren Waters move.)  
But she rejects and scorns their proud Pretence,  
And whilst those growling things depend on Sense ;  
She mounts on certain wings and flies on high,  
And looks upon a dazzling Mystery,  
With fix'd, and steady, and an Eagles Eye.  
Great King of Verse, that dost instruct and please,  
As Orpheus soften'd the rude Savages :  
And gently freest us from a double Care,  
The bold Socinian, and the Papal Chair :  
Thy Judgment is correct, thy Fancy young,  
Thy Numbers, as thy generous faith, are strong :  
Whilst through dark Prejudice they force their way,  
Our Souls shake off the Night and view the Day.  
We live secure from mad Enthusiasts Rage,  
And fond Tradition now grown blind with Age.  
Let factious and ambitious Souls repine,  
Thy Reason's strong, and generous thy Design,  
And always to do well is only thine.

}

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Tho. Creech



To the unknown AUTHOR  
OF THIS  
ADMIRABLE POEM.

**I** Thought, forgive my Sin, the boasted fire  
Of Poets Souls did long ago expire;  
Of Folly or of Madness did accuse  
The wretch that thought himself possess'd with Muse;  
Laugh'd at the God within, that did inspire  
With more than human thoughts the tuneful Quire:  
But sure 'tis more than Fancy, or the Dream  
Of Rhimers slumbring by the Muses stream.  
Some livelier Spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd  
From Earthly dross, fills the great Poet's Mind.  
Witness these mighty and immortal Lines,  
Through each of which th' informing Genius shines.  
Scarce a diviner Flame inspir'd the King,  
Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing.  
Not David's self could in a nobler Verse  
His gloriously offending Son rehearse,  
Tho' in his Breast the Prophet's Fury met,  
The Father's Fondness, and the Poet's Wit.

Here all consent in Wonder and in Praise,  
And to the Unknown Poet Altars raise.  
Which thou must needs accept with equal joy,  
As when Æneas heard the Wars of Troy,  
Wrapt up himself in darkness and unseen,  
Extoll'd with Wonder by the Tyrian Queen.  
Sure thou already art secure of Fame,  
Nor want'st new Glories to exalt thy Name:  
What Father else would have refus'd to own  
So great a Son as God-like Absalon?

R. Duke.

To the unknown AUTHOR  
OF THIS  
EXCELLENT POEM.

**T**ake it as earnest of a Faith renew'd,  
Your Theme is vast, your Verse divinely good:  
Where, tho' the nine their beauteous stroaks repeat,  
And the turn'd Lines on Golden Anvils beat,  
It looks as if they strook 'em at a heat.  
So all Serenely Great, so just refin'd,  
Like Angels love to Human Seed enclin'd,  
It starts a Giant, and exalts the Kind.  
'Tis Spirit seen, whose fiery Atoms roul,  
So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul.

'Tis



'Tis miniture of Man, but he's all heart ;  
 'Tis what the World would be, but wants the Art :  
 To whom even the Phanaticks Altars raise,  
 Bow in their own despite, and grin your praise.  
 As if a Milton from the Dead arose,  
 Fil'd off the Rust, and the right Party chose.  
 Nor, Sir, be shock'd at what the Gloomy say,  
 Turn not your feet too inward, nor too splay.  
 'Tis Gracious all, and Great : Push on your Theme,  
 Lean your griev'd head on David's Diadem.  
 David that rebel Israel's Envy mov'd,  
 David by God and all Good Men belov'd.

The Beauties of your Absalom excel :  
 But more the Charms of Charming Annabel ;  
 Of Annabel, than May's first Morn more bright,  
 Cheerful as Summer's Noon, and chaste as Winter's Night.  
 Of Annabel the Muses dearest Theme,  
 Of Annabel the Angel of my Dream.  
 Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,  
 And to your Master-piece these Shadows send.

Nat. Lee.

To the Conceal'd A U T H O R  
 O F T H I S  
 I N C O M P A R A B L E P O E M.

**H** A I L Heaven-born Muse ! hail every Sacred page !  
 The Glory of our Isle and of our Age.  
 Th' inspiring Sun to Albion draws more nigh,  
 The North at length teems with a work to vie  
 With Homer's Flame and Virgil's Majesty.  
 While Pindus lofty Heights our Poet sought,  
 (His ravish'd Mind with vast Idea's fraught)  
 Our Language fail'd beneath his rising thought ;  
 This checks not his Attempt, for Maro's Mines,  
 He drains of all their Gold t' adorn his Lines:  
 Through each of which the Mantuan Genius shines.  
 The Rock obey'd the pow'rful Hebrew Guide,  
 Her flinty Breast dissolv'd into a Tide :  
 Thus on our stubborn Language he prevails,  
 And makes the Helicon in which he sails.  
 The Dialect, as well as sense, invents,  
 And, with his Poem, a new speech presents.  
 Hail then thou matchless Bard, thou great unknown,  
 That give your Country Fame, yet shun your own !  
 In vain — for ev'ry where your Praise you find,  
 And not to meet it, you must shun Mankind.  
 Your Loyal Theme each Loyal Reader draws,  
 And ev'n the Factionous give your Verse applause,  
 Whose lightning strikes to ground their Idol cause.  
 The Cause for whose dear sake they drank a Flood  
 Of Civil Gore, nor spar'd the Royal-blood:

The



*The Cause whose growth to crush, our Prelates wrote  
In vain, almost in vain our Hero's fought.  
Yet by one Stab of your keen Satyr dies:  
Before your sacred Lines their shatter'd Dagon lies.  
Oh! If unworthy we appear to know  
The Sire, to whom this lovely Birth we owe:  
(Deny'd our ready Homage to express,  
And can at best but thankful be by guess:)  
This hope remains, — May David's God-like Mind,  
(For him 'twas wrote) the unknown Author find:  
And, having found, show'r equal Favours down  
On Wit so fast as cou'd oblige a Crown.*

N. Tate.

To Mr. D R Y D E N,

On his P O E M called

R E L I G I O L A I C I.

*G R E A T is the task, and worthy such a Muse,  
To do Faith right, yet Reason disabuse.  
How chearfully the Soul does take its flight,  
On Faith's strong wing; guided by Reason's light?  
But Reason does in vain her beams display,  
Shewing to th' place, whence first she came, the way,  
If Peter's Heirs must still hold fast the Key.  
The house which many Mansions shou'd contain,  
Form'd by the great wise Architect in vain,  
Of Disproportion justly we accuse,  
If the strait-gate still entrance must refuse.  
The only free enriching Port God made  
What shameful Monopoly did invade?  
One Faction's Company ingross'd the Trade.  
Thou to the distant Shoar hast safely sail'd,  
Where the best Pilots have so often fail'd.  
Freely we now may buy the Pearl of price,  
The happy Land abounds with fragrant Spice,  
And nothing is forbidden there but Vice.  
Thou best Columbus to the unknown World!  
Mountains of Doubt that in thy way were hurl'd,  
Thy generous Faith has bravely overcome,  
And made Heaven truly our familiar home.  
Let Crowds impossibilities receive,  
Who cannot think, ought not to disbelieve.  
Let 'em pay Tithes, and hud-wink'd go to Heaven,  
But sure the Quaker cou'd not be forgiven,  
Had not the Clerk who hates Lay-policy  
Found out, to countervail the Injury,  
Swearing, a Trade of which they are not free.  
Too long has captiv'd Reason been enslav'd,  
By Visions scar'd, and airy Phantasms brav'd,  
List'ning t' each proud Enthusiastick Fool,  
Pretending Conscience, but designing Rule;*

Whilst



Whilst Law, Form, Interest, Ignorance, Design,  
 Did in the holy Cheat together joyn.  
 Like vain Astrologers gazing on the Skies,  
 We fell, and did not dare to trust our Eyes.  
 'Tis time at last to fix the trembling Soul,  
 And by thy Compass to point out the Pole;  
 All men agree in what is to be done,  
 And each Man's Heart his Table is of Stone,  
 Where he the God-writ Character may view:  
 Were it as needful, Faith had been so too.  
 Oh, that our greatest fault were humble Doubt!  
 And that we were more Just, though less Devout;  
 What reverence shou'd we pay thy sacred Rhimes,  
 Who in these Factionous too-believing Times  
 Has taught us to obey, and to distrust:  
 Yet to our selves, our King, and God, prove just.  
 Thou wantst not Praise from an ensuring Friend,  
 The Poor to Thee on double Interest lend.  
 So strong thy Reasons, and so clear thy Sense,  
 They bring, like Day, their own bright Evidence:  
 Yet whilst mysterious Truths to light you bring,  
 And heavenly things in heavenly numbers sing,  
 The joyful younger Choir may clap the Wing.

To Mr. Dryden upon his Translation

OF THE

## Third Book of *Virgil's Georgicks*.

A Pindarick ODE.

**W**Hile mounting with expanded Wings  
 The Mantuan Swan unbounded Heav'n explores;  
 While with Seraphick Sounds he Towing Sings,  
 Till to Divinity he Soars:  
 Mankind stands wond'ring at his Flight,  
 Charm'd with his Musick, and his Height:  
 Which both transcend our Praise.  
 Nay Gods incline their ravish'd Ears,  
 And tune their own harmonious Spheres  
 To his Melodious Lays.  
 Thou, Dryden, canst his Notes recite  
 In modern Numbers, which express  
 Their Musick, and their utmost Might:  
 Thou, wondrous Poet, with Success  
 Canst emulate his Flight.

2.

Sometimes of humble Rural Things,  
 Thy Muse, which keeps great Maro still in Sight,  
 In middle Air with varied Numbers Sings;  
 And sometimes her sonorous Flight  
 To Heav'n sublimely Wings.  
 But first takes time with Majesty to rise,  
 Then, without Pride, divinely Great,  
 She Mounts her Native Skies;

c

And,



*And, Goddess-like, retains her State  
 When down again she flies.  
 Commands, which Judgment gives, she still obeys,  
 Both to depress her Flight, and raise.  
 Thus Mercury from Heaven descends,  
 And to this under World his Journey bends,  
 When Jove his dread Command has giv'n.  
 But, still, Descending, Dignity maintains,  
 As much as God upon our humble Plains,  
 As when he Tow'ring, re-ascends to Heaven.*

3.  
*But when thy Goddess takes her Flight,  
 With so much Majesty, to such a Height  
 As can alone suffice to prove,  
 That she descends from mighty Jove :  
 Gods ! how thy thoughts then rise, and soar, and shine !  
 Immortal Spirit animates each Line,  
 Each with bright Flame that Fires our Souls is Crown'd,  
 Each has magnificence of Sound,  
 And Harmony Divine.  
 Thus the first Orbs in their high Rounds,  
 With Shining Pomp advance ;  
 And to their own Celestial Sounds  
 Majestically Dance.  
 On, with eternal Symphony they rowl,  
 Each turn'd in its harmonious Course,  
 And each inform'd, by the prodigious Force  
 Of an Empyrean Soul.*

John Dennis.

To the unknown A U T H O R of the Poem

O F

## A B S A L O M and A C H I T O P H E L.

**T**HU S pious ignorance, with dubious praise,  
 Altars of old to Gods unknown did raise ;  
 They knew not the lov'd Deity, they knew  
 Divine Effects a Cause Divine did shew ;  
 Nor can we doubt, when such these Numbers are,  
 Such is their Cause, tho' the worst Muse shall dare  
 Their sacred worth in humble Verse declare.  
 As gentle Thames charm'd with thy tuneful Song,  
 Glides in a peaceful Majesty along ;  
 No rebel Stone, no lofty Bank does brave  
 The easie passage of his silent wave ;  
 So, sacred Poet, so thy Numbers flow,  
 Sinewy, yet mild as happy Lovers woe ;  
 Strong, yet harmonious too as Planets move,  
 Yet soft as Down upon the wings of Love :  
 How sweet does Virtue in your dress appear ?  
 How much more charming, when much less severe ?  
 Whilst you our senses harmlessly beguile,  
 With all th' allurements of your happy Style ;

T' insinuate



*T'insinuate Loyalty with kind deceit,  
 And into sense th' unthinking Many cheat :  
 So the sweet Thracian with his charming lyre  
 Into rude Nature virtue did inspire ;  
 So he the savage herd to reason drew,  
 Yet scarce so sweet, so charmingly as you :  
 Oh, that you would with some such powerful Charm,  
 Enervate Albion to just valour warm !  
 Whether much suffering Charles shall Theme afford,  
 Or the great Deeds of God-like James's Sword ;  
 Again fair Gallia might be ours, again  
 Another Fleet might pass the subject Main ;  
 Another Edward lead the Britains on,  
 Or such an Offory as you did moan :  
 While in such Numbers you, in such a strain,  
 Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.*

*Let false Achitophel the rout engage,  
 Talk easie Absalom to rebel rage ;  
 Let frugal Shimei curse in holy Zeal,  
 Or modest Corah more new Plots reveal ;  
 Whilst constant to himself, secure of fate,  
 Good David still maintains the Royal State ;  
 Tho' each in vain such various ill employs,  
 Firmly he stands, and even those ills enjoys ;  
 Firm as fair Albion midst the raging Main  
 Surveys encircling danger with disdain.  
 In vain the Waves assault the unmov'd shore,  
 In vain the Winds with mingled fury rore,  
 Fair Albion's beauteous Cliffs shine whiter than before.*

*Nor shalt thou move, tho' Hell thy fall conspire,  
 Tho' the worse rage of Zeal's Fanatick Fire ;  
 Thou best, thou greatest of the British Race,  
 Thou only fit to fill Great Charles his place.*

*Ah wretched Britains! ah too stubborn Isle !  
 Ah stiff-neck'd Israel on blest Canaan's Soyl!  
 Are those dear proofs of Heaven's Indulgence vain,  
 Restoring David and his gentle Reign ?  
 Is it in vain thou all the Goods dost know  
 Auspicious Stars on Mortals shed below,  
 While all thy streams with Milk, thy Lands with Honey flow ?  
 No more, fond Isle! no more thy self engage,  
 In civil fury, and intestine rage ;  
 No rebel Zeal thy duteous Land molest,  
 But a smooth Calm sooth every peaceful breast,  
 While in such Charming Notes Divinely sings,  
 The best of Poets, of the best of Kings.*



UPON THE  
 A U T H O R  
 OF THE  
 M E D A L.

**O**NCE more our awful Poet Arms, t'engage  
 The threatening Hydra-Faction of the Age:  
 Once more prepares his dreadful Pen to wield,  
 And ev'ry Muse attends him to the Field:  
 By Art and Nature for this Task design'd,  
 Yet modestly the Fight he long declin'd;  
 Forbore the Torrent of his Verse to pour,  
 Nor loos'd his Satyr till the needful Hour:  
 His Sov'reign's Right by Patience half betray'd,  
 Wak'd his Avenging Genius to its Aid.  
 Blest Muse, whose Wit with such a Cause was Crown'd,  
 And blest the Cause that such a Champion found.  
 With chosen Verse upon the Foe he falls,  
 And black Sedition in each Quarter galls;  
 Yet, like a Prince with Subjects forc'd t'engage,  
 Secure of Conquest he rebates his Rage;  
 His Fury not without Distinction sheds,  
 Hurls mortal Bolts but on devoted Heads:  
 To less infected Members gentle found,  
 Or spares, or else pours Balm into the Wound.  
 Such gen'rous Grace th' ingrateful Tribe abuse,  
 And trespass on the Mercy of his Muse;  
 Their wretched dogrell Rhimers forth they bring  
 To snarl and bark against the Poets King;  
 A Crew, that scandalize the Nation more  
 Than all their Treason-canting Priests before;  
 On these he scarce vouchsafes a scornful Smile,  
 But on their Pow'rful Patrons turns his Style.  
 A Style so keen, as ev'n from Faction draws  
 The vital Poyson, stabs to th' Heart their Cause.  
 Take then, great Bard, what Tribute we can raise;  
 Accept our Thanks, for you transcend our Praise.

N. Tate.

TO



To Mr. DRYDEN.  
ON HIS  
FALL of MAN,  
An OPERA.

**F**orgive me, awful Poet, if a Muse,  
 Whom Artless Nature did for plainness chuse,  
 In loose Attire presents her humble Thought,  
 Of this best Poem, that you ever wrought;  
 This fairest Labour of your teeming Brain,  
 I wou'd embrace, but not with Flatt'ry stain;  
 Something I wou'd to your vast Virtue raise,  
 But scorn to dawb it with a fulsome Praise;  
 That wou'd but blot the Work I wou'd commend,  
 And shew a Court-Admirer not a Friend,  
 To the dead Bard your Fame a little owes,  
 For Milton did the wealthy Mine disclose,  
 And rudely cast what you cou'd well dispose:  
 He roughly drew on an old fashion'd Ground,  
 A Chaos; for no perfect World was found;  
 Till through the Heap your mighty Genius shin'd;  
 His was the Golden Ore, which you refin'd.  
 He first beheld the Beautilous rustick Maid,  
 And to a Place of Strength the Prize convey'd;  
 You took her thence, to Court this Virgin brought,  
 Drest her with Gems, new wear'd her hard-spun Thought,  
 And softest Language, sweetest Manners taught.  
 Till from a Comet she a Star did rise,  
 Not to affright, but please our wond'ring Eyes.  
 Betwixt ye both is fram'd a Nobler Piece,  
 Than e'er was drawn in Italy or Greece.  
 Thou from his Source of Thoughts ev'n Souls dost bring,  
 As smiling Gods from sullen Saturn spring.  
 When Night's dull Mask the Face of Heaven does wear,  
 'Tis doubtful Light, but here and there a Star,  
 Which serves the dreadful Shadows to display,  
 That vanish at the rising of the Day;  
 But then Bright Robes the Meadows all adorn,  
 And the World looks as it were newly born.  
 So when your Sense his Mystick Reason clear'd,  
 The Melancholly Scene all Gay appear'd;  
 New Light leapt up, and a new Glory smil'd,  
 And all throughout was mighty, all was mild.  
 Before this Palace which thy Wit did build,  
 Which various Fancy did so gaudy gild,  
 And Judgment has with solid Riches fill'd,  
 My humbler Muse begs she may Centry stand,  
 Amongst the rest that guard this Eden Land.  
 But there's no need, for ev'n thy Foes conspire  
 Thy Praise; and hating thee, thy Work admire.  
 On then, O mighty'st of th' inspired Men,  
 Monarch of Verse, new Themes employ thy Pen;



*The troubles of Majestick CHARLES set down,  
Not David vanquish'd more to reach a Crown.  
Praise Him, as Cowley did that Hebrew King,  
Thy Theme's as great, do thou as greatly sing.  
Then thou may'st boldly to his Favour rise,  
Look down, and the base Serpent's Hiss despise:  
From thund'ring Envy safe in Laurel sit,  
While clam'rous Criticks their vile Heads submit,  
Condemn'd for Treason at the Bar of Wit.*

Nath. Lee.

To Mr. D R Y D E N,  
ON HIS  
CLEOMENES.

*H*AS Youth then lost its great Prerogative?  
And do's the Soul alone for Age survive?  
Like Embryo's sleeping in their Seeds, seem nought,  
'Till friendly Time does ripen it to Thought?  
Judgment, Experience, that before was theirs;  
But Fancy wanton'd in a younger Sphere;  
Play'd with some loose and scatter'd Beams of Light,  
And revell'd in an Anarchy of Wit.  
Both Youth and Age unequally did charm;  
As much too cold was this, as that too warm.  
But you have reconcil'd their differing Praise,  
By fixing both to your immortal Bays.  
Where Fancy mounts, but Judgment holds the Reins;  
Not checks, but guides you to harmonious Strains.  
'Tis Harmony indeed, 'tis all unite,  
Like finish'd Nature, and divided Light:  
Like the vast Order, and its numerous Throng,  
Crowded to their Almighty Maker's Song;  
Where Heaven and Earth seem but one single Tongue.  
O wondrous Man! where have you learn'd the Art  
To charm our Reason, while you wound the Heart!  
Far more than Spartan Morals to inspire,  
While your great Accents kindle Spartan Fire.  
Thus Metals heated to the Artist's Will,  
Receive th' Impressions of a Nobler Skill.  
Your Hero form'd so regularly Good,  
So nicely patient in his want of Food,  
That it no more th' Undress of Death appears,  
While the rich Garment of your Sense it wears.  
So just a Husband, Father, Son, and Friend,  
Great in his Life, but greater in his End:  
That sure, like Xenophon, you meant to shew,  
Not what they are, but what they ought to do;  
At once a Poet, and Instructor too.  
The Parts so manag'd, as if each were thine;  
Thou draw'st both Ore and Metal from the Mine;  
And to be seen, thou mak'st even Vice to shine.



*As if, like Siam's transmigrating God,  
A single Life in each you made abode ;  
And the whole Business of the tedious round,  
To Copy Patterns which in each you found.  
Sure you have gain'd from Heaven Promethean Fire,  
To form, then kindle Souls into Desire :  
Else why successive starts of Hopes and Fears ?  
A Martial Warmth first rais'd, then quench'd with Tears ;  
Unless this truth shines clearly through the whole,  
Sense Rules the World, but you command the Soul.*

Theophilus Parsons.

## To Mr. D R Y D E N.

**H**OW long, Great Poet, shall thy Sacred Lays,  
Provoke our Wonder, and transcend our Praise ?  
Can neither Injuries of Time, or Age,  
Damp thy Poetick Heat, and quench thy Rage ?  
Not so thy Ovid in his Exile wrote,  
Grief chill'd his Breast, and checkt his rising Thoughts :  
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays  
The Roman Genius in its last Decays.

Prevailing Warmth has still thy Mind possess'd,  
And second Youth is kindled in thy Breast.  
Thou mak'st the Beauties of the Romans known,  
And England boasts of Riches not her own ;  
Thy Lines have heighten'd Virgil's Majesty,  
And Horace wonders at himself in Thee.  
Thou teachest Persius to inform our Isle  
In smoother Numbers, and a clearer Stile ;  
And Juvenal instructed in thy Page,  
Edges his Satyr, and improves his Rage.  
Thy Copy casts a fairer Light on all,  
And still out-shines the bright Original.

Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy Song,  
And tells his Story in the Brittish Tongue ;  
Thy charming Verse, and fair Translations show  
How thy own Lawrel first began to grow ;  
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry Gods,  
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the Woods.

O may'st thou still the Noble Tale prolong,  
Nor Age, nor Sickness interrupt thy Song :  
Then may we wondring read how Human Limbs,  
Have water'd Kingdoms, and dissolv'd in Streams ;  
Of those rich Fruits that on the Fertile Mould  
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into Gold :  
How some in Feathers, or a ragged Hide  
Have liv'd a second Life, and different Natures try'd.  
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal  
A nobler Change than he himself can tell.

Jo. Addison.

ABSALOM



each

H.

to Mr. D. R. J. D. H. C.



ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

---

A

POEM.

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—*Si Proprius stes*  
*Te Capiet Magis*—

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The Tenth Edition.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, in the Year,  
1701.



ABSA LOM

AND

ACHTOPHE

A

P O E M. —



21 Proctor's St.  
10 Cupid's Quay

The Fourth Edition

LONDON

Printed for J. W. Parker, in the Year

1801



T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

**T**IS not my intention to make an Apology for my Poem: Some will think it needs no Excuse; and others will receive none. The design, I am sure, is honest: but he who draws his Pen for one Party, must expect to make Enemies of the other. For, Wit and Fool, are Consequences of Whig and Tory: And every man is a Knave or an Ass to the contrary side. There's a Treasury of Merits in the Phantick Church, as well as in the Papist; and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintship, Honesty and Poetry, for the Leud, the Faction, and the Blockheads: But the longest Chapter in Deuteronomy, has not Curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My Comfort is, their manifest Prejudice to my Cause, will render their Judgment of less Authority against me. Yet if a Poem have a Genius, it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a sweetness in good Verse, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleases him against his will. The Commendation of Adversaries, is the greatest Triumph of a Writer; because it never comes unless Extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easie terms: If I happen to please the more Moderate sort I shall be sure of an honest Party; and, in all probability, of the best Judges: for, the least Concern'd, are commonly the least Corrupt. And, I confess, I have laid in for those, by rebating the Satyr (where Justice would allow it) from carrying too sharp an Edge. They, who can Criticize so weakly, as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinc'd, at their own Cost, that I can write Severely, with more ease, than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at some mens Follies, when I could have declaim'd against their Vices: and, other mens Vertues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious Reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more Impartial than I am. But, if men are not to be judg'd by their Professions, God forgive you Commonwealths-men, for Professing so plausible for the Government. You cannot be so Unconscionable, as to charge me for not Subscribing of my Name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own Party, who never dare; though they have the advantage of a Jury to secure them. If you like not my Poem, the fault may, possibly, be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard for an Author to judge against himself;) But more probably 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The Violent, on both sides, will condemn the Character of Absalom, as either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But they are not the Violent, whom I desire to please. The fault, on the right hand, is to Extenuate, Palliate and Indulge, and, to confess freely, I have endeavour'd to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroick Vertues: and, David himself, could not be more tender of the Young man's Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But, since the most excellent natures are almost the most easie; and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill Counsels, especially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam, not to have resisted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman: The Conclusion of the Story, I purposely forbore to prosecute: because, I could not obtain from my self, to shew Absalom Unfortunate. The Frame of it was cut out, but for a



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## To the READER.

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*Picture to the Waste; and, if the Draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.*

*Were I the Inventor, who am only the Historian, I should certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconcilement of Absalom to David. And, who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story; There seems, yet, to be room left for a Composure; hereafter, there may be only be for Pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel; but, am content to be Accus'd of a good natur'd Error; and to hope with Origen, that the Devil himself may, at last, be sav'd. For which reason, in this Poem, he is neither brought to set his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards, as he in Wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful: and his Vicegerent is only not so, because he is not Infinite.*

*The true end of Satyr, is the amendment of Vices by correction. And he who writes Honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Physician to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease: for those, are only in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an Ense rescindendum, which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all; If the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural, in my weak judgment, an Act of Oblivion were as necessary in a Hot, Distemper'd State, as an Opiate would be in a Raging Fever.*

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ABSA-



# ABSALOM

AND

## ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

**I**N pious Times, e'er Priest-craft did begin,  
Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin;  
When Man on many, multiply'd his kind,  
E'er one to one was, curstly, confin'd:  
When Nature prompted, and no Law deny'd  
Promiscuous use of Concubine and Bride;  
Then, *Israel's* Monarch, after Heavens own heart,  
His vigorous warmth did variously, impart.  
To Wives and Slaves: and, wide as his Command,  
Scatter'd his Makers Image through the Land.  
*Michal*, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear;  
A Soil ungrateful to the Tiller's care:  
Not so the rest; for several Mothers bore  
To God-like *David*, several Sons before.  
But, since like Slaves his Bed they did ascend,  
No true Succession cou'd their Seed attend.  
Of all the numerous Progeny was none  
So Beautiful, so Brave as *Absalom*.  
Whether, inspir'd by some diviner Lust,  
His Father got him with a greater Gust;  
Or that his conscious Destiny made way,  
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.  
Early in foreign Fields he won Renown,  
With Kings and States Ally'd to *Israel's* Crown:  
In Peace the thoughts of War he cou'd remove,  
And seem'd as he were only born for Love.  
What e'er he did, was done with so much ease,  
In him alone, 'twas Natural to please:  
His motions all accompany'd with grace;  
And *Paradise* was open'd in his face.  
With secret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd  
His Youthful Image in his Son renew'd:  
To all his wishes nothing he deny'd;  
And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.  
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)  
His father cou'd not, or he wou'd not see.  
Some warm excesses, which the Law forbore,  
Were constru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'er:  
And *Amnon's* Mother by a specious Name,  
Was call'd, a just Revenge for injur'd Fame.  
Thus prais'd, and lov'd, the noble Youth remain'd,  
While *David*, undisturb'd in *Sion* reign'd.  
But Life can never be sincerely blest:  
Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best,  
The *Jews*, a Head-strong, Moody Murm'ring race,  
As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;

*\* K. C. 2°*

*\* Q. K.*

*\* D. Monmouth*

*\* m. 131*

*Dissonance*

God's



God's pamper'd People whom, debauch'd with ease,  
 No King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd please;  
 (Gods they had try'd of every shape and size,  
 That God-smiths cou'd produce, or Priests devise:)  
 These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,  
 Began to dream they wanted Liberty,  
 And when no rule, no president was found,  
 Of men, by Laws less circumscrib'd and bound;  
 They led their wild desires to Woods and Caves;  
 And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.  
 They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,  
 Made foolish *Ishbosheth* the Crown forego; *Rich his Son*  
 Who banisht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,  
 And, with a General shout, proclaim'd him King:  
 Those very *Jews*, who, at their very best,  
 Their Humour more than Loyalty exprest,  
 Now, wondred why, so long, they had obey'd  
 An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made:  
 Thought they might ruin him they cou'd create;  
 Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.  
 But these were random bolts: No form'd Design,  
 Nor Interest made the Faction's Croud to joyn:  
 The sober part of *Israel*, free from stain,  
 Well knew the value of a peaceful Reign;  
 And, looking backward with a wise affright,  
 Saw seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight:  
 In contemplation of whose ugly Scars,  
 They curst the memory of Civil Wars.  
 The moderate sort of Men, thus qualifi'd,  
 Inclind the Ballance to the better side:  
 And, *David's* mildness manag'd it so well,  
 The bad found no occasion to Rebell.  
 But, when to Sin our byast Nature leans,  
 The careful Devil is still at hand with means;  
 And providently Pimps for ill desires;  
 The Good Old Cause Reviv'd, a Plot requires.  
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,  
 To raise up Common-wealths, and ruine Kings.

*Papists* Th' Inhabitants of Old *Jerusalem* \* *London*  
 Werē *Jebusites*: the Town so call'd from them;  
 And their's the Native right —  
 But when the chosen People grew more strong,  
 The rightful Cause at length became the wrong:  
 And every loss the men of *Jebus* bore,  
 They still were thought God's Enemies the more.  
 Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,  
 Submit they must to *David's* Government:  
 Impoverisht and depriv'd of all Command,  
 Their Taxes doubled as they lost their Land;  
 And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,  
 Their Gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common Wood.  
 This set the Heathen Priesthood in a flame;  
 For Priests of all Religions are the same:  
 Of whatso'er descent their Godhead be,  
 Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,  
 In his Defence his Servants are as bold,  
 As if he had been born of beaten Gold.  
 The *Jewish Rabbins*, though their Enemies,  
 In this conclude them honest men and wise:



For 'twas their Duty, all the Learned think,  
 T'espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink.  
 From hence began that Plot, the Nation's Curse,  
 Bad in it self, but represented worse.  
 Rais'd in extreams, and in extreams decry'd ;  
 With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd.  
 Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude ;  
 But swallow'd in the Mass, unchew'd and crude.  
 Some truth there was, but dasht and brew'd with Lies,  
 To please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wise.  
 Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,  
 Believing nothing, or believing all.  
 Th<sup>t</sup> *Ægyptian* Rites the *Jebusites* embrac'd ;  
 Where Gods were recommended by their taste.  
 Such sav'ry Deities must needs be good,  
 As serv'd at once for Worship and for Food.  
 By force they could not introduce these Gods ;  
 For Ten to One, in former days was odds.  
 So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificer's Trade,)  
 Fools are more hard to conquer than perswade.  
 Their busie Teachers mingled with the *Jems* ;  
 And rak'd for Converts, even the Court and Stews,  
 Which *Hebren* Priests the more unkindly took,  
 Because the Fleece accompanies the Flock.  
 Some thought they God's Anointed meant to slay  
 By Guns, invented since full many a day :  
 Our Author swears it not ; but who can know  
 How far the Devil and *Jebusites* may go ?  
 This Plot, which fail'd for want of common Sense,  
 Had yet a deep and dangerous Consequence :  
 For as when raging Fevers boil the Blood,  
 The standing Lakes soon floats into a Flood ;  
 And ev'ry hostile Humour ; which before  
 Slept quiet in its Channels, bubbles o're :  
 So, several factions from this first Ferment,  
 Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.  
 Some by their Friends, more by themselves thought wise,  
 Oppos'd the Pow'r, to which they could not rise.  
 Some had in Courts been great, and thrown from thence,  
 Like Fiends, were hard n'd in Impenitence.  
 Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown  
 From pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the Throne ;  
 Were rais'd in Pow'r and publick Office high :  
 Strong Bands, if Bands ungrateful men cou'd tye.  
 Of these the false *Achitophel* was first :  
 A Name to all succeeding Ages curst.  
 For close Designs, and crooked Counsels fit ;  
 Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of Wit :  
 Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place ;  
 In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Disgrace.  
 A fiery Soul, which working out its way,  
 Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay ;  
 And o're inform'd the Tenement of Clay. }  
 A daring Pilot in Extremity ;  
 Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high  
 He sought the Storms : but for a Calm unfit,  
 Would steer too nigh the Sands, to boast his Wit.  
 Great Wits are sure to Madness near ally'd ;  
 And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide ;

*Romish Relig.*

*Engl. Priests*

*of Shaftsbury*



Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour-blest,  
 Refuse his Age the needful hours of Rest?  
 Punish a Body which he cou'd not please;  
 Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of ease?  
 And all to leave, what with his Toil he won,  
 To that unfeather'd, two legg'd thing, a Son:  
 Got, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try;  
 And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.  
 In Friendship false, implacable in Hate:  
 Resolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State.  
 To Compass this, the Triple Bond he broke;  
 The Pillars of the Publick Safety shook:  
 And fitted *Israel* for a Foreign Yoke. }  
 Then, seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting Fame,  
 Usurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.  
 So easie still it proves in Factious Times,  
 With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes:  
 How safe is Treason, and how sacred Ill,  
 Where none can sin against the Peoples Will?  
 Where Crouds can wink; and no offence be known,  
 Since in another's guilt they find their own.  
 Yet, Fame deserv'd, no Enemy can grudge;  
 The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge.  
 In *Israel's* Courts ne'er sat an *Abbethdin*  
 With more discerning Eyes, or Hands more clean;  
 Unbrib'd, unsought, the Wretched to redress;  
 Swift of Dispatch, and easie of Access.  
 Oh, had he been content to serve the Crown,  
 With Virtues only proper to the Gown;  
 Or, had the rankness of the Soil been freed  
 From Cockle, that opprest the Noble Seed:  
 — *David*, for him his tuneful Harp had strung,  
 And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.  
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand;  
 And Fortunes Ice prefers to Virtues Land:  
*Achitophel*, grown weary to possess  
 A lawful Fame, and lazy Happiness;  
 Disdain'd the golden Fruit to gather free,  
 And lent the Croud his Arm to shake the Tree.  
 Now, manifest of Crimes, contriv'd long since,  
 He stood at bold Defiance with his Prince:  
 Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cause,  
 Against the Crown; and sculk'd behind the Laws.  
 The wish'd occasion of the Plot he takes;  
 Some Circumstances finds, but more he makes.  
 By buzzing Emissaries, fills the ears  
 Of listning Crouds, with Jealousies and Fears  
 Of Arbitrary Counsels brought to light,  
 And proves the King himself a *Jebusite*. *Romanist*  
 Weak Arguments! which yet he knew full well,  
 Were strong with People easie to Rebell.  
 For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*  
 Tread the same Track when she the Prime renews:  
 And once in twenty years, their Scribes Record,  
 By natural Instinct they change their Lord.  
*Achitophel* still wants a Chief, and none  
 Was found so fit as War-like *Absalom*:  
 Not, that he wish'd his Greatness to create,  
 (For Politicians neither love nor hate:)

But,



But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,  
 Would keep him still depending on the Croud:  
 That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be  
 Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracy.  
 Him he attempts, with studied Arts to please,  
 And sheds his Venom, in such words as these:  
 Auspicious Prince, at whose Nativity  
 Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky;  
 Thy longing Countries Darling and Desire;  
 Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:  
 Their second *Moses*, whose extended Wand  
 Divides the Seas, and shews the promis'd Land:  
 Whose dawning Day, in every distant Age,  
 Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophet's rage:  
 The People's Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theme,  
 The Young mens Vision, and the Old mens Dream!  
 Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confess;  
 And, never satisf'd with seeing, bless:  
 Swift, unespoken Poms, thy steps proclaim,  
 And stammering Babes are taught to lisp thy Name.  
 How long wilt thou the general Joy detain;  
 Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?  
 Content ingloriously to pass thy days  
 Like one of Virtue's Fools that feeds on Praise;  
 Till thy fresh Glories, which now shine so bright,  
 Grow Stale and Tarnish with our dayly sight.  
 Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit must be,  
 Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.  
 Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,  
 Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:  
 Whose Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,  
 (For humane Good depends on humane Will,)  
 Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth Descent,  
 And, from the first Impression, takes the Bent:  
 But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind;  
 And leaves repenting Folly far behind.  
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,  
 And spreads her Locks before her as she flies.  
 Had thus Old *David*, from whose Loins you Spring,  
 Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,  
 At *Gath* an Exile he might still remain;  
 And Heav'n's Anointing Oyl had been in vain.  
 Let his successful Youth your hopes engage;  
 But shun th' example of Declining Age:  
 Behold him setting in his Western Skies,  
 The shadows lengthning as the Vapours rise.  
 He is not now, as when on *Jordan's* Sand  
 The joyful People throng'd to see him Land,  
 Cov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the *Strand*:  
 But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,  
 Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light:  
 Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn:  
 (Our only blessing since his curst Return:)  
 Those heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,  
 Blown off, and scatter'd by a puff of Wind.  
 What strength can he to your Designs oppose,  
 Naked of Friends, and round beset with Foes?  
 If *Pharaoh's* doubtful Succour he should use,  
 A Foreign Aid wou'd more incense the *Jews*:

*H. C. 2*

*Breda*

*H. of France*



Proud *Ægypt* wou'd dissembled Friendship bring;  
 Foment the War, but not support the King:  
 Nor wou'd the Royal Party e'er unite  
 With *Pharaoh's* Arms, t'assist the *Jebusite*;  
 Or if they shou'd, their Interest soon wou'd break,  
 And, with such odious Aid, make *David* weak.  
 All sorts of men, by my successful Arts,  
 Abhorring Kings, estrange their alter'd Hearts  
 From *David's* Rule: And 'tis their general Cry,  
 Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.  
 If you, as Champion of the Publick Good,  
 Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood;  
 What may not *Israel* hope, and what Applause  
 Might such a General gain by such a Cause?  
 Not barren Praise alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,  
 Fair only to the sight, but solid Pow'r:  
 And Nobler is a limited Command,  
 Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,  
 Than a successive Title, Long and Dark,  
 Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah's* Ark.

What cannot Praise effect in Mighty Minds,  
 When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!  
 Desire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vicious Weed,  
 Yet, sprung from High, is of Cœlestial Seed:  
 In God 'tis Glory: And when Men Aspire,  
 'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.  
 Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,  
 Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame;  
 Unwarily was led from Virtues ways;  
 Made Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with Praise.  
 Half loath, and half consenting to the Ill,  
 (For Royal Blood within him struggled still)  
 He thus reply'd. — And what Pretence have I  
 To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?  
 My Father Governs with unquestion'd Right:  
 The Faith's Defender, and Mankind's Delight:  
 Good, Gracious, Just, Observant of the Laws;  
 And Heav'n by Wonders has espous'd his Cause.  
 Whom has he wrong'd in all his Peaceful Reign?  
 Who sues for Justice to his Throne in vain?  
 What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes,  
 Whom Just Revenge did to his Wrath expose?  
 Mild, Easie, Humble, Studious of our Good;  
 Enclin'd to Mercy, and averse from Blood.  
 If Mildness ill with Stubborn *Israel* Suit,  
 His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.  
 What could he gain, his People to Betray,  
 Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway?  
 Let haughty *Pharaoh* Curse with such a Reign,  
 His Fruitful *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.  
 If *David's* Rule *Jerusalem* Displease,  
 The *Dog-star* heats their Brains to this Disease.  
 Why then should I, encouraging the Bad,  
 Turn Rebel, and run Popularly Mad?  
 Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawless Might,  
 Opprest the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jebusite*,  
 Well might I mourn; but Natures holy Bands  
 Wou'd Curb my Spirits, and restrain my Hands:  
 The People might assert their Liberty;  
 But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.



His Favour leaves me nothing to require;  
 Prevents my Wishes, and out-runs Desire;  
 What more can I expect while *David* lives?  
 All but his Kingly Diadem he gives:  
 And that: But there he paus'd; then Sighing, said,  
 Is Justly destin'd for a Worthier Head.  
 For when my Father from his Toyls shall Rest,  
 And late Augment the Number of the Blest:  
 His Lawful Issue shall the Throne ascend;  
 Or the *Collat'ral* Line where that shall end.  
 His Brother, though Opprest with Vulgar Spight,  
 Yet Dauntless and Secure of Native Right,  
 Of every Royal Virtue stands possesst;  
 Still dear to all the Bravest, and the Best.  
 His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim,  
 His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.  
 His Mercy ev'n th' Offending Croud will find;  
 For sure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.  
 Why should I then Repine at Heavens Decree;  
 Which gives me no pretence to Royalty?  
 Yet oh that Fate, Propitiously Inclind,  
 Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind,  
 To my large Soul, not all her Treasure lent,  
 And then betray'd it to a mean Descent.  
 I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,  
 And *David's* Part disdains my Mothers Mold.  
 Why am I scanted by a Niggard Birth?  
 My Soul disclaims the Kindred of her Earth;  
 And, made for Empire, Whispers me within;  
 Desire of Greatness is a God-like Sin.

Him Staggering so when Hells dire Agent found,  
 While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her Ground,  
 He pours fresh Forces in, and thus Replies:

Th' Eternal God, Supremely Good and Wise,  
 Imparts not these Prodigious Gifts in vain;  
 What Wonders are Reserv'd to bless your Reign?  
 Against your will your Arguments have shown,  
 Such Virtue's only given to guide a Throne.  
 Not that your Father's Mildness I contemn;  
 But manly Force becomes the Diadem.  
 'Tis true he grants the People all they crave;  
 And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:  
 For lavish grants suppose a Monarch tame,  
 And more his Goodness than his Wit proclaim.  
 But when should People strive their Bonds to break,  
 If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak?  
 Let him give on till he can give no more,  
 The Thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor:  
 And every Sheckle which he can receive,  
 Shall cost a Limb of his Prerogative.

To ply him with new Plots, shall be my care;  
 Or plunge him deep in some Expensive War;  
 Which when his Treasure can no more supply,  
 He must, with the Remains of Kingship, buy:  
 His faithful Friends, our Jealousies and Fears,  
 Call *Jebusites*; and *Pharaoh's* Pensioners:  
 Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,  
 He shall be naked left to publick Scorn.  
 The next Successor, whom I fear and hate,  
 My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;

+ *Parham*.

*D. of York*  
Turn'd



Turn'd all his Virtues to his Overthrow,  
 And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.  
 His Right, for Sums of necessary Gold,  
 Shall first be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold :  
 Till time shall Ever-wanting *David* draw,  
 To pass your doubtful Title into Law :  
 If not ; the People have a Right Supreme  
 To make their Kings ; for Kings are made for them.  
 All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Trust :  
 Which when resum'd, can be no longer Just.  
 Succession, for the general Good design'd,  
 In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind :  
 If altering that, the People can relieve,  
 Better one suffer than a Nation grieve.  
 The *Jews* well knew their pow'r : e'er *Saul* they chose,  
 God was their King, and God they durst Depose.  
 Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,  
 A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame.  
 The Publick Good, that Universal Call,  
 To which even Heav'n submitted, answers all.  
 Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind ;  
 'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her Kind.  
 Our fond Begetters, who would never die,  
 Love but themselves in their Posterity.  
 Or let his Kindness by th' Effects be try'd,  
 Or let him lay his vain Pretence aside.  
 God said he lov'd your Father ; could he bring  
 A better Proof, than to Anoint him King ?  
 It surely shew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,  
 Who gave so fair a Flock as *Israel*.  
 Would *David* have you thought his Darling Son ?  
 What means he then, to Alienate the Crown ?  
 The name of Godly he may blush to bear :  
 'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.  
 He to his Brother gives Supreme Command ;  
 To you a Legacy of Barren Land.  
 Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums his Lays ;  
 Or some dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praise.  
 Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wise,  
 Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes ;  
 Sees through the thin Disguises of your Arts,  
 And marks the Progress in the Peoples Hearts.  
 Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains ;  
 He meditates Revenge who least complains.  
 And like a Lion, Slumbring in the way,  
 Or Sleep dissembling, while he waits his Prey,  
 His fearless Foes within his Distance draws ;  
 Constrains his Roaring, and contracts his Paws :  
 Till at the last, his time for Fury found,  
 He shoots with sudden Vengeance from the Ground :  
 The Prostrate Vulgar, passes o'er, and Spares,  
 But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters tears.  
 Your Case no tame Expedients will afford :  
 Resolve on Death, or Conquest by the Sword,  
 Which for no less a Stake than Life, you Draw ;  
 And Self-defence is Nature's Eldest Law.  
 Leave the warm People no Considering time :  
 For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.  
 Prevail your self of what Occasion gives,  
 But try your Title while your Father lives :

And,



And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,  
 Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence:  
 Whose Sacred Life each minute would Expose,  
 To Plots, from seeming Friends, and secret Foes.  
 And who can sound the depth of *David's* Soul?  
 Perhaps his fear, his kindness may Controll.  
 He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,  
 For plighted Vows too late to be undone.  
 If so, by Force he wishes to be gain'd:  
 Like Womens Leachery, to seem Constrain'd:  
 Doubt not: but, when he most affects the Frown,  
 Commit a pleasing Rape upon the Crown.  
 Secure his Person to secure your Cause;  
 They who possess the Prince, possess the Laws.

He said, And this Advice above the rest,  
 With *Absalom's* Mild Nature suited best;  
 Unblam'd of Life, (Ambition set aside,)  
 Not stain'd with Cruelty, nor puffed with Pride.  
 How happy had he been, if Destiny  
 Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not so high!  
 His Kingly Virtues might have claim'd a Throne;  
 And blest all other Countries but his own.  
 But charming Greatness, since so few refuse;  
 'Tis Juster to Lament him, than Accuse.  
 Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,  
 With Blandishments to gain the publick Love;  
 To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,  
 And Popularly prosecute the Plot.  
 To further this *Achitophel* Unites  
 The Male-contents of all the *Israelites*:  
 Whose differing Parties he could wisely Joyn,  
 For several Ends, to serve the same Design.  
 The Best, and of the Princes some were such,  
 Who thought the pow'r of Monarchy too much:  
 Mistaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts;  
 Not Wicked, but seduc'd by Impious Arts.  
 By these the Springs of Property were bent,  
 And wound so high, they Crack't the Government.  
 The next for Int'rest sought t' embroil the State,  
 To sell their Duty at a dearer rate;  
 And make their *Jewish* Markets of the Throne;  
 Pretending Publick Good, to serve their own.  
 Others thought Kings an useless heavy Load,  
 Who cost too much, and did too little Good.  
 These were for laving Honest *David* by,  
 On Principles of pure good Husbandry.  
 With them joyn'd all the Haranguers of the Throng,  
 That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.  
 Who follow next, a double danger bring,  
 Not only hating *David*, but the King;  
 The *Solymean* Rout; well Vers'd of old,  
 In Godly Faction, and in Treason bold;  
 Cowering and Quaking at a Conqueror's Sword,  
 But Lofly to a Lawful Prince Restor'd;  
 Saw with Disdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,  
 And Scorn'd by *Jebusites* to be Out-done.  
 Hot *Levites* Headed these; who pull'd before  
 From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,  
 Resum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Cry,  
 Pursu'd their old belov'd Theocracy.

\* *Roy Louis Plot*



Where Sanhedrin and Priest enslav'd the Nation,  
 And justifi'd their Spoils by Inspiration:  
 For who so fit for Reign as Aaron's Race,  
 If once Dominion they could found in Grace?  
 These led the Pack; though not of surest scent,  
 Yet deepest mouth'd against the Government.  
 A numerous Host of dreaming Saints succeed;  
 Of the true old Enthusiastick Breed:  
 'Gainst Form and Order they their Pow'r employ:  
 Nothing to Build, and all things to Destroy.  
 But far more numerous was the Herd of such,  
 Who think too little, and who talk too much.  
 These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,  
 Ador'd their Father's God, and Property:  
 And, by the same blind Benefit of Fate,  
 The Devil and the Jebusite did hate:  
 Born to be sav'd, even in their own despight;  
 Because they could not help believing right.  
 Such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more  
 Remains, of sprouting heads too long to score.  
 Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:  
 In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand: *Of Buckingham*  
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
 Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.  
 Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;  
 Was every thing by starts, and Nothing long  
 But, in the course of one revolving Moon,  
 Was Chymist, Fidler, States-man and Buffoon:  
 Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking:  
 Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.  
 Blest Madman, who cou'd every hour employ,  
 With something New to wish, or to enjoy!  
 Railing and praising were his usual Themes;  
 And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extremes:  
 So over Violent, or over Civil,  
 That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.  
 In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art:  
 Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.  
 Beggar'd by Fools, whom still he found too late:  
 He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.  
 He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought Relief;  
 By forming Parties, but cou'd ne'er be Chief:  
 For spight of him, the weight of Business fell  
 On *Absalom*, and wise *Achitophel*:  
 Thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,  
 He left not Faction, but of That was left.

Titles and Names 'twere tedious to rehearse  
 Of Lords, below the dignity of Verse.  
 Wits, Warriors, Common-wealths-men, were the best:  
 Kind Husbands, and mere Nobles all the rest.  
 And therefore, in the name of Dulness, be  
 The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.  
 And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,  
 Who made new Porridge for the Paschal Lamb.  
 Let Friendships holy Band some Names assure:  
 Some their own Worth, and some let Scorn secure.  
 Nor shall the Rascal Rabble here have Place,  
 Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:  
 Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who cou'd Statutes draw  
 To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law.

But



But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,  
 The Wretch, whose Heav'n's Anointed dar'd to Curse,  
*Shimei*, whose Youth did early Promise bring  
 Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;  
 Did wisely from Expensive Sins refrain,  
 And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:  
 Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,  
 Or Curse, unless against the Government.  
 Thus, heaping Wealth, by the most ready way  
 Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray;  
 The City, to reward his pious Hate  
 Against his Master, chose him Magistrate:  
 His Hand a Vane of Justice did uphold;  
 His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.  
 During his Office, Treason was no Crime.  
 The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time;  
 For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of Pelf,  
 Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himself:  
 When two or three were gather'd to Declaim  
 Against the Monarch of *Jerusalem*,  
*Shimei* was always in the midst of them.  
 And, if they Curst the King when he was by,  
 Would rather Curse, than break good Company.  
 If any durst his Factious Friends accuse,  
 He pact a Jury of dissenting *Jews*:  
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly Cause,  
 Wou'd free the suffering Saint from Humane Laws.  
 For Laws are only made to punish those  
 Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes,  
 If any leisure time he had from Pow'r,  
 (Because 'tis Sin to mis-employ an hour:)  
 His Bus'ness was, by Writing to perswade,  
 That Kings were Useless, and a Clog to Trade:  
 And, that his noble Style he might refine,  
 No *Rechabite* more shun'd the fumes of Wine.  
 Chast were his Cellars; and his Shrieval Board  
 The Grossness of a City Feast abhor'd:  
 His Cooks, with long dispute, their Trade forgot;  
 Cool was his Kitchen, though his Brains were hot.  
 Such frugal Virtue Malice may accuse;  
 But sure 'twas necessary to the *Jews*:  
 For Towns once burnt, such Magistrates require  
 As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.  
 With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,  
 But free from Flesh, that made the *Jews* rebel:  
 And *Moses's* Laws he held in more account,  
 For forty days of fasting in the Mount.  
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot,  
 Would tire a well breath'd Witness of the Plot:  
 Yet, *Corah*, thou shalt from Oblivion pass;  
 Erect thy self thou Monumental Brass:  
 High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,  
 While Nations stand secure beneath thy shade.  
 What though his birth were base, yet Comets rise  
 From Earthly Vapours e're they shine in Skies.  
 Prodigious Actions may as well be done  
 By Weaver's Issue, as by Prince's Son.  
 This Arch-Attestor for the Publick Good,  
 By that one Deed Enobles all his Blood.

Who



Who ever ask'd the Witnesses high Race,  
 Whose Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace?  
 Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,  
 His Tribe were God Almighty's Gentlemen.  
 Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harsh and loud,  
 Sure signs he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud:  
 His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace  
 A Church Vermillion, and a *Moses's* Face.  
 His Memory miraculously great;  
 Cou'd Plots, exceeding Man's belief, repeat.  
 Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies,  
 For human Wit cou'd never such devise.  
 Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;  
 But where the Witness fail'd, the Prophet spoke:  
 Some things like Visionary flights appear;  
 The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where:  
 And gave him his *Rabbinical* Degree,  
 Unknown to Foreign University.  
 His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excell;  
 Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence so well:  
 And suited to the temper of the Times;  
 Then groaning under *Jebusitic* Crimes.  
 Let *Israel's* Foes suspect his Heav'nly call,  
 And rashly Judge his Writ Apocryphal:  
 Our Laws for such affronts have Forfeits made:  
 He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.  
 Were I my self in Witness *Corah's* place,  
 The Wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,  
 Shou'd whet my memory, though once forgot,  
 To make him an Appendix of my Plot.  
 His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince despise,  
 And load his Person with indignities:  
 But Zeal peculiar privilege affords;  
 Indulging latitude to Deeds and Words.  
 And *Corah* might for *Agag's* Murther call:  
 In terms as course as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul*.  
 What others in his Evidence did join,  
 (The best that cou'd be had for love or coin,)  
 In *Corah's* own predicament will fall:  
 For *Witness* is a Common Name to all.  
 Surrounded thus with Friends of every sort,  
 Deluded *Absalom*, forsakes the Court:  
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with Renown,  
 And Fir'd with near Possession of a Crown:  
 Th' admiring Croud are dazled with surprize,  
 And on his Goodly Person feed their Eyes:  
 His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;  
 On each side bowing popularly low:  
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,  
 And with familiar ease repeats their Names.  
 Thus form'd by Nature, furnisht out with Arts,  
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.  
 Then, with a kind compassionating look,  
 And sighs, bespeaking pity e'er he spoke,  
 Few words he said; but easie those and fit,  
 More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.  
 I mourn, my Country-men, your lost Estate;  
 Though far unable to prevent your Fate:  
 Behold a banisht Man, for your dear Cause  
 Expos'd a Prey to Arbitrary Laws!



Yet oh ! that I alone cou'd be undone,  
 Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!  
 Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made ;  
 Egypt and Tyrus intercept your Trade,  
 And Jebusites your Sacred Rites invade. }  
 My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name,  
 Charm'd into ease, is careless of his Fame:  
 And brib'd with petty sums of Foreign Gold,  
 Is grown in Bathsheba's Embraces old: D. of Portsmouth  
 Exalts his Enemies, his Friends destroys:  
 And all his pow'r against himself employs.  
 He gives, and let him give my Right away:  
 But why should he his own, and yours betray?  
 He only, he can make the Nation bleed,  
 And he alone from my Revenge is freed.  
 Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)  
 'Tis all the Aid my present pow'r supplies:  
 No Court-Informer can these Arms accuse ;  
 These Arms may Sons against their Fathers use ;  
 And 'tis my wish the next Successor's Reign  
 May make no other *Israelite* complain.  
 Youth, Beauty, Graceful Action, seldom fail:  
 But Common Interest always will prevail:  
 And Pity never ceases to be shown,  
 To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his own.  
 The Croud, (that still believe their Kings oppress,)  
 With lifted hands their young *Messiah* bless:  
 Who now begins his progress to ordain;  
 With Chariots, Horsemen, and a numerous Train:  
 From East to West his Glories he displays:  
 And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land surveys.  
 Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star ;  
 And shouts of Joy salute him from afar:  
 Each house receives him as a Guardian God ;  
 And Consecrates the Place of his abode:  
 But hospitable Treats did most commend  
 Wife *Iffackar*, his wealthy Western Friend. Esq. Thynne  
 This moving Court, that caught the Peoples Eyes,  
 And seem'd but Pomp, did other Ends disguise:  
*Achitophel* had form'd it, with intent  
 To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,  
 The Peoples hearts; distinguish Friends from Foes;  
 And try their strength, before they came to Blows.  
 Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence  
 Of specious Love, and Duty to their Prince.  
 Religion, and Redress of Grievances,  
 Two names, that always cheat, and always please,  
 Are often urg'd; and good King *David's* life  
 Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.  
 Thus in a Pageant Shew; a Plot is made;  
 And Peace it self is War in Mesquerade.  
 Oh foolish *Israel*! never warn'd by ill!  
 Still the same bait, and circumvented still!  
 Did ever men forsake their present ease,  
 In midst of Health imagine a Disease;  
 Take pains Contingent mischiefs to foresee,  
 Make heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree?  
 What shall we think! Can People give away,  
 Both for themselves and Sons, their native Sway?



Then they are left defenceless to the Sword  
 Of each unbounded arbitrary Lord :  
 And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,  
 If Kings unquestion'd can those Laws destroy.  
 Yet if the Croud be Judge of fit and Just,  
 And Kings are only Officers in Trust,  
 Then this resuming Cov'nant was declar'd  
 When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd :  
 If those who gave the Sceptre cou'd not tie  
 By their own deed their own Posterity,  
 How then cou'd *Adam* bind his future Race?  
 How cou'd his forfeit on Mankind take place?  
 Or how cou'd Heavenly Justice damn us all,  
 Who ne'er consented to our Father's Fall?  
 Then Kings are slaves to those whom they command,  
 And Tenants to their Peoples pleasure stand.  
 Add, that the Pow'r for Property allow'd,  
 Is mischievously seated in the Croud :  
 For who can be secure of private Right,  
 If Sovereign Sway may be dissolv'd by Might?  
 Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true :  
 The most may err, as grossly as the Few.  
 And faultless Kings run down, by Common Cry,  
 For Vice, Oppression, and for Tyranny.  
 What Standard is there in a fickle Rout,  
 Which flowing to the Mark, runs faster out?  
 Nor only Crouds, but Sanhedrins may be  
 Infected with this Publick Lunacy :  
 And Share the madness of Rebellious Times,  
 To Murther Monarch's for Imagin'd Crimes.  
 If they may give and take whene'er they please,  
 Not Kings alone, (the God-head Images,)  
 But Government it self at length must fall  
 To Nature's State, where all have Right to all.  
 Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,  
 What prudent men a settled Throne wou'd shake?  
 For whatsoe'er their sufferings were before,  
 That Change they Covet makes them suffer more.  
 All others Errours but disturb a State ;  
 But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.  
 If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,  
 To Patch the Flaws, and Buttress of the Wall,  
 Thus far 'tis Duty ; but here fix the Mark ;  
 For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.  
 To change Foundations, cast the Frame anew,  
 Is work for Rebels who base ends pursue :  
 At once Divine and Humane Laws controul ;  
 And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.  
 The tamp'ring World is subject to this Curse,  
 To Physick their Disease into a Worse.

Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring?

How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!

Friends he has few, so high the madness grows,

Who dare be such, must be the Peoples Foes :

Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days ;

Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praise.

In this short File *Barzillai* first appears ;

*Barzillai* crown'd with Honour and with Years ;

Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood

In regions Waste beyond the *Jordan's* Flood :

Unfortunately

*D. of Ormond*



Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State;  
 But sinking underneath his Master's Fate:  
 In Exile with his God-like Prince he mourn'd:  
 For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.  
 The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art:  
 Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart:  
 Which, well the Noblest Objects knew to chuse;  
 The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muse.  
 His Bed cou'd once a fruitful Issue boast;  
 Now more than half a Father's Name is lost.  
 His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd, *E. of Glos*  
 By me (so Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,  
 And always honour'd, snatch'd in Manhoods prime  
 B' unequal Fates, and Providences Crime:  
 Yet not before the Goal of Honour won  
 All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;  
 Swift was the Race, but short the Time to run. }  
 Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,  
 Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!  
 By Sea, by Land, thy matchless Worth was known;  
 Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own:  
 Thy force, infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd:  
 And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune stop'd.  
 Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,  
 Whom Foes unpunish'd never cou'd withstand!  
 But *Israel* was unworthy of his Name:  
 Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame.  
 It looks as Heav'n our Ruine had design'd,  
 And durst not trust thy Fortune and thy Mind.  
 Now free from Earth, thy disencumbred Soul  
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry Pole:  
 From thence thy kindred Legions may'st thou bring,  
 To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King.  
 Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight;  
 No Pinions can pursue Immortal height:  
 Tell good *Barzillai* thou canst sing no more,  
 And tell thy Soul he should have fled before;  
 Or fled she with his life, and left this Verse  
 To hang on her departed Patron's Hearse?  
 Now take thy steepy flight from Heav'n, and see  
 If thou canst find on Earth another He;  
 Another He would be too hard to find,  
 See then whom thou canst see not far behind.  
*Zadoc* the Priest, whom shunning, Pow'r and Place,  
 His lowly mind advanc'd to *David's* Grace:  
 With him the *Sagan* of *Jerusalem*, *B. of London*  
 Of hospitable Soul, and noble Stem;  
 Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense  
 Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.  
 The Prophets Sons by such Example led,  
 To Learning and to Loyalty were bred:  
 For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,  
 And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend.  
 To these succeed the Pillars of the Laws:  
 Who best cou'd plead, and best can judge a Cause.  
 Next them a train of Loyal Peers ascend,  
 Sharp judging *Adriel*, the Muses Friend, *B. of Musgrave*  
 Himself a Muse: --- In *Sanhedrins* debate  
 True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.

*Bishop of  
Cantonbury*

*B. of Rochester*



Whom *David's* Love with Honour did adorn,  
 That from his disobedient Son were torn.  
*Jotham* of piercing Wit, and pregnant Thought,  
 Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught  
 To move Assemblies, who but onely try'd  
 The worse a-while, then chose the better side:  
 Nor chose alone, but turn'd the Balance too;  
 So much the weight of one Brave man can do.  
*Hushai* the Friend of *David* in distress,  
 In publick storms of manly steadfastness;  
 By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth;  
 And join'd Experience to his Native Truth.  
 His frugal care supply'd the wanting Throne;  
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:  
 'Tis easie Conduct when Exchequers flow;  
 But hard the task to manage well the low?  
 For Sovereign Pow'r is too deprest or high,  
 When Kings are forc'd to sell, or Crouds to buy.  
 Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,  
 For *Amiel*; who can *Amiel's* praise refuse?  
 Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet  
 In his own worth, and without Title Great:  
 The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,  
 Their Reason guided, and their passion cool'd;  
 So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,  
 So form'd to speak a Loyal Nation's Sense,  
 That as their Band was *Israel's* Tribes in small,  
 So fit was he to represent them all.  
 Now rather Charioteers the Seat ascend,  
 Whose loose Careirs his steady Skill commend:  
 They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,  
 Misguide the Seasons, and mistake the Way;  
 While he withdrawn at their mad Labour smiles,  
 And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.

These were the chief; a small but faithful Band  
 Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to stand  
 And tempt th' united Fury of the Land.  
 With grief they view'd such powerful Engines bent,  
 To batter down the Lawful Government.  
 A numerous Faction with pretended frights  
 In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights,  
 The true Successor from the Court remov'd;  
 The Plot, by hireling Witnesses, improv'd.  
 These Ills they saw, and as their Duty Bound,  
 They shew'd the King the danger of the Wound;  
 That no Concessions from the Throne wou'd please;  
 But Lenitives fomented the Disease:  
 That *Absalom*, ambitious of the Crown,  
 Was made the Lure to draw the People down:  
 That false *Achitophel's* pernicious Hate,  
 Had turn'd the Plot to ruine Church and State:  
 The Council violent, the Rabble worse:  
 That *Shimei* taught *Jerusalem* to Curse.

With all these loads of Injuries oppress'd,  
 And long revolving in his careful Breast  
 Th' event of things; at last, his Patience tir'd,  
 Thus, from his Royal Throne, by Heaven inspir'd,  
 The God-like *David* spoke; with awful fear  
 His Train their Maker in their Master hear.

Killingworth  
 Rochester

Bymour Esq.

is of opposed  
 of Exclusion



Thus long have I by Native Mercy sway'd,  
 My wrongs dissembl'd, my Revenge delay'd:  
 So willing to forgive th' Offending Age;  
 So much the Father did the King Assuage.  
 But now so far my Clemency they flight,  
 Th' Offenders question my Forgiving Right.  
 That one was made for many, they contend;  
 But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.  
 They call my tenderness of Blood, my Fear:  
 Though manly Tempers can the Longest bear.  
 Yet, since they will divert my Native course,  
 'Tis time to shew I am not good by Force.  
 Those heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,  
 Are Burthens for a Camel, not a King:  
 Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,  
 Born to sustain and prop the Nation's weight:  
 If my young *Sampson* will pretend a Call  
 To shake the Column, let him share the Fall:  
 But, oh, that yet he would repent and live!  
 How easie 'tis for Parents to forgive!  
 With how few Tears a Pardon might be won  
 From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!  
 Poor, pitied Youth, by my Paternal care,  
 Rais'd up to all the height his Frame cou'd bear:  
 Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire Born,  
 He wou'd have given his Soul another turn:  
 Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whose Modern sense  
 Is one that wou'd by Law supplant his Prince:  
 The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;  
 Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.  
 Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws,  
 Should more be *Absalom's* than *David's* Cause?  
 His old Instructor, e'er he lost his Place,  
 Was never thought indu'd with so much Grace.  
 Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot Paint!  
 My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint:  
 Wou'd *They* impose an Heir upon the Throne?  
 Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own.  
 A King's at least a part of Government;  
 And mine as requisite as their Consent:  
 Without my leave a future King to choose,  
 Infers a Right the Present to Depose:  
 True, they petition me t' approve their Choice:  
 But *Esan's* Hands suit ill with *Jacob's* Voice.  
 My pious Subjects for my Safety pray,  
 Which to secure, they take my Pow'r away;  
 From Plots and Treasons Heav'n preserve my Years,  
 But save me most from my Petitioners.  
 Unfatiated as the barren Womb or Grave;  
 God cannot grant so much as they can crave.  
 What then is left, but with a jealous Eye  
 To guard the small Remains of Royalty?  
 The Law shall still direct my peaceful Sway,  
 And the same Law teach Rebels to obey:  
 Votes shall no more Establish'd Pow'r control,  
 Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:  
 No groundless Clamours shall my Friends remove,  
 Nor Crouds have Pow'r to punish e'er they prove:



For Gods, and God-like Kings their Care exprefs,  
 Still to defend their Servants in diftrefs.  
 Oh, that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd!  
 Why am I forc'd like Heav'n againft my mind,  
 To make Examples of another Kind?  
 Must I at length the Sword of Juftice draw?  
 Oh, curs'd Effects of neceffary Law!  
 How ill my Fear they by my Mercy scan,  
 Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.  
 Law they require, let Law then fhew her Face;  
 They could not be content to look on Grace  
 Her hinder Parts, but with a daring Eye  
 To tempt the Terrour of her Front, and Dy,  
 By their own Arts, 'tis Righteoufly decreed,  
 Thofe dire Artificers of Death fhall bleed.  
 Againft themfelves their Witneffes will fwear,  
 Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear:  
 And fuch for Nutriment that bloody Gore  
 Which was their Principle of Life before.  
 Their *Belial* with their *Beelzebub* will fight;  
 Thus on my Foes, my Foes fhall do me right:  
 Nor doubt th' Event: for Faction's Crouds engage  
 In their firft Onfet, all their Brutal Rage.  
 Then let 'em take an unrefifted Courfe:  
 Retire and Traverfe, and Delude their Force:  
 But when they ftand all Breathlefs, urge the Fight,  
 And rife upon 'em with redoubled Might:  
 For lawful Pow'r is ftill Superiour found,  
 When long driv'n back, at length it ftands the ground.  
 He faid. Th' Almighty nodding gave confent;  
 And Peals of Thunder fhook the Firmament.  
 Henceforth a Series of new Time began,  
 The mighty Years in long Proceffion ran:  
 Once more the God-like *David* was reftor'd,  
 And willing Nations knew their Lawful Lord.

THE



THE  
MEDAL.

A  
SATYRE

AGAINST  
SEDITION.

---

By the Author of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*.

---

*Per Graiûm populos, mediæque per Elidis Urbem  
Ibat ovans; Divûmque sibi poscebat Honores.*

---

The Fourth Edition.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, in the Year, 1701.



THE  
MEDITERRANEAN

A  
SATYRE

AGAINST



SEDITION

By the Author of *Abraham and Isaac*

THE LONDON LIBRARY

Printed for J. DODD, in the Strand



# E P I S T L E

## T O T H E

# W H I G S.

**F**OR to whom can I dedicate this Poem, with so much justice, as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own Heroe: 'tis the Picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Landscape of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun; nor the Anno Domini of your New Sovereign's Coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole Party: especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the Original. I hear the Graver has made a good Market of it: all his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so inbanc'd, that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worship the Image, is not able to go to the cost of him: But must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great Artist; but Sign-Post painting will serve the turn to remember a Friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true: and though he sate not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted History; as the Italian Painters do, when they wou'd draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the Man, they can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and find out the Colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spar'd one side of your Medal: the Head wou'd be seen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun. Which wou'd then break out to better purpose. You tell us in your Preface to the No-protestant Plot, that you shall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practis'd such a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Establish'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his Bones to preserve you against Monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the Publick good, but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men, who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a Faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any Association of men, (to come nearer to you,) who out of Parliament, cannot be consider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in Factionous Clubs, to vilifie the Government in your Discourses, and to libel it in all your Writings? who made you Judges in Israel? or how is it consistent with your Zeal of the publick Welfare, to promote Sedition? Does your definition of Loyal, which is to serve the King according to the Laws, allow you the licence of traducing the Executive Power, with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his People; and by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies, to make him lose them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the Patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the Multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the Kings disposition, or his Practice; or even, where you would ediously lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the benefit of Laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our Posterity. You are not the Trustees of the publick Liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a Croud, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of Affairs; or to arraign what you do not like: which in effect is every thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious Pamphlets are stuff'd with particular Reflexions on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easie to be evinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers; and to shew you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant Plot is much of it stolen from your dead Author's Pamphlet call'd the Growth of Popery; as manifestly as Milton's defence of the English People, is from Buchanan de jure regni apud Scotos: or your first Covenant, and new Association, from the holy League of the French Guisards. Any one who  
reads



reads Davila, may trace your Practices all along. There were the same pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the same Aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Historian's word, who says it was reported, that Poltrot a Hugonot, murther'd Francis Duke of Guise by the instigations of Theodore Beza: or that it was a Hugonot Minister, otherwise call'd a Presbyterian, (for our Church abhors so devilish a Tenet) who first writ a Treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murthering Kings, of a different Perswasion in Religion: But I am able to prove from the Doctrine of Calvin, and Principles of Buchanan, that they set the People above the Magistrate; which if I mistake not, is your own Fundamental; and which carries your Loyalty no farther than your liking. When a Vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it, as if it were pass'd into a Law: But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed Act of Parliament, you declare that in some cases, you will not be oblig'd by it. The Passage is in the same third part of the No-protestant Plot; and is too plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn: But, as the Papists, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantries of Worship; but in times of War, when they are hard press'd by Arguments, ly close intrench'd behind the Council of Trent: So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination, but whensoever you are asbat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justified to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword: 'tis the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time you wou'd fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of one are directly opposite to the other: one with the Queen's approbation, and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the consent, or knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly design'd. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last Evasion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies, and shuffled into the Papers that were seiz'd: which yet you see the Nation is not so easie to believe as your own Fury. But the matter is not difficult, to find 12 men in New-gate, who wou'd acquit a Malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, you wou'd employ the same Pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel: for then you may assure your selves of a clear Victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a Custome, do it without wit: By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to waive the answer of my Arguments. Never own the bottom of your Principles, for fear they shou'd be Treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of Government; for if scandal be not allow'd, you are no free-born Subjects. If God has not bless'd you with the Talent of Rhiming, make use of my poor Stock and welcome: let your Verses run upon my feet: and for the utmost refuge of notorious Blockheads, reduc'd to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own Satyre, make me Satyrize my self. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already; but above all the rest commend me to the Non-conformist Parson, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read so much as the Piece deserves, because the Bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be publish'd as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew Derivations, may not lie for Waste-paper in the Shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his Learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which are printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signifie the Brother of a Fool, the Authour of that Poem will pass with his Readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 'tis the Relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the Verses are; buy 'em up I beseech you out of pity; for I hear the Conventicle is shut up, and the Brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now Footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a Purse, for a Member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears: and even Protestant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Dissenter in Poetry from Sense and English, will make as good a Protestant Rhimer, as a Dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant Parson. Besides, if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little, above the vulgar Epithets of prophane, and sawcy Jack, and Atheistick Scribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of Enthusiasm is strong upon him: by which well-manner'd and charitable Expressions, I was certain of his Sect, before I knew his Name. What wou'd you have more of a man? he has damn'd me in your Cause from Genesis to the Revelations: And has half the Texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to your selves as to take him for your Interpreter; and not to take them for Irish Witnesses. After all perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd him only for the opening of your Cause, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his Predecessours, you may either conclude, that I trust to the goodness of my Cause, or fear my Adversary, or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your Party says or thinks of him.

THE



# The MEDAL.

A

## SATYRE

AGAINST

## SEDITION.

**O**F all our Antick Sights, and Pageantry,  
 Which *English* Idiots run in crouds to see,  
 The *Polish* Medal bears the prize alone :  
 A Monster more the Favourite of the Town }  
 Than either Fairs or Theatres have shown.  
 Never did Art so well with Nature strive ;  
 Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive ?  
 So like the Man ; so golden to the sight,  
 So base within, so counterfeit and light.  
 One side is fill'd with Title and with Face ;  
 And, lest the King shou'd want a regal Place,  
 On the reverse, a Tow'r the Town surveys ;  
 O'er which our mounting Sun his beams displays.  
 The Word pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval voice,  
*Letamur*, which, in *Polish*, is *rejoyce*.  
 The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd,  
 And a new Canting Holiday design'd.  
 Five days he sate, for every cast and look ;  
 Four more than God to finish *Adam* took.  
 But who can tell what Essence Angels are,  
 Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer* !  
 Oh, cou'd the Style that copy'd every grace,  
 And plough'd such furrows for an Eunuch face,  
 Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing Will,  
 The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill !  
 A Martial Heroe first, with early care,  
 Blown, like a Pigmy by the Winds, to war.  
 A beardless Chief, a Rebel, e'er a Man :  
 (So young his hatred to his Prince began.)  
 Next this, (How wildly will Ambition steer !)  
 A Vermin, wriggling in th' Usurper's Ear.  
 Bart'ring his venal wit for summs of Gold  
 He cast himself into the Saint-like mould ;  
 Groan'd, sigh'd and pray'd, while Godliness was gain ;  
 The lowdest Bag-pipe of the Squeaking Train.  
 But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,  
 His open lewdness he cou'd ne'er disguise.  
 There split the Saint : for Hypocritick Zeal  
 Allows no Sins but those it can conceal.  
 Whoring to Scandal gives too large a scope :  
 Saints must not trade ; but they may interlope.  
 Th' ungodly Principle was all the same ;  
 But a gross Cheat betrays his Partner's Game.  
 Besides, their pace was formal, grave and slack :  
 His nimble Wit out-ran the heavy Pack.

Yet



Yet still he found his Fortune at a stay ;  
 Whole droves of Blockheads choaking up his way :  
 They took, but not rewarded, his advice ;  
 Villain and Wit exact a double price.  
 Pow'r was his aim : but, thrown from that pretence,  
 The Wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence ;  
 And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.  
 Him, in the anguish of his Soul he serv'd ;  
 Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.  
 Behold him now exalted into trust ;  
 His Counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.  
 Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave  
 He had a grudging still to be a Knave.  
 The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatique years  
 Made him uneasie in his lawful gears.  
 At best as little honest as he cou'd :  
 And, like white Witches, mischievously good.  
 To his first byass, longingly he leans ;  
 And *rather* wou'd be great by wicked means.  
 Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold ;  
 (Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.)  
 From hence those tears ! that *Uim* of our woe !  
 Who helps a pow'rful Friend, fore-arms a Foe.  
 What wonder if the Waves prevail so far,  
 When He cut down the Banks that made the bar ?  
 Seas follow but their Nature to invade ;  
 But he by Art our native Strength betray'd.  
 So *Sampson* to his Foe his force confest ;  
 And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her breast.  
 But, when this fatal Counsel, found too late,  
 Expos'd its Author to the publick hate ;  
 When his just Sovereign, by no impious way,  
 Cou'd be seduc'd to Arbitrary sway ;  
 Forsaken of that hope, he shifts the sail ;  
 Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale ;  
 And shews the Fiend confess'd without a vail.  
 He preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent,  
 But not convey'd to Kingly Government ;  
 That Claims successive bear no binding force ;  
 That Coronation Oaths are things of course ;  
 Maintains the Multitude can never err ;  
 And sets the People in the Papal Chair.  
 The reason's obvious ; *Int'rest never lyes* ;  
 The most have still their Int'rest in their eyes ;  
 The pow'r is always theirs, and pow'r is ever wise.  
 Almighty Crowd, thou shorten'st all dispute ;  
 Power is thy Essence ; Wit thy Attribute !  
 Nor Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay,  
 Thou leap'st o're all Eternal Truths, in thy *Pindarique* way !  
*Athens*, no doubt, did righteously decide,  
 When *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd :  
 As righteously they did those dooms repent,  
 Still they were wise, what-ever way they went.  
 Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run ;  
 To kill the Father, and recall the Son.  
 Some think the Fools were most, as times went then ;  
 But now the World's o'er stock'd with prudent men.



The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Test;  
 The *Turks* is, at *Constantinople*, best;  
 Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome*;  
 And our own Worship onely true at home.  
 And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know  
 How long we please it shall continue so.  
 This side to day, and that to morrow burns;  
 So all are God a'mighties in their turns.  
 A Tempting Doctrine, plausible and new:  
 What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true!  
 Who, to destroy the seeds of Civil War,  
 Inherent right in Monarchs did declare:  
 And, that a lawful Pow'r might never cease,  
 Secur'd Succession, to secure our Peace,  
 Thus Property and Sovereign Sway, at last  
 In equal Balances were justly cast:  
 But this new *Jehu* spurs the hot-mouth'd horse;  
 Instructs the Beast to know his native force:  
 To take the Bit between his Teeth and fly  
 To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.  
 Too happy *England*, if our good we knew;  
 Wou'd we possess the freedom we pursue!  
 The lavish Government can give no more:  
 Yet we repine; and plenty makes us poor.  
 God try'd us once; our Rebel-fathers fought:  
 He glutted 'em with all the Pow'r they fought:  
 Till, master'd by their own usurping Brave,  
 The free-born Subject sunk into a Slave.  
 We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails;  
 Ah, what is man, when his own wish prevails!  
 How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill;  
 Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will!  
 That Kings can do no wrong we must believe:  
 None can they do, and must they all receive?  
 Help Heav'n! or sadly we shall see an hour,  
 When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r!  
 Already they have lost their best defence,  
 The benefit of Laws, which they dispence.  
 No justice to their righteous Cause allow'd;  
 But baffled by an Arbitrary Crowd.  
 And Medals grav'd, their Conquest to record,  
 The Stamp and Coyn of their adopted Lord.  
 The Man who laugh'd but once, to see an Ass  
 Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd Thistles pass;  
 Might laugh again, to see a Jury chaw  
 The prickles of unpalatable Law.  
 The Witnesses, that, Leech-like, liv'd on Blood,  
 Sucking for them were med'cinally good;  
 But, when they fasten'd on *their* fester'd Sore,  
 Then, Justice and Religion they forswore;  
 Their Maiden Oaths debauch'd into a Whore.  
 Thus Men are rais'd by Faction, and decry'd;  
 And Rogue and Saint distinguish'd by their Side.  
 They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their Cause;  
 And plead a Call to preach, in spite of Laws.  
 But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page,  
 It has been us'd as ill in every Age;



And is constrain'd, with patience, all to take;  
 For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?  
 Happy who can this talking Trumpet seize;  
 They make it speak whatever Sense they please!  
 Twas fram'd, at first, our Oracle t' enquire;  
 But, since our Sects in prophecy grow higher,  
 The Text inspires not them; but they the Text inspire.

London, thou great *Emporium* of our Isle,  
 O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile,  
 How shall I praise or curse to thy desert!  
 Or separate thy sound, from thy corrupted part!  
 I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand:  
 Thy tydes of Wealth o'erflow the fatten'd Land;  
 Yet Monsters from thy large increase we find,  
 Engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'st behind.  
 Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee;  
 Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.  
 Of *Israel's* Tribes thou hast a numerous band;  
 But still the *Canaanite* is in the Land.  
 Thy military Chiefs are brave and true;  
 Nor are thy disinchant'd Burghers few.  
 The Head is loyal which thy Heart commands;  
 But what's a Head with two such gouty Hands?  
 The wise and wealthy love the surest way;  
 And are content to thrive and to obey.  
 But Wisdom is to Sloath too great a Slave;  
 None are so busie as the Fool and Knave.  
 Those let me curse; what vengeance will they urge;  
 Whose Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can purge;  
 Nor sharp experience can to Duty bring,  
 Nor angry Heaven, nor a forgiving King!  
 In Gospel-phrase their Chapmen they betray:  
 Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey.  
 The Knack of Trades is living on the Spoil;  
 They boast e'en when each other they beguile.  
 Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,  
 That 'tis their Charter to defraud their King.  
 All hands unite of every jarring Sect;  
 They cheat the Country first, and then infect.  
 They, for God's Cause their Monarchs dare dethrone;  
 And they'll be sure to make his Cause their own.  
 Whether the plotting Jesuite lay'd the plan  
 Of murth'ring Kings, or the *French* Puritan,  
 Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guides out-go;  
 And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murther too.

What means their Trait'rous Combination less,  
 Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess.  
 But Treason is not own'd when 'tis descry'd;  
 Successful Crimes alone are justify'd.  
 The Men, who no Conspiracy wou'd find,  
 Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd.  
 Join'd, in a mutual Cov'nant of defence;  
 At first without, at last against their Prince.  
 If Sovereign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they scan,  
 The same bold Maxime holds in God and Man:  
 God were not safe, his Thunder cou'd they shun  
 He shou'd be forc'd to crown another Son.

Thus,



Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,  
The rich Possession was the Murth'ers own.

In vain to Sophistry they have recourse :

By proving theirs no Plot, they prove 'tis worse ;  
Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force. }

Which, though not Actual, yet all Eyes may see  
'Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be ;  
For, from pretended Grievances they rise,  
First to dislike, and after to despise.

Then, *Cyclop*-like in humane Flesh to deal,  
Chop up a Minister, at every meal ;

Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King ;  
But clip his regal rights within the Ring.

From thence, t' assume the pow'r of Peace and War ;  
And ease him by degrees of publique Care.

Yet, to consult his Dignity and Fame, }

He shou'd have leave to exercise the Name ;  
And hold the Cards, while Commons play'd the game. }

For what can Pow'r give more than Food and Drink,  
To live at ease, and not be bound to think ?

These are the cooler methods of the Crime ;  
But their hot Zealots think 'tis loss of time :

On utmost bounds of Loyalty they stand, }  
And grin and whet like a *Croatian* Band ; }  
That waits impatient for the last Command. }

Thus Out-laws open Villany maintain ;

They steal not, but in Squadrons scour the Plain :

And, if their Pow'r the Passengers subdue ;

The most have right, the wrong is in the Few.

Such impious Axiomes foolishly they show ;

For, in some Soils Republicks will not grow :

Our Temp'rate Isle will no extremes sustain,

Of pop'lar Sway, or Arbitrary Reign :

But slides between them both into the best ;

Secure in freedom, in a Monarch blest.

And though the Climate, vext with various Winds,

Works through our yielding Bodies, on our Minds,

The wholsom Tempest purges what it breeds ;

To recommend the Calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the Pander of the Peoples hearts,  
( O Crooked Soul, and Serpentine in Arts, )

Whose blandishments a Loyal Land have whor'd,

And broke the Bonds she plighted to her Lord ;

What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall ! }

Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call ; }

For all must curse the Woes that must descend on all. }

Religion thou hast none : thy *Mercury*

Has pass'd through every Sect, or theirs through Thee.

But what thou giv'st, that Venom still remains ;

And the pox'd Nation feels Thee in their Brains.

What else inspires the Tongues, and swells the Breasts

Of all thy bellowing Renegado Priests,

That preach up thee for God ; dispence thy Laws ;

And with thy Stumm ferment their fainting Cause ?

Fresh Fumes of Madness raise ; and toil and sweat

To make the formidable Cripple great.

Yet, shou'd thy Crimes succeed, shou'd lawless Pow'r

Compass those Ends thy greedy Hopes devour,



Thy Canting Friends thy Mortal Foes wou'd be;  
 Thy God and Theirs will never long agree.  
 For thine, (if thou hast any,) must be one  
 That lets the World and Humane Kind alone;  
 A jolly God, that passes hours too well  
 To promise Heav'n, or threaten us with Hell.  
 That unconcern'd can at Rebellion sit;  
 And wink at Crimes he did himself commit.  
 A Tyrant theirs; the Heav'n their Priesthood paints;  
 A Conventicle of gloomy sullen Saints;  
 A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, flov'ingly and sad;  
 Fore-doom'd for Souls, with false Religion mad.

Without a Vision Poets can fore-shew  
 What all but Fools, by common Sense may know:  
 If true Succession from our Isle shou'd fail,  
 And Crowds profane, with impious Arms prevail,  
 Not thou, nor those thy Factious Arts ingage  
 Shall reap that Harvest of Rebellious Rage,  
 With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit Age. }  
 The swelling Poison of the sev'ral Sects,  
 Which wanting vent, the Nations Health infects,  
 Shall burst its Bag; and fighting out their way  
 The various Venoms on each other prey.  
 The *Presbyter*; puffed up with spiritual Pride,  
 Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride:  
 His Brethren damn, the Civil Pow'r defy;  
 And parcel out Republique Prelacy.  
 But short shall be his Reign: his rigid Yoke  
 And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke;  
 And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train  
 Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring Crane.  
 The Cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown shall jar,  
 In sharing their ill-gotten Spoils of War:  
 Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part Which they pretend,  
 Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every Friend }  
 About their impious Merit shall contend.  
 The surly Commons shall respect deny;  
 And juggle Peerage out with Property.  
 Their Gen'ral either shall his Trust betray,  
 And force the Crowd to Arbitrary sway;  
 Or they suspecting his ambitious Aim, }  
 In hate of Kings shall cast a-new the Frame;  
 And thrust out *Collatine* that bore their Name.

Thus in-born Broils the Factions wou'd ingage; }  
 Or Wars of Exil'd Heirs, or Foreign Rage,  
 Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age:  
 And our wild Labours, wearied into Rest,  
 Reclin'd us on a rightful Monarch's Breast.

——— *Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis*  
*Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.*



# Mac Flecknoe.

ALL humane things are subject to decay,  
And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey:

This *Flecknoe* found, who, like *Augustus*, young  
Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long:  
In Prose and Verse, was own'd, without dispute  
Through all the Realms of *Non-sense*, absolute.

This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,  
And blest with issue of a large increase.

Worn out with business, did at length debate  
To settle the Succession of the State:

And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit  
To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit:  
Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that He  
Should only rule, who most resembles me:

*Sh*— alone my perfect image bears,  
Mature in dulness from his tender years.

*Sh*— alone of all my Sons, is he

Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.

The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,

But *Sh*— never deviates into sense.

Some Beams of Wit on other souls may fall,

Strike through and make a lucid interval;

But *Sh*— 's genuine night admits no ray,

His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day:

Besides his goodly Fabrick fills the eye,

And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty:

Thoughtless as Monarch Oaks, that shade the plain,

And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.

*Heywood* and *Sherley* were but Types of thee,

Thou last great Prophet of Tautology:

Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,

Was sent before but to prepare thy way:

And courslly clad in *Normich* Drugget came

To teach the Nations in thy greater name.

My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom strung

When to King *John* of *Portugal* I sung,

Was but the prelude to that glorious day,

When thou on silver *Thames* did'st cut thy way,

With well tim'd Oars before the Royal Barge,

Swell'd with the Pride of thy Celestial charge;

And big with Hymn, Commander of an Host;

The like was ne'er in *Epsom* Blankets tost.

Methinks I see the new *Arion* Sail,

The Lute still trembling underneath thy nail.

At thy well sharpned thumb from Shore to Shore

The Treble squeaks for fear, the Bases roar:

Echoes from *Pissing-Ally*, *Sh*---- call,

And *Sh*---- they resound from *A*---- Hall.

About thy boat the little Fishes throng,

As at the Morning Toast, that Floats along.

Sometimes as Prince of thy Harmonious band

Thou weild'st thy Papers in thy threshie hand:



St. *Andre's* feet ne'er kept more equal time,  
 Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche's* rhyme:  
 Though they in number as in sense excel;  
 So just, so like tautology they fell,  
 That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forswore  
 The Lute and Sword which he in Triumph bore,  
 And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villicins* more. }  
 Here stopt the good old *Syre*; and wept for joy  
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.

All Arguments, but most his Plays, perswade,  
 That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the Walls which fair *Augusta* bind,  
 (The fair *Augusta* much to fears inclin'd)  
 An ancient fabrick, rais'd t' inform the sight,  
 There stood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight:  
 A watch Tower once; but now, so Fate ordains,  
 Of all the Pile an empty name remains.  
 From its old Ruins Brothel-houses rise,  
 Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys.  
 Where their vast Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,  
 And, undisturb'd by Watch, in silence sleep.  
 Near these a Nursery erects its head,  
 Where Queens are form'd and future Hero's bred;  
 Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,  
 Where infant Punks their tender Voices try,  
 And little *Maximins* the Gods defy. }

Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,  
 Nor greater *Johnson* dares in Socks appear.  
 But gentle *Simkin* just reception finds  
 Amidst this Monument of vanisht minds:  
 Pure Clinches, the suburban Muse affords;  
 And *Panton* waging harmless War with words.  
 Here *Fleeknoe*, as a place to Fame well known,  
 Ambitiously desingn'd his *Sh* — 's Throne.  
 For ancient *Decker* prophesid long since, }  
 That in this Pile should Reign a mighty Prince,  
 Born for a scourge of Wit, and flayle of Sense:  
 To whom true dulless should some *Psyches* owe,  
 But Worlds of *Misers* from his pen should flow;  
*Humorists* and *Hypocrites* it should produce,  
 Whole *Raymond* Families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.

Now Empress *Fame* had publisht the renown,  
 Of *Sh* — 's Coronation through the Town.  
 Rows'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,  
 From near *Bun-Hill*, and distant *Watling-street*.  
 No *Persian* Carpets spread th' Imperial way,  
 But scatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay:  
 From dusty shops neglected Authors come,  
 Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum.  
 Much *Heywood*, *Shirly*, *Ogleby* there lay,  
 But loads of *Sh* — almost choakt the way.  
 Bilk't *Stationers* for Yeomen stood prepar'd,  
 And *H* — was Captain of the Guard.  
 The hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd,  
 High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.  
 At his right hand our young *Ascanius* sat  
 Rome's other hope, and Pillar of the State.



His Brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,  
 And lambent dulness plaid around his face.  
 As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,  
 Swore by his *Syre* a mortal Foe to *Rome*;  
 So *Sh-----* swore, nor should his Vow be vain,  
 That he till Death true dulness would maintain;  
 And in his father's Right, and Realms defence,  
 Ne'er to have peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense.  
 The King himself the sacred Uction made,  
 As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade:  
 In his sinister hand, instead of Ball,  
 He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale;  
 Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,  
 At once his Sceptre and his rule of Sway;  
 Whose righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd young,  
 And from whose Loyns recorded *Psyche* sprung.  
 His Temples last with Poppies were o'erspread,  
 That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head:  
 Just at that point of time, if Fame not lye,  
 On his left hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.  
 So *Romulus*, 'tis sung, by *Tyber's* Brook,  
 Presage of Sway from twice six Vultures took.  
 Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,  
 And Omens of his future Empire take.  
 The *Syre* then shook the honours of his head,  
 And from his brows damps of oblivion shed  
 Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,  
 Repelling from his Breast the raging God;  
 At length burst out in this prophetick mood: }  
 Heavens blefs my Son, from *Ireland* let him reign  
 To far *Barbadoes* on the Western main;  
 Of his Dominion may no end be known,  
 And greater than his Father's be his Throne.  
 Beyond loves Kingdom let him stretch his Pen;  
 He paus'd, and all the people cry'd *Amen*.  
 Then thus, continu'd he, my Son advance  
 Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.  
 Success let others teach, learn thou from me  
 Pangs without birth, and fruitless Industry.  
 Let *Virtuoso's* in five years be writ;  
 Yet not one thought accuse thy toyl of Wit.  
 Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the Stage,  
 Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;  
 Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,  
 And in their folly shew the Writer's wit.  
 Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,  
 And justifie their Author's want of sense.  
 Let 'em be all by thy own model made  
 Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid:  
 That they to future ages may be known,  
 Not Copies drawn, but issue of thy own.  
 Nay let thy men of wit too be the same,  
 All full of thee, and differing but in name;  
 But let no alien *S--dl--y* interpose  
 To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.  
 And when false flowers of *Rhetorick* thou would'st cull,  
 Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;



But write thy best, and top ; and in each line,  
 Sir *Formal's* oratory will be thine.  
 Sir *Formal*, though unsought, attends thy quill,  
 And does thy *Northern Dedications* fill.  
 Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,  
 By arrogating *Johnson's* Hostile name.  
 Let Father *Flecnoe* fire thy mind with praise,  
 And Uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raise.  
 Thou art my blood, where *Johnson* has no part;  
 What share have we in Nature or in Art?  
 Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,  
 And rail at Arts he did not understand?  
 Where made he love in Prince *Niconder's* vein,  
 Or swept the dust in *Psyche's* humble strain?  
 Where sold he Bargains, Whip-stitch, kifs my *Arse*,  
 Promis'd a Play and dwindled to a Farce?  
 When did his Muse from *Fletcher* Scenes purloin,  
 As thou whole *Eth'ridg* dost transfuse to thine?  
 But so transfus'd as Oyl on Waters flow,  
 His always floats above, thine sinks below.  
 This is thy Province, this thy wondrous way,  
 New Humours to invent for each new Play:  
 This is that boasted Byas of thy mind,  
 By which one way, to dulness, 'tis inclin'd.  
 Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,  
 And in all changes that way bends thy will.  
 Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence  
 Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.  
 A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ,  
 But sure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of wit.  
 Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep,  
 Thy Tragick Muse gives smiles, thy Comick sleep.  
 With whate'er gall thou sett'st thy self to write,  
 Thy inoffensive Stayrs never bite.  
 In thy felonious heart, though Venom lies,  
 It does but touch thy *Irish* pen, and dyes.  
 Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase fame  
 In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram:  
 Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy command  
 Some peaceful Province in Acrostick Land.  
 There thou may'st wings display and Altars raise,  
 And torture one poor word Ten thousand ways.  
 Or if thou would'st thy diff'rent talents suit,  
 Set thy own Songs, and sing them to thy lute.  
 He said, but his last words were scarcely heard,  
 For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a *Trap* prepar'd,  
 And down they sent thee yet declaiming Bard.  
 Sinking he left his Drugget robe behind,  
 Born upwards by a Subterranean wind.  
 The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part,  
 With double portion of his Father's Art.

LUCRETIVS.



## L U C R E T I U S

## The beginning of the First Book.

**D**elight of Humane kind, and Gods above;  
 Parent of *Rome*; Propitious Queen of Love;  
 Whose vital pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies;  
 And breeds what e're is born beneath the rowling Skies:  
 For every kind, by thy prolifque might,  
 Springs, and beholds the Regions of the light:  
 Thee, Goddess thee, the clouds and tempests fear,  
 And at thy pleasing presence disappear:  
 For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is drest,  
 For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast;  
 And Heav'n it self with more serene, and purer light is blest. }  
 For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,  
 And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd,  
 When teeming Budds, and chearful Greens appear,  
 And Western Gales unlock the lazy year,  
 The joyous Birds thy welcome first express,  
 Whose native Songs thy genial fire confess:  
 Then salvage Beasts bound o're their flighted food,  
 Strook with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood:  
 All Nature is thy Gift; Earth, Air, and Sea: }  
 Of all that breaths, the various progeny,  
 Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee. }  
 O're barren Mountains, o're the flow'ry Plain,  
 The leavy Forest, and the liquid Main  
 Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundless reign. }  
 Through all the living Regions dost thou move,  
 And scatter'st, where thou goest, the kindly seeds of Love:  
 Since then the race of every living thing,  
 Obeys thy pow'r; since nothing new can spring  
 Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,  
 Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear,  
 Be thou my ayd: My tuneful Song inspire,  
 And kindle with thy own productive fire;  
 While all thy Province Nature, I survey,  
 And sing to *Memmius* an immortal lay [display. }  
 Of Heav'n, and Earth, and every where thy wond'rous pow'r }  
 To *Memmius*, under thy sweet influence born,  
 Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn.  
 The rather, then assist my Muse and me,  
 Infusing Verses worthy him and thee.  
 Mean time on Land and Sea let barb'rous discord cease,  
 And lull the kistning world in universal peace.  
 To thee, Mankind their soft repose must owe,  
 For thou alone that blessing canst bestow;  
 Because the brutal business of the War  
 Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's care:  
 Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove  
 The pleasing pains of thy eternal Love:



And panting on thy breast, supinely lies,  
 While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd eyes:  
 Sucks in with open lips, thy balmy breath,  
 By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing death.  
 There while thy curling limbs about him move,  
 Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of Love,  
 When wishing all, he nothing can deny,  
 Thy Charms in that auspicious moment try:  
 With winning eloquence our peace implore,  
 And quiet to the weary World restore.

## L U C R E T I U S.

### The beginning of the Second Book

*Suave Mari magno, &c.*

**I**s pleasant, safely to behold from shore  
 The rowling Ship; and hear the Tempest roar:  
 Not that another's pain is our delight;  
 But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.  
 'Tis pleasant also to behold from far  
 The moving Legions mingled in the War:  
 But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide  
 To Virtues heights, with wisdom well supply'd,  
 And all the *Magazines* of Learning fortifi'd:  
 From thence to look below on humane kind,  
 Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind:  
 To see vain fools ambitiously contend  
 For Wit and Pow'r; their lost endeavours bend  
 T'outshine each other, waste their time and health,  
 In search of honours and pursuit of wealth.  
 O wretched man! in what a mist of Life,  
 Inclos'd with dangers and with noise strife,  
 He spends his little Span: And overfeeds  
 His cramm'd desires, with more than nature needs:  
 For Nature wisely stints our appetite,  
 And craves no more than undisturb'd delight;  
 Which minds unmix'd with cares, and fears, obtain;  
 A Soul serene, a body void of pain.  
 So little this corporeal frame requires;  
 So bounded are our natural desires,  
 That wanting all, and setting pain aside,  
 With bare privation, sense is satisfi'd.  
 If Golden Sconces hang not on the Walls,  
 To light the costly Suppers and the Balls;  
 If the proud Palace shines not with the state  
 Of burnish'd Bowls, and of reflected Plate,  
 If well tun'd Harps, nor the more pleasing sound  
 Of Voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound,  
 Yet on the grass beneath Popalar shade  
 By the cool stream, our careless limbs are lay'd,  
 With cheaper pleasures innocently blest,  
 When the warm Spring with gawdy Flow'rs is drest.

Nor



Nor will the raging Feavour's fire abate,  
 With Golden Canopies and Beds of State:  
 But the poor Patient will as soon be found,  
 On the hard mattress, or the Mother ground.  
 Then since our Bodies are not eas'd the more  
 By Birth, or Pow'r, or Fortune's wealthy store,  
 Tis plain, these useles toys of every kind  
 As little can relieve the lab'ring mind:  
 Unless we cou'd suppose the dreadful fight  
 Of marshall'd Legions moving to the fight  
 Cou'd with their sound, and terrible array  
 Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away;  
 But, since the supposition vain appears,  
 Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,  
 Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,  
 But in the midst of Pomp pursue the Prince,  
 Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,  
 Without respect to Purple, or to Gold;  
 Why shou'd not we these pageantries despise;  
 Whose worth but in our want of reason lies?  
 For life is all in wandring errors led;  
 And just as Children are surpriz'd with dread,  
 And tremble in the dark, so riper years  
 Ev'n in broad day light are posselt with fears:  
 And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,  
 As those which in the breasts of Children reign.  
 These bugbears of the mind, this inward Hell,  
 No rayes of outward sunshine can dispel;  
 But nature and right reason, must display  
 Their beams abroad, and bring the darksom soul to day!

*Translation of the latter Part of the Third Book*

O F

L U C R E T I U S;

*Against the Fear of Death.*

**W**Hat has this Bugbear death to frighten Man,  
 If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can?  
 For, as before our Birth we felt no pain  
 When Punique arms infest'd Land and Mayn,  
 When Heav'n and Earth were in confusion hurl'd  
 For the debated Empire of the World,  
 Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,  
 Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who shou'd sway:  
 So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoyn'd,  
 The lifeless Lump, uncoupled from the mind;  
 From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;  
 We shall not feel, because we shall not Be.  
 Though Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n were lost,  
 We shou'd not move, we only shou'd be lost.  
 Nay, ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd Fate,  
 The Soul cou'd feel in her divided state,



What's that to us, for we are only we  
 While Souls and bodies in one frame agree?  
 Nay, tho' our Atoms shou'd revolve by chance,  
 And matter leap into the former dance;  
 Tho' time our Life and motion cou'd restore,  
 And make our bodies what they were before,  
 What gain to us wou'd all this bustle bring,  
 The new made man wou'd be another thing;  
 When once an interrupting pause is made,  
 That individual Being is decay'd.  
 We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part  
 In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,  
 Which to that other Mortal shall accrew,  
 Whom of our Matter Time shall mould anew.  
 For backward if you look, on that long space  
 Of Ages past, and view the changing face  
 Of Matter, tost and variously combin'd  
 In sundry shapes, 'tis easie for the mind  
 From thence t' infer, that Seeds of things have been  
 In the same order as they now are seen:  
 Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,  
 Because a pause of Life, a gaping space  
 Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,  
 And all the wandring motions from the sense are fled.  
 For who so e're shall in misfortunes live  
 Must *Be*, when those misfortunes shall arrive;  
 And since the Man who *Is* not, feels not woe.  
 (For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,  
 Which we, the living, only feel and bear)  
 What is there left for us in death to fear?  
 When once that pause of life has come between,  
 'Tis just the same as we had never been.  
 And therefore if a Man bemoan his lot,  
 That after death his mouldring limbs shall rot,  
 Or flames, or jaws of Beasts devour his Mass,  
 Know he's an unsincere, unthinking Ass.  
 A secret Sting remains within his mind,  
 The fool is to his own cast offals kind;  
 He boasts no sense can after death remain,  
 Yet makes himself a part of life again,  
 As if some other He could feel the pain. }  
 If, while he live, this thought molest his head,  
 What Wolf or Vulture shall devour me dead,  
 He waists his days in idle grief, nor can  
 Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man:  
 But thinks himself can still himself survive;  
 And what when dead he feels not, feels alive.  
 Then he repines that he was born to die,  
 Nor knows in death there is no other He,  
 No living He remains his grief to vent,  
 And o're his senseless Carcass to lament.  
 If after death 'tis painful to be torn  
 By Birds and Beasts then why not so to burn,  
 Or drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd,  
 Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and choak'd;  
 Or on an ayery Mountain's top to lie  
 Expos'd to cold and Heav'n's inclemency,



Or crowded in a Tomb to be oppress'd  
 With Monumental Marble on thy breast?  
 But to be snatch'd from all thy household joys,  
 From thy Chast Wife, and thy dear prattling boys,  
 Whose little arms about thy Legs are cast,  
 And climbing for a Kiss prevent their Mothers hast,  
 Inspiring secret pleasure thro' thy Breast,  
 All these shall be no more: thy Friends oppress'd,  
 Thy Care and Courage now no more shall free:  
 Ah Wretch, thou cry'st, ah! miserable me,  
 One woful day sweeps children, friends, and wife,  
 And all the brittle blessings of my life!  
 Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true;  
 Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too,  
 Which well consider'd were a quick relief,  
 To all thy vain imaginary grief.  
 For thou shalt sleep and never wake again,  
 And quitting life, shall quit thy living pain.  
 But we thy friends shall all those sorrows find,  
 Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind,  
 No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our mind. }  
 The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,  
 Is a sound slumber, and a long good night.  
 Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the Wits,  
 Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits,  
 When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,  
 Till the fresh Garlands on their foreheads glow,  
 They whine, and cry, let us make haste to live,  
 Short are the joys that humane Life can give.  
 Eternal Preachers, that corrupt the draught,  
 And pall the God that never thinks, with thought;  
 Ideots with all that thought, to whom the worst  
 Of death, is want of drink, and endless thirst,  
 Or any fond desire as vain as these.  
 For ev'n in sleep, the body wrapt in ease,  
 Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave,  
 And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.  
 Were that sound sleep eternal it were death,  
 Yet the first Atoms then, the seeds of breath  
 Are moving near to sense, we do but shake  
 And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.  
 Then death to us, and death's anxiety  
 Is less than nothing, if a less cou'd be.  
 For then our Atoms, which in order lay,  
 Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,  
 And never can return into their place,  
 When once the pause of Life has left an empty space.  
 And last, suppose Great Nature's Voice shou'd call  
 To thee, or me, or any of us all,  
 What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain,  
 Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,  
 And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more?  
 For if thy life were pleasant heretofore,  
 If all the bounteous blessings I cou'd give  
 Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live, }  
 And pleasure not leak'd thro' thee like a Sieve, }  
 Why dost thou not give thanks as at a plenteous feast  
 Cram'd to the throat with life, and rise and take thy rest?

But



But if my blessings thou hast thrown away,  
 If indigested joys pass'd thro' and wou'd not stay,  
 Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?  
 If Life be grown a load, a real ill,  
 And I wou'd all thy cares and labours end,  
 Lay down thy burden fool, and know thy friend.  
 To please thee I have empti'd all my store,  
 I can invent, and can supply no more;  
 But run the round again, the round I ran before. }  
 Suppose thou are not broken yet with years,  
 Yet still the self same Scene of things appears,  
 And wou'd be ever, cou'dst thou ever live;  
 For life is still but Life, there's nothing new to give.  
 What can we plead against so just a Bill?  
 We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.  
 But if a wretch, a man oppress'd by fate,  
 Shou'd beg of Nature to prolong his date,  
 She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,  
 Be still thou Martyr fool, thou covetous of pain.  
 But if an old decrepit Sot lament;  
 What thou (She cries) who hast outliv'd content!  
 Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my store?  
 But this is still th' effect of wishing more!  
 Unsatisfy'd with all that Nature brings;  
 Loathing the present, liking absent things;  
 From hence it comes thy vain desires at strife  
 Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy Life,  
 And ghastly death appear'd before thy sight  
 Ere thou hadst gorg'd thy Soul, and Senses with delight.  
 Now leave those joys unsuited to thy age,  
 To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage.  
 Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?  
 No sure; for 'tis her business to provide,  
 Against this ever changing Frame's decay,  
 New things to come, and old to pass away.  
 One Being worn, another Being makes;  
 Chang'd but not lost; for Nature gives and takes:  
 New Matter must be found for things to come,  
 And these must waste like those, and follow Nature's doom.  
 All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot;  
 And from each other's ruin are begot;  
 For life is not confin'd to him or thee;  
 'Tis giv'n to all for use; to none for Property,  
 Consider former Ages past and gone,  
 Whose Circles ended long ere thine begun,  
 Then tell me Fool, what part in them thou hast?  
 Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.  
 What horror seest thou in that quiet state,  
 What Bugbear dreams to fright thee after Fate?  
 No Ghost, no Goblins, that still passage keep,  
 But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.  
 For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,  
 Are verifi'd on Earth, and not in Hell.  
 No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful eye,  
 Or dreads th' impending Rock to crush him from on high;  
 But fear of Chance on earth disturbs our easie hours:  
 Or vain imagin'd wrath, of vain imagin'd Pow'rs.



No *Tityus* torn by Vultures lies in Hell;  
 Nor cou'd the Lobes of his rank liver swell  
 To that prodigious Mass for their eternal meal.  
 Not tho' his monstrous bulk had cover'd o're  
 Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand more;  
 Not tho' the Globe of earth had been the Gyants floor.  
 Nor in eternal torments cou'd he lie;  
 Nor cou'd his Corps sufficient food supply.  
 But he's the *Tityus*, who by Love oppress'd,  
 Or Tyrant Passion preying on his breast,  
 And ever anxious thoughts is robb'd of rest.  
 The *Sisyphus* is he, whom noise and strife  
 Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,  
 To vex the Government, disturb the Laws,  
 Drunk with the Fumes of popular applause,  
 He courts the giddy Crowd to make him great,  
 And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sovereign Seat.  
 For still to aim at pow'r, and still to fail,  
 Ever to strive and never to prevail,  
 What is it, but in reasons true account  
 To heave the Stone against the rising Mount;  
 Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain,  
 Recoils and rowls impetuous down, and smokes along the plain.  
 Then still to treat thy ever craving mind  
 With ev'ry blessing, and of ev'ry kind,  
 Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite,  
 Though years and seasons vary thy delight,  
 Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,  
 But still the Wolf within thee barks for more;  
 This is the Fables moral, which they tell  
 Of fifty foolish Virgins damn'd in Hell  
 To leaky Vessels, which the Liquor spill;  
 To Vessels of their Sex, which none cou'd ever fill.  
 As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,  
 The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,  
 And all the vain infernal trumpery,  
 They neither are, nor were, nor e're can be.  
 But here on Earth the guilty have in view  
 The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due:  
 Racks, Prisons, Poisons, *Tarpeian* Rock,  
 Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and suffocating Smoak,  
 And last, and most, if these were cast behind,  
 Th' avenging horror of a Conscious mind,  
 Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,  
 And sees no end of Punishment and woe:  
 But looks for more, at the last gasp of breath:  
 This makes an Hell on Earth, and Life a death.  
 Mean time, when thoughts of death disturb thy head;  
 Consider, *Ancus* great and good is dead;  
*Ancus* thy better far, was born to die,  
 And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?  
 So many Monarchs with their mighty State,  
 Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by Fate.  
 That haughty King, who Lorded o're the Main,  
 And whose stupendous Bridge did the wild Waves restrain,  
 (In vain they foam'd, in vain thy threatned wreck,  
 While his proud Legions march'd upon their back:)



Him death, a greater Monarch, overcame;  
 Nor spar'd his guards the more, for their immortal name:  
 The *Roman* chief, the *Carthaginian* dread,  
*Scipio* the Thunder Bolt of War is dead,  
 And like a common Slave, by fate in triumph led.  
 The Founders of invented Arts are lost;  
 And Wits who made Eternity their boast;  
 Where now is *Homer* who possess the Throne?  
 Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's gone.  
*Democritus* preceiving age invade,  
 His Body weaken'd and his Mind decay'd,  
 Obey'd the summons with a chearful face;  
 Made haste to welcom death, and met him half the race.  
 That stroke, ev'n *Epicurus* cou'd not bar,  
 Though he in Wit surpass'd Mankind, as far  
 As does the midday Sun, the midnight Star.  
 And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,  
 Whose very life is little more than death?  
 More than one half by lazy sleep possess;  
 And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best,  
 Day-Dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy breast,  
 Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,  
 Whose Cause and Cure thou never hop'st to find;  
 But still uncertain, with thy self at strife,  
 Thou wander'st in the *Labyrinth* of Life.  
 O, if the foolish race of man, who find  
 A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,  
 Cou'd find as well the Cause of this unrest,  
 And all this burden lodg'd within the breast,  
 Sure they wou'd change their course; nor live as now,  
 Uncertain what to wish or what to vow.  
 Uneasie both in Countrey and in Town,  
 They search a place to lay their burden down.  
 One restless in his Palace, walks abroad,  
 And vainly thinks to leave behind the load.  
 But straight returns; for he's as restless there;  
 And finds there's no relief in open Air.  
 Another to his *Villa* wou'd retire,  
 And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;  
 No sooner enter'd at his Countrey door,  
 But he begins to stretch, and yawn and snore;  
 Or seeks the City which he left before.  
 Thus every man o're-works his weary will,  
 To shun himself, and to shake off his ill;  
 The shaking Fit returns and hangs upon him still.  
 No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease;  
 The Wretch is ignorant of his disease;  
 Which known wou'd all his fruitless trouble spare;  
 For he wou'd know the World not worth his care:  
 Then wou'd he search more deeply for the 'Cause;  
 And study Nature well, and Nature's Laws:  
 For in this moment lies not the debate;  
 But on our future, fix'd, Eternal State;  
 That never changing state which all must keep  
 Whom Death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.  
 Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,  
 Beset with dangers and maintain'd with strife?



A Life which all our care can never save;  
 One fate attends us; and one common Grave.  
 Besides we tread but a perpetual round,  
 We ne're strike out; but beat the former ground,  
 And the same Maukish joys in the same track are found.  
 For still we think an absent blessing best;  
 Which cloyes, and is no blessing when possesst;  
 A new arising wish expels it from the Breast.  
 The Feav'rish thirst of Life increases still;  
 We call for more, and more and never have our fill:  
 Yet know not what to morrow we shall try,  
 What dregs of life in the last draught may lie.  
 Nor, by the longest life we can attain;  
 One moment from the length of death we gain;  
 For all behind belongs to his Eternal reign.  
 When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thred,  
 The Man as much to all intents is dead,  
 Who dyes to day, and will as long be so,  
 As he who dy'd a thousand years ago.

# L U C R E T I U S.

## Book the Fourth.

*Concerning the Nature of Love;*

Beginning at this Line,

*Sic igitur, Veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.*

**T**Hus therefore, he who feels the Fiery dart  
 Of strong desire transfix his amorous heart,  
 Whether some beauteous Boys alluring face,  
 Or Lovelyer Maid with unresisted Grace,  
 From her each part the winged arrow sends,  
 From whence he first was struck, he thither tends;  
 Restless he roams, impatient to be freed,  
 And eager to inject the sprightly seed.  
 For fierce desire does all his mind employ,  
 And ardent Love assures approaching joy.  
 Such is the nature of that pleasing smart,  
 Whose burning drops distil upon the heart,  
 The Feaver of the Soul shot from the fair,  
 And the cold Ague of succeeding care.  
 If absent, her Idea still appears;  
 And her sweet name is chiming in your ears:  
 But strive those pleasing fantomes to remove,  
 And shun th' Aerial images of Love;  
 That feed the flame: When one molests thy mind  
 Discharge thy loyns on all the leaky kind;  
 For that's a wiser way than to restrain  
 Within thy swelling nerves, that hoard of pain.  
 For every hour some deadlier symptom shows,  
 And by delay the gath'ring venom grows,  
 When kindly applications are not us'd;  
 The Viper Love must on the wound be bruise'd:  
 On that one object 'tis not safe to stay,  
 But force the tide of thought some other way:



The squander'd Spirits prodigally throw,  
 And in the common Glebe of nature sow,  
 Nor wants he all the bliss, that Lovers feign,  
 Who takes the pleasure, and avoids the pain;  
 For purer joys in purer health abound,  
 And less affect the sickly than the sound.  
 When Love its utmost vigour does imploy,  
 Ev'n then, 'tis but a restless wandering joy:  
 Nor knows the Lover, in that wild excess,  
 With hands or eyes, what first he wou'd possess:  
 But strains at all; and fast'ning where he strains,  
 Too closely presses with his frantique pains:  
 With biteing kisses hurts the twining fair,  
 Which shews his joys imperfect, unsincere:  
 For stung with inward rage, he flings around,  
 And strives t' avenge, the smart on that which gave the wound.  
 But love those eager bitings does restrain,  
 And mingling pleasure mollifies the pain.  
 For ardent hope still flatters anxious grief,  
 And sends him to his Foe to seek relief:  
 Which yet the nature of the thing denies;  
 For Love, and Love alone of all our joys  
 By full possession does but fan the fire,  
 The more we still enjoy, the morewe still desire.  
 Nature for meat, and drink provides a space;  
 And when receiv'd they fill their certain place;  
 Hence thirst and hunger may be satisf'd,  
 But this repletion is to Love deny'd:  
 Form, feature, colour, whatsoe'er delight  
 Provokes the Lovers endless appetite,  
 These fill no space, nor can we thence remove  
 With lips, or hands, or all our instruments of love:  
 In our deluded grasp we nothing find,  
 But thin aerial shapes, that fleet before the mind.  
 As he who in a dream with drought is curst,  
 And finds no real drink to quench his thirst,  
 Runs to imagin'd Lakes his heat to steep;  
 And vainly swills and labours in his sleep,  
 So Love with fantomes cheats our longing eyes,  
 Which hourly seeing never satisfies;  
 Our hands pull nothing from the parts they strain,  
 But wander o're the lovely limbs in vain:  
 Nor when the Youthful Pair more closely joyn,  
 When hands in hands they lock, and thighs in thighs they twine,  
 Just in the raging foam of full desire,  
 When both press on, both murmur, both expire,  
 They gripe, they squeeze, their humid tongues they dart,  
 As each wou'd force their way to t'others heart:  
 In vain; they only cruze about the coast,  
 For bodies cannot pierce, nor be in bodies lost:  
 As sure they strive to be, when both engage,  
 In that tumultuous momentary rage,  
 So 'tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,  
 Till Man dissolves in that excess of joy.  
 Then, when the gather'd bag has burst its way,  
 And ebbing tydes the slacken'd nerves betray,  
 A pause ensues; and Nature nods a while,  
 Till with recruited rage new Spirits boil;

And



And then the same vain violence returns,  
 With flames renew'd th' erected furnace burns.  
 Agen they in each other wou'd be lost,  
 But still by adamantine bars are crost;  
 All ways they try, successless all they prove,  
 To cure the secret sore of lingring love.

Besides —

They waste their strength in the venereal strife,  
 And to a Woman's will enslave their life;  
 Th' Estate runs out, and mortgages are made,  
 All Offices of friendship are decay'd;  
 Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd.  
*Affyrian* Oyntment from their temples flows,  
 And Diamond Buckles sparkle at their shooes.  
 The chearful Emerald twinkles on their hands,  
 With all the luxury of foreign lands:  
 And the blew Coat that with imbroid'ry shines,  
 Is drunk with sweat of their o're-labour'd loyns.  
 Their frugal Fathers gains they mis-employ,  
 And run to Point, and Pearl, and ev'ry female toy.  
 French fashions, costly treats are their delight;  
 The Park by day, and Plays and Balls by night.

In vain: —

For in the Fountain where their Sweets are sought,  
 Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.  
 First guilty Conscience does the mirror bring  
 Then sharp remorse shoots out her angry sting,  
 And anxious thoughts within themselves at strife,  
 Upbraid the long mispent, luxurious life.  
 Perhaps the fickle fair One proves unkind,  
 Or drops a doubtful word, that pains his mind;  
 And leaves a ranckling jealousy behind.  
 Perhaps he watches close her amorous eyes,  
 And in the act of ogling does surprise;  
 And thinks he sees upon her cheeks the while  
 The dimpled tracks of some foregoing smile;  
 His raging Pulse beats thick, and his pent Spirits boyl.  
 This is the product ev'n of prosp'rous Love,  
 Think then what pangs disastrous passions prove!  
 Innumerable Ills; disdain, despair,  
 With all the meager Family of Care:  
 Thus, as I said, 'tis better to prevent,  
 Than flatter the Disease, and late repent:  
 Because to shun th' allurements is not hard,  
 To minds resolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd:  
 But wond'rous difficult, when once beset,  
 To struggle thro' the streights, and break th' involving Net.  
 Yet thus insnar'd thy freedom thou may'st gain,  
 If, like a fool, thou dost not hug thy chain;  
 If not to ruin obstinately blind,  
 And willfully endeavouring not to find,  
 Her plain defects of body and of mind.  
 For thus the *Bedlam* train of Lovers use,  
 T' inhaunce the value, and the faults excuse.  
 And therefore 'tis no wonder if we see  
 They doat on Dowdyes, and Deformity:  
 Ev'n what they cannot praise, they will not blame,  
 But veil with some extenuating name:



The Sallow Skin is for the Swarthy put,  
 And love can make a Slattern of a Slut:  
 If Cat-ey'd, then a *Pallas* is their love,  
 If freckled she's a party colour'd Dove.  
 If little, then she's life and soul all o're:  
 An *Amazon*, the large two handed Whore.  
 She stammers, oh what grace in lisping lies,  
 If she says nothing, to be sure she's wife.  
 If shrill, and with a voice to drown a Quire,  
 Sharp witted she must be, and full of fire.  
 The lean, consumptive Wench with coughs decay'd,  
 Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender Maid.  
 Th' o're grown, a goodly *Ceres* is exprest,  
 A bed-fellow for *Bacchus* at the least.  
 Flat Nose the name of Satyr never misses,  
 And hanging blobber lips, but pout for kisses.  
 The task were endless all the rest to trace:  
 Yet great she were a *Venus* for her face,  
 And shape, yet others equal beauty share;  
 And time was you cou'd live without the fair:  
 She does no more, in that for which you woo,  
 Than homelier women full as well can do.  
 Besides she daubs, and stinks so much of paint,  
 Her own Attendants cannot bear the scent.  
 But laugh behind, and bite their lips to hold;  
 Mean time excluded, and expos'd to cold,  
 The whining Lover stands before the Gates,  
 And there with humble adoration waits:  
 Crowning with flow'rs the threshold and the floor,  
 And printing kisses on th' obdurate door:  
 Who if admitted in that nick of time,  
 If some unfav'ry Whiff betray the crime,  
 Invents a quarrel streight, if there be none,  
 Or makes some faint excuses to be gone:  
 And calls himself a doating fool to serve,  
 Ascribing more than Woman can deserve.  
 Which well they understand like cunning Queans;  
 And hide their nastiness behind the Scenes.  
 From him they have allur'd, and wou'd retain,  
 But to a piercing eye 'tis all in vain:  
 For common sense brings all their cheats to view,  
 And the false light discovers by the true:  
 Which a wise Harlot owns, and hopes to find  
 A pardon for defects, that run thro' all the kind.  
 Nor always do they feign the sweets of Love,  
 When round the panting Youth their pliant limbs they move;  
 And cling, and heave, and moisten ev'ry kiss,  
 They often share, and more than share the bliss:  
 From every part, ev'n to their inmost Soul,  
 They feel the trickling joys, and run with vigour to the Goal.  
 Stirr'd with the same impetuous desire  
 Birds, Beasts, and Herds, and Mares, their Males require:  
 Because the throbbing Nature in their veins  
 Provokes them to assuage their kindly pains:  
 The lusty leap th' expecting Female stands,  
 By mutual heat compell'd to mutual Bands.  
 Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by love are ty'd;  
 Nor shouting boys, nor blows their union can divide:



At either end they strive the linck to loose ;  
 In vain, for stronger *Venus* holds the noose.  
 Which never wou'd those wretched Lovers do,  
 But that the common heats of Love they know ;  
 The pleasure therefore must be shar'd in common too. }  
 And when the Woman's more prevailing juice  
 Sucks in the mans, the mixture will produce  
 The Mother's likeness; when the man prevails,  
 His own resemblance in the seed he Seals.  
 But when we see the new begotten race  
 Reflect the features of each Parent's face,  
 Then of the Fathers and the Mothers blood,  
 The justly temper'd seed is understood :  
 When both conspire, with equal ardour bent,  
 From every limb the due proportion sent,  
 When neither party foils, when neither foild,  
 This gives the blended features of the Child.  
 Sometimes the Boy, the Grandfire's image bears ;  
 Sometimes the more remote Progenitor he shares ;  
 Because the genial Atomes of the seed  
 Lie long conceal'd e're they exert the breed :  
 And after sundry Ages past, produce  
 The tardy likeness of the latent juice.  
 Hence Families such different figures take,  
 And represent their Ancestors in face and Hair, and make.  
 Because of the same Seed, the voice, and hair,  
 And shape, and face, and other members are, }  
 And the same antique mould the likeness does prepare.  
 Thus oft the Fathers likeness does prevail  
 In Females, and the Mothers in the Male.  
 For since the seed is of a double kind,  
 From that where we most resemblance find,  
 We may conclude the strongest tincture sent,  
 And that was in conception prevalent.  
 Nor can the vain decrees of Pow'rs above,  
 Deny production to the act of Love,  
 Or hinder Fathers of that happy name,  
 Or with a barren Womb the Matron shame ;  
 As many think, who stain with Victims Blood  
 The mournful Altars, and with incense load :  
 To bless the show'ry seed with future Life,  
 And to impregnate the well labour'd Wife.  
 In vain they weary Heav'n with Prayer, or fly  
 To Oracles, or Magique numbers try :  
 For barrenness of Sexes will proceed,  
 Either from too Condens'd, or watry seed ;  
 The watry juice too soon dissolves away,  
 And in the parts projected will not stay ;  
 The too Condens'd, unsould, unwieldly mass  
 Drops short, nor carries to the destin'd place :  
 Nor pierces to the parts, nor, though injected home,  
 Will mingle with the kindly moisture of the womb.  
 For Nuptials are unlike in their success,  
 Some men, with fruitful seed some Women bless ;  
 And from some men some Women fruitful are ;  
 Just as their constitutions joyn or jarr :  
 And many, seeming barren Wives have been,  
 Who, after match'd with more prolifique men,  
 Have



Have fill'd a Family with prating boys :  
 And many not supply'd at home with joys,  
 Have found a friend abroad, to ease their smart,  
 And to perform the Sapless Husband's part.  
 So much it does import, that seed with seed  
 Shou'd of the kindly mixture make the breed:  
 And thick with thin, and thin with thick shou'd joyn,  
 So to produce and propagate the Line.  
 Of such concernment too is Drink and food,  
 T'incrassate, or attenuate the blood.  
 Of like importance is the posture too,  
 In which the genial feat of Love we do :  
 For as the Females of the four-foot kind,  
 Receive the leapings of their Males behind ;  
 So the good Wives, with loins uplifted high,  
 And leaning on their hands the fruitful stroke may try :  
 For in that posture will they best conceive :  
 Not when supinely laid they frisk and heave ;  
 For active motions only break the blow,  
 And more of Strumpets than of Wives they show ;  
 When answering stroke with stroke, the mingled liquors flow.  
 Endearments eager, and too brisk a bound,  
 Throws off the plow-share from the furrow'd ground.  
 But common Harlots in conjunction heave,  
 Because 'tis less their business to conceive  
 Than to delight, and to provoke the deed ;  
 A trick which honest Wives but little need.  
 Nor is it from the Gods, or *Cupids* dart,  
 That many a homely Woman takes the heart ;  
 But Wives well humour'd, dutiful, and chaste,  
 And clean, will hold their wandring Husbands fast,  
 Such are the links of Love, and such a Love will last.  
 For what remains, long habitude, and use,  
 Will kindness in domestick Bands produce :  
 For Custom will a strong impression leave ;  
 Hard bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,  
 In length of time, will moulder and decay,  
 And stones with drops of rain are wash'd away.

## From L U C R E T I U S

### Book the Fifth.

*Tum porrò puer, &c.*

**T**Hus like a Saylor by the Tempest hurl'd  
 A shore, the Babe is shipwrack'd on the World :  
 Naked he lies, and ready to expire ;  
 Helpless of all that humane wants require :  
 Expos'd upon unhospitable Earth,  
 From the first moment of his hapless Birth.  
 Straight with forebodeing cries he fills the Room ;  
 (Too true presages of his future doom.)  
 But Flocks, and Herds, and every Savage Beast  
 By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.

They



They want no Rattles for their froward mood,  
Nor Nurse to reconcile them to their food,  
With broken words ; nor Winter blasts they fear,  
Nor change their habits with the changing year :  
Nor, for their safety, Citadels prepare ;  
Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War :  
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous treasure grants,  
And Nature's lavish hands supplies their common wants.

*Theocrit. Idyllium the 18th.*

THE  
E P I T H A L A M I U M  
OF  
H E L E N and M E N E L A U S.

**T**Welve *Spartan* Virgins, noble, young, and fair,  
With Violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair ;  
And to the pompous Palace did resort,  
Where *Menelaus* kept his Royal Court.  
There hand in hand a comely Quire they led ;  
To sing a blessing to his Nuptial Bed,  
Which curious Needles wrought, and painted flowers bespred. }  
*Joves* beauteous Daughter now his Bride must be,  
And *Jove* himself was less a God than he :  
For this their artful hands instruct the Lute to sound,  
Their feet assist their hands and justly beat the ground.  
This was their song : Why happy Bridegroom, why  
E're yet the Stars are kindl'd in the Skie,  
E're twilight shades, or Evening dews are shed,  
Why dost thou steal so soon away to Bed ?  
Has *Somnus* brush'd thy Eye-lids with his Rod,  
Or do thy Legs refuse to bear their Load, }  
With flowing bowls of a more generous God ?  
If gentle slumber on thy Temples creep,  
(But naughty Man thou dost not mean to sleep)  
Betake thee to thy Bed thou drowzy Drone,  
Sleep by thy self and leave thy Bride alone :  
Go leave her with her Maiden Mates to play  
At sports more harmless, till the break of day :  
Give us this Evening ; thou hast Morn and Night,  
And all the years before thee, for delight.  
O happy Youth ! to thee among the crowd  
Of Rival Princes, *Cupid* sneez'd aloud ;  
And every lucky *Omen* sent before,  
To meet thee landing on the *Spartan* shore.  
Of all our *Heroes* thou canst boast alone,  
That *Jove*, when e're he Thunders, calls thee Son :  
Betwixt two Sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare ;  
With whom no *Grecian* Virgin can compare : }  
So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair.  
A boy, like thee, would make a Kingly line :  
But oh, a Girl, like her, must be divine.

Her



Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,  
 Twelve score *Virago's* of the *Spartan Race*,  
 While naked to *Eurota's* banks we bend,  
 And there in manly exercise contend,  
 When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost ;  
 And hide the beauties that we made our boast.  
 So, when the Night, and Winter disappear,  
 The Purple morning rising with the year  
 Salutes the spring, as her Celestial eyes  
 Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies :  
 So beauteous *Helen* shines among the rest,  
 Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces blest :  
 As Pines the Mountains, or as fields the Corn,  
 Or as *Thessalian* Steeds the race adorn :  
 So Rosie colour'd *Helen* is the pride  
 Of *Lacedemon*, and of *Greece* beside.  
 Like her no Nymph can willing Ozyers bend  
 In basket works, which painted streaks commend :  
 With *Pallas* in the Loomb she may contend.  
 But none, ah none can animate the Lyre,  
 And mute strings with Vocal Soul inspire,  
 Whether the Learn'd *Minerva* be her Theam,  
 Or chaste *Diana* bathing in the Stream ;  
 None can record their Heavenly praise so well  
 As *Helen*, in whose eyes ten thousand *Cupids* dwell.  
 O fair, O Graceful ! yet with Maids inroll'd,  
 But whom to morrow's Sun a Matron shall behold :  
 Yet e're to morrow's Sun shall show his head,  
 The dewy paths of Meadows we will tread,  
 For Crowns and Chaplets to adorn thy head.  
 Where all shall weep, and wish for thy return,  
 As bleating Lambs their absent Mother mourn.  
 Our Noblest Maids shall to thy name bequeath  
 The boughs of *Lotes*, form'd into a wreath.  
 This Monument, thy Maiden beauties due,  
 High on a Plane-tree shall be hung to view :  
 On the smooth rind the Passenger shall see  
 Thy name ingrav'd ; and worship *Helen's* Tree :  
 Balm, from a Silver box distill'd around,  
 Shall all bedew the roots and scent the sacred ground ;  
 The balm, 'tis true, can aged Plants prolong,  
 But *Helen's* name will keep it ever young.  
 Hail Bride, hail Bridegroom, Son in Law to *Jove* !  
 With fruitful joys, *Lanata* blest your Love ;  
 Let *Venus* furnish you with full desires,  
 Add vigour to your wills and fuel to your fires :  
 Almighty *Jove* augment your wealthy store,  
 Give much to you, and to his Grandsons more.  
 From generous Loyns a generous race will spring,  
 Each Girl, like her, a Queen ; each Boy, like you, a King.  
 Now sleep if sleep you can ; but while you rest,  
 Sleep close, with folded arms, and breast to breast.  
 Rise in the morn ; but oh before you rise,  
 Forget not to perform your morning Sacrifice.  
 We will be with you e're the crowing Cock  
 Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd Flock :  
*Hymen*, oh *Hymen*, to thy Triumphs run,  
 And view the mighty spoils thou hast in battel won.



## Idyllium the 23d.

T H E

## Despairing L O V E R.

**W**ith inauspicious love, a wretched Swain  
 Persu'd the fairest Nymph of all the Plain;  
 Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,  
 She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair:  
 Her heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd,  
 His person hated, and his Gifts despis'd:  
 Nor knew the force of *Cupid's* cruel darts,  
 Nor fear'd his awful pow'r on humane hearts;  
 But either from her hopeless Lover fled,  
 Or with disdainful glances shot him dead.  
 No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping Boy:  
 No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.  
 But as a hunted Panther casts about  
 Her glaring Eyes, and pricks her list'ning ears to scout,  
 So she, to shun his Toyls, her cares imploy'd,  
 And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.  
 Her mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught to frown,  
 Her eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown:  
 Her fallow Cheeks her envious mind did show,  
 And every feature spoke aloud the curstness of a Shrew.  
 Yet cou'd not he his obvious Fate escape,  
 His love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape:  
 And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn  
 But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.  
 Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,  
 He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain:  
 At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief  
 With Tears, the dumb petitioners of grief.  
 With Tears so tender, as adorn'd his Love;  
 And any heart, but only hers wou'd move:  
 Trembling before her bolted doors he stood;  
 And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:  
 Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look;  
 Then kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke.

Ah Nymph more cruel than of humane Race,  
 Thy Tygres heart belies thy Angel Face:  
 Too well thou show'st thy Pedigree from Stone;  
 Thy Grandames was the first by *Pyrrha* thrown:  
 Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd;  
 But so my Love, and so my fate requir'd,  
 I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;  
 But take this gift, the last that I can give.  
 This friendly Cord shall soon decide the strife,  
 Betwixt my ling'ring Love and loathsome life;  
 This moment puts an end to all my pain;  
 I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.  
 Farewel ungrateful and unkind, I go  
 Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades below.  
 I go th' extreamest remedy to prove,  
 To drink Oblivion, and to drench my Love.

K

There



There happily to lose my long desires :  
 But ah, what draught so deep to quench my fires !  
 Farewel ye never opening Gates, ye Stones  
 And Threshold guilty of my midnight Moans :  
 What I have suffer'd here ye know too well ;  
 What I shall do the Gods and I can tell.  
 The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time,  
 The Violet sweet, but quickly past the prime ;  
 White Lillies hang their heads and soon decay,  
 And whiter Snow in minutes melts away :  
 Such is your blooming youth, and withering so ;  
 The time will come, it will, when you shall know  
 The rage of Love ; your haughty heart shall burn  
 In flames like mine, and meet a like return.  
 Obdurate as you are, oh, hear at least  
 My dying prayers, and grant my last request !  
 When first you ope your doors, and passing by  
 The sad ill Omend Object meets your Eye,  
 Think it not lost, a moment if you stay ;  
 The breathless wretch, so made by you, survey :  
 Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,  
 To view the mighty ravage of your Eyes.  
 I wish, (but oh my wish is vain I fear,)  
 The kind Oblation of a falling Tear :  
 Then loose the knot, and take me from the place,  
 And spread your Mantle o're my grisly Face ;  
 Upon my livid Lips bestow a kiss :  
 O envy not the dead, they feel not blifs !  
 Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath ;  
 Even you are not more pitiless than death.  
 Then for my Corps a homely Grave provide,  
 Which Love and me from publick Scorn may hide.  
 Thrice call upon my Name, thrice beat your breast,  
 And hayl me thrice to everlasting rest :  
 Last let my Tomb this sad inscription bear,  
 A wretch whom Love has kill'd lies buried here ;  
 Oh, Passengers, *Aminta's* Eyes beware.

Thus having said, and furious with his Love ;  
 He heav'd with more than humane force, to move  
 A weighty Stone, (the labour of a Team,)  
 And rais'd from thence he reach'd the Neighbouring Beam :  
 Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws ;  
 And fitted to his Neck the fatal noose :  
 Then spurning backward took a swing, till death  
 Crept up, and stopt the passage of his Breath.  
 The bounce burst ope the door ; the Scornful Fair  
 Relentless lookt, and saw him beat his quivering feet in Air,  
 Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,  
 Nor took him down, but brisht regardless by :  
 And as she past, her chance or fate was such,  
 Her Garments toucht the dead, polluted by the touch.  
 Next to the dance, thence to the Bath did move ;  
 The bath was sacred to the God of Love :  
 Whose injur'd Image, with a wrathful Eye,  
 Stood threatning from a Pedestal on high :  
 Nodding a while ; and watchful of his blow,  
 He fell ; and falling crusht th' ungrateful Nymph below :



Her gushing Blood the Pavement all besmear'd ;  
 And this her last expiring Voice was heard ;  
 Lovers farewell, revenge has reacht my scorn ;  
 Thus warn'd, be wise, and love for love return.

# DAPHNIS.

From *Theocritus Idyll. 27.*

*Daphnis.*

**T**He Shepherd *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Bride  
 By force away, and then by force enjoy'd ;  
 But I by free consent can boast a Bliss,  
 A fairer *Helen*, and a sweeter kiss.

*Chloris.* Kisses are empty joys and soon are o're.

*Daph.* A Kiss betwixt the lips is something more.

*Chlo.* I wipe my mouth, and where's your kissing then ?

*Daph.* I swear you wipe it to be kiss'd agen.

*Chlo.* Go tend your Herd, and kiss your Cows at home ;  
 I am a Maid, and in my Beauties bloom.

*Daph.* 'Tis well remember'd, do not waste your time ;  
 But wisely use it ere you pass your prime.

*Chlo.* Blown Roses hold their sweetness to the last,  
 And Raisins keep their luscious native taste.

*Daph.* The Sun's too hot ; those Olive shades are near ;  
 I fain wou'd whisper something in your ear.

*Chlo.* 'Tis honest talking where we may be seen,  
 God knows what secret mischief you may mean ;  
 I doubt you'll play the Wag and kiss agen.

*Daph.* At least beneath yon' Elm you need not fear ;  
 My Pipe's in tune, if you're dispos'd to hear.

*Chlo.* Play by your self, I dare not venture thither :  
 You, and your naughty Pipe go hang together.

*Daph.* Coy Nymph beware, lest *Venus* you offend :

*Chlo.* I shall have chaste *Diana* still to friend.

*Daph.* You have a Soul, and *Cupid* has a Dart ;

*Chlo.* *Diana* will defend, or heal my heart.

Nay, fie what mean you in this open place ;  
 Unhand me, or, I swear, I'll scratch your face.  
 Let go for shame ; you make me mad for spight ;  
 My mouth's my own ; and if you kiss I'll bite.

*Daph.* Away with your dissembling Female tricks :  
 What wou'd you 'scape the fate of all your Sex ?

*Chlo.* I swear I'll keep my Maidenhead till death,  
 And die as pure as Queen *Elizabeth*.

*Daph.* Nay mum for that ; but let me lay thee down ;  
 Better with me, than with some nauseous Clown.

*Chlo.* I'de have you know, if I were so inclin'd,  
 I have bin woo'd by many a wealthy Hind ;  
 But never found a Husband to my mind.

*Daph.* But they are absent all ; and I am here ;

*Chlo.* The matrimonial Yoke is hard to bear ;  
 And Marriage is a woful word to hear.

*Daph.* A scare Crow, set to frighten fools away ;  
 Marriage has joys ; and you shall have a say.



- Chlo.* Sour sawce is often mix'd with our delight,  
You kick by day more than you kiss by night.
- Daph.* Sham stories all; but say the worst you can,  
A very Wife fears neither God nor Man.
- Chlo.* But Child-birth is they say, a deadly pain;  
It costs at least a Month to knit again.
- Daph.* *Diana* cures the wounds *Lucina* made;  
Your Goddess is a Midwife by her Trade.
- Chlo.* But I shall spoil my Beauty, if I bear.
- Daph.* But Mam and Dad are pretty names to hear.
- Chlo.* But there's a Civil question us'd of late;  
Where lies my jointure, where your own Estate?
- Daph.* My Flocks, my Fields, my Woods, my Pastures take,  
With settlement as good as Law can make.
- Chlo.* Swear then you will not leave me on the Common,  
But marry me, and make an honest Woman.
- Daph.* I swear by *Pan* (tho' he wears horns you'll say)  
Cudgell'd and kick'd, I'll not be forc'd away.
- Chlo.* I bargain for a wedding Bed at least,  
A house, and handsome Lodging for a guest.
- Daph.* A house well furnish'd shall be thine to keep;  
And for a flock-bed I can shear my Sheep.
- Chlo.* What Tale shall I to my old Father tell?
- Daph.* 'Twill make him Chuckle thou'rt bestow'd so well.
- Chlo.* But after all, in troth I am to blame  
To be so loving, e're I know your Name.  
A pleasant sounding Name's a pretty thing:
- Daph.* Faith mine's a very pretty name to sing;  
They call me *Daphnis*: *Lycidas* my Syre,  
Both sound as well as Woman can desire.  
*Nomea* bore me; Farmers in degree,  
He a good Husband, a good Housewife she.
- Chlo.* Your kindred is not much amiss, 'tis true,  
Yet I am somewhat better born than you.
- Daph.* I know your Father, and his Family;  
And without boasting am as good as he  
*Menelaus*; and no Master goes before.
- Chlo.* Hang both our Pedigrees; not one word more;  
But if you love me, let me see your Living,  
Your House and Home; for seeing is believing.
- Daph.* See first yon *Cypress* Grove, (a shade from noon.)
- Chlo.* Browze on my Goats; for I'll be with you soon.
- Daph.* Feed well my Bulls, to whet your appetite;  
That each may take a lusty Leap at Night.
- Chlo.* What do you mean (uncivil as you are,)  
To touch my breasts, and leave my bosom bare?
- Daph.* These pretty bubbies first I make my own.
- Chlo.* Pull out your hand, I swear, or I shall swoon.
- Daph.* Why does thy ebbing blood forsake thy face?
- Chlo.* Throw me at least upon a cleaner place:  
My Linnen ruffled, and my Waistcoat soiling,  
What do you think new Cloaths were made for spoiling?
- Daph.* I'll lay my Lambskins underneath thy back:
- Chlo.* My Head Geer's off; what filthy work you make!
- Daph.* To *Venus* first, I lay these off'rings by;
- Chlo.* Nay first look round, that no body be nigh:  
Methink I hear a whisp'ring in the Grove.
- Daph.* The *Cypress* Trees are telling Tales of love.



*Chlo.* You tear off all behind me, and before me;  
And I'm as naked as my Mother bore me.

*Daph.* I'll buy thee better Cloaths than these I tear,  
And lie so close, I'll cover thee from Air.

*Chlo.* Y' are liberal now; but when your turn is sped,  
You'll wish me choak'd with every crust of Bread.

*Daph.* I'll give thee more, much more than I have told;  
Wou'd I cou'd coyn my very heart to Gold.

*Chlo.* Forgive thy handmaid (Huntress of the wood,)  
I see there's no resisting flesh and blood!

*Daph.* The noble deed is done; my Herds I'll cull;  
*Cupid*, be thine a Calf; and *Venus*, thine a Bull.

*Chlo.* A Maid I came, in an unlucky hour,  
But hence return, without my Virgin flour.

*Daph.* A Maid is but a barren Name at best;  
If thou canst hold, I bid for twins at least.

Thus did this happy Pair their love dispence  
With mutual joys, and gratifi'd their sense;  
The God of Love was there a bidden Guest;  
And present at his own Mysterious Feast.  
His azure Mantle underneath he spread,  
And scatter'd Roses on the Nuptial Bed;  
While folded in each others arms they lay,  
He blew the flames, and furnish'd out the play,  
And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy sweat away. }  
First rose the Maid, and with a glowing Face,  
Her down-cast eyes beheld her print upon the grass;  
Thence to her Herd she sped her self in hast: }  
The Bridegroom started from his Trance at last,  
And pipeing homeward jocundly he past. }

### Horat. Ode 3. Lib. 1.

*Inscribed to the Earl of Roscomon, on his in-  
tended Voyage to Ireland.*

SO may th' auspicious Queen of Love,  
And the twin Stars, (the Seed of *Jove*,)  
And he, who rules the raging wind,  
To thee, O sacred Ship, be kind,  
And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,  
Supplying soft *Etesian* Gales,  
As thou to whom the Muse commends,  
The best of Poets and of Friends,  
Dost thy committed Pledge restore:  
And land him safely on the shore:  
And save the better part of me,  
From perishing with him at Sea.  
Sure he, who first the passage try'd,  
In harden'd Oak his heart did hide,  
And ribs of Iron arm'd his side! }  
Or his at least, in hollow wood,  
Who tempted first the briny Flood: }



Nor fear'd the winds contending roar;  
 Nor billows beating on the shore;  
 Nor *Hyades* portending Rain;  
 Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.  
 What form of death cou'd him affright,  
 Who unconcern'd with stedfast fight,  
 Cou'd view the Surges mounting steep,  
 And monsters rolling in the deep?  
 Cou'd thro' the ranks of ruin go,  
 With Storms above, and Rocks below!  
 In vain did Nature's wise command,  
 Divide the Waters from the Land,  
 If daring Ships, and Men prophane,  
 Invade th' inviolable Main:  
 Th' eternal Fences over-leap;  
 And pass at will the boundless deep.  
 No toyl, no hardship can restrain  
 Ambitious Man inur'd to pain;  
 The more confin'd, the more he tries,  
 And at forbidden quarry flies.  
 Thus bold *Prometheus* did aspire,  
 And stole from heaven the seed of Fire:  
 A train of Ills, a ghastly crew,  
 The Robbers blazing track pursue;  
 Fierce Famine, with her Meagre face,  
 And Feavours of the fiery Race,  
 In swarms th' offending Wretch surround,  
 All brooding on the blasted ground:  
 And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,  
 Comes up to shorten half our date.  
 This made not *Dedalus* beware,  
 With borrow'd wings to sail in Air:  
 To Hell *Alcides* forc'd his way,  
 Plung'd thro' the Lake, and snatch'd the Prey.  
 Nay scarce the Gods, or heav'nly Climes  
 Are safe from our audacious Crimes;  
 We reach at *Jove's* Imperial Crown,  
 And pull the unwilling thunder down.

### *Horace Lib. 1. Ode 9.*

#### I.

**B**Ehold yon Mountains hoary height  
 Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;  
 Again behold the Winter's weight  
 Oppress the lab'ring Woods below:  
 And Streams with fetters bound,  
 Benum'd and cramp't to solid ground.

#### II.

With well heap'd Logs dissolve the cold,  
 And feed the genial heat with fires;  
 Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,  
 And sprightly Wit and Love inspires:  
 For what hereafter shall betide,  
 God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

Let



III.

Let him alone with what he made,  
To tofs and turn the World below;  
At his command the storms invade;  
The winds by his Commiffion blow;  
Till with a Nod he bids 'em ceafe,  
And then the Calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To morrow and her works defie,  
Lay hold upon the prefent hour,  
And fnatch the pleasures paffing by,  
To put them out of Fortune's pow'r:  
Nor love, nor love's delights difdain,  
What e're thou get'ft to day is gain.

V.

Secure thofe golden early joys,  
That Youth unfowr'd with sorrow bears,  
E're with'ring time the tafte deftroys,  
With ficknefs and unweildy years!  
For active fports, for pleafing reft,  
This is the time to be poffeff;  
The beft is but in feafon beft.

VI.

The pointed hour of promis'd blifs,  
The pleafing whifper in the dark,  
The half unwilling willing kifs,  
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,  
When the kind Nymph wou'd coynefs feign,  
And hides but to be found again,  
Thefe, thefe are joys the Gods for Youth ordain.

Horat. Ode 29. Lib. 3.

Paraphras'd in Pindarique Verfe;

AND

*Inscribed to the Right Honourable Lawrence  
Earl of Rochefter.*

I.

**D**Escended of an ancient Line,  
That long the *Tufcan* Scepter fway'd,  
Make hafte to meet the generous wine,  
Whofe piercing is for thee delay'd:  
The rofie wreath is ready made;  
And artful hands prepare  
The fragrant *Syrian* Oyl, that fhall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the Wine fparkles from a-far,  
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, come away;  
Make hafte, and leave thy bufinefs and thy care,  
No mortal int'reft can be worth thy ftay.

III Leave



## III.

Leave for a while thy costly Country Seat;  
 And, to be Great indeed, forget  
 The nauseous pleasures of the Great:  
 Make haste and come:  
 Come and forsake thy cloying store;  
 Thy Turret that surveys, from high,  
 The smoke, and wealth, and noise of *Rome*;  
 And all the busie pageantry  
 That wise men scorn, and fools adore:  
 Come, give thy Soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of the poor.

## IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try  
 A short vicissitude, and fit of Poverty:  
 A savoury Dish, a homely Treat,  
 Where all is plain, where all his neat,  
 Without the stately spacious Room,  
 The *Persian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,  
 Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the Great.

## V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;  
 The *Syrian* Star  
 Barks from a-far;  
 And with his sultry breath infects the Sky;  
 The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns above us fry.  
 The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock,  
 Beneath the covert of a Rock;  
 And seeks refreshing Rivulets nigh:  
 The *Sylvans* to their shades retire,  
 Those very shades and streams, new shades and streams require;  
 And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

## VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord May'r,  
 And what the City Faction dare,  
 And what the *Gallique* Arms will do,  
 And what the Quiver bearing Foe,  
 Art anxiously inquisitive to know:  
 But God has, wisely, hid from humane sight  
 The dark decrees of future fate;  
 And sown their seeds in depth of night;  
 He laughs at all the giddy turns of State;  
 When Mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

## VII.

Enjoy the present smiling hour;  
 And put it out of Fortune's pow'r:  
 The tide of bus'ness, like the running stream,  
 Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,  
 A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,  
 And always in extream.  
 Now with a noiseless gentle course  
 It keeps within the middle Bed;  
 Anon it lifts aloft the head,  
 And bears down all before it, with impetuous force:  
 And trunks of Trees come rowling down,  
 Sheep and their Folds together drown:  
 Both House and Homestead into Seas are born,  
 And Rocks are from their old foundations torn,  
 And woods made thin with winds, their scatter'd honours mourn.

## VIII. Happy



VIII.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,  
 He, who can call to day his own:  
 He, who secure within, can say  
 To morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to day.  
 Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,  
 The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate are mine.  
 Not Heav'n it self upon the past has pow'r;  
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune, that with malicious joy,  
 Does Man her slave oppress,  
 Proud of her Office to destroy,  
 Is seldom pleas'd to bless.  
 Still various and unconstant still;  
 But with an inclination to be ill;  
 Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,  
 And makes a Lottery of life.  
 I can enjoy her while she's kind;  
 But when she dances in the wind,  
 And shakes her wings, and will not stay,  
 I puff the Prostitute away:  
 The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd:  
 Content with poverty, my Soul, I arm;  
 And Vertue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,  
 Who never sail in her unfaithful Sea,  
 If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black;  
 If the Mast split and threaten wreck,  
 Then let the greedy Merchant fear  
 For his ill-gotten gain;  
 And pray to Gods that will not hear,  
 While the debating winds and billows bear  
 His Wealth into the Main.  
 For me secure from Fortune's blows,  
 (Secure of what I cannot lose,)  
 In my small Pinnacle I can sail,  
 Contemning all the blustering roar;  
 And running with a merry gale,  
 With friendly Stars my safety seek  
 Within some little winding Creek;  
 And see the storm a-shore.

FROM

H O R A C E,

*Epod. 2d.*

**H**OW happy in his low degree  
 How rich in humble Poverty, is he,  
 Who leads a quiet country life!  
 Discharg'd of business, void of strife,  
 And from the gripeing Scrivener free.

L

(Thus



(Thus e're the Seeds of Vice were sown,  
 Liv'd Men in better Ages born,  
 Who Plow'd with Oxen of their own  
 Their small paternal field of Corn.)  
 Nor Trumpets summon him to War,  
 Nor Drums disturb his morning Sleep,  
 Nor knows he Merchants gainful care,  
 Nor fears the dangers of the deep.  
 The clamours of contentious Law,  
 And Court and state he wisely shuns,  
 Nor brib'd with hopes nor dar'd with awe  
 To servile Salutations runs:  
 But either to the clasping Vine  
 Does the supporting Poplar Wed,  
 Or With his pruning hook disjoyn  
 Unbearing Branches from their Head,  
 And grafts more happy in their stead:  
 Or climbing to a hilly Steep,  
 He views his Herds in Vales afar,  
 Or Sheers his overburden'd Sheep,  
 Or Mead for cooling drink prepares,  
 Of Virgin honey in the Jars.  
 Or in the now declining year,  
 When bounteous *Autumn* rears his head,  
 He joyes to pull the ripen'd Pear,  
 And clustring Grapes with purple spread.  
 The fairest of his fruit he serves,  
*Priapus* thy rewards:  
*Sylvanus* too his part deserves,  
 Whose care the fences guards.  
 Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,  
 Or on the matted grass he lies;  
 No God of Sleep he need invoke,  
 The stream that o're the pebbles flies  
 With gentle slumber crowns his Eyes.  
 The Wind that Whistles through the sprays  
 Maintains the consult of the Song;  
 And hidden Birds with Native layes  
 The golden sleep prolong.  
 But when the blast of Winter blows,  
 And hoary frost inverts the year,  
 Into the naked Woods he goes,  
 And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,  
 With well mouth'd hounds and pointed Spear.  
 Or spreads his subtile Nets from fight,  
 With twinckling glasse to betray  
 The Larks that in the Meshes light,  
 Or makes the fearful Hare his prey  
 Amidst his harmless easie joys  
 No anxious care invades his health,  
 Nor Love his peace of mind destroys,  
 Nor wicked avarice of Wealth.  
 But if a chaste and pleasing Wife,  
 To ease the business of his Life,  
 Divides with him his household care,  
 Such as the Sabine *Matrons* were,  
 Such as the swift *Apulians* Bride,



Sunburnt and Swarthy tho' she be,  
Will fire for Winter Nights provide,  
And without noise will oversee,  
His Children and his Family,  
And order all things till he come,  
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;  
If she in pens his Flocks will fold,  
And then produce her Dairy store,  
With Wine to drive away the cold,  
And unbought dainties of the poor;  
Not Oysters of the *Lucrine* Lake  
My sober appetite wou'd wish,  
Nor *Turbet*, or the Foreign Fish  
That rowling Tempests overtake,  
And hither waft the costly dish.  
Not *Heathpout*, or the rarer Bird,  
Which *Phasis*, or *Ionia* yields,  
More pleasing morsels wou'd afford  
Than the fat Olives of my fields;  
Than Shards or Mallows for the pot,  
That keep the loosen'd body sound,  
Or than the Lamb that falls by Lot,  
To the just Guardian of my ground,  
Amidst these feasts of happy Swains,  
The jolly Shepherd smiles to see  
His flock returning from the Plains;  
The Farmer is as pleas'd as he  
To view his Oxen, sweating smoak,  
Bear on their Necks the loosen'd Yoke.  
To look upon his menial Crew,  
That sit around his cheerful hearth,  
And bodies spent in toil renew  
With wholesome Food and Country Mirth.  
This *Morecraft* said within himself;  
Resolv'd to leave the wicked Town,  
And live retir'd upon his own;  
He call'd his Mony in:  
But the prevailing love of pelf,  
Soon split him on the former shelf,  
And put it out again.







RELIGIO LAICI,

O R, A

Layman's Faith.

A

POEM.

---

Written by Mr. D R Y D E N.

---

*Ornari res ipsa negat ; contenta doceri---*

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The Fourth Edition.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, in the Year,  
1701.



RELIGIOUS

OF A

Man's Faith

P O E M.

Written by Mr. D. R. Y. D. E. N.

On the 11th of the month of December

The Tenth Edition.

L O N D O N

Printed for J. and J. in the Year

1801.



# T H E P R E F A C E.

**A** Poem with so bold a Title, and a Name prefix'd, from which the handling of so serious a subject wou'd not be expected, may reasonably oblige the Author, to say somewhat in defence both of himself, and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that being a Layman, I ought not to have concern'd myself with Speculations, which belong to the Profession of Divinity; I cou'd Answer, that perhaps, Laymen, with equal advantages of Parts and Knowledge, are not the most incompetent Judges of Sacred things; But in the due sense of my own weakness and want of Learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make myself a Judge of Faith, in others, but onely to make a Confession of my own; I lay no unhallowed hand upon the Ark; but wait on it, with the Reverence that becomes me at a distance: In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have us'd in this small Treatise, were many of them taken from the Works of our own Reverend Divines of the Church of England; so that the Weapons with which I combat Irreligion are already consecrated; though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the Sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employed for the common Cause, against the Enemies of Piety. I intend not by this to intitle them to any of my errors; which, yet, I hope are only those of Charity to Mankind; and such as my own charity has caus'd me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclin'd to Scepticism in Philosophy, I have no reason to impose my Opinions, in a Subject which is above it: But whatever they are, I submit them with all Reverence to my Mother Church, accounting them no farther mine, than as they are authoriz'd, or at least, uncondemn'd by her. And indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have us'd the necessary Precaution, of showing this Paper before it was publish'd to a judicious and learned Friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the Church and State: and whose Writings have highly deserv'd of both. He was pleas'd to approve the body of the Discourse, and I hope he is more my Friend, than to doe it out of Complaisance: 'Tis true he had too good a taste to like it all; and amongst some other faults recommended to my second view, what I have written, perhaps too boldly, on St. Athanasius: which he advised me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have follow'd his opinion: But then I could not have satisfied myself, that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that Heathens, who never did, nor without Miracle cou'd hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of Salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour, the whole World, excepting onely the Jewish Nation, shou'd lye under the inevitable necessity of everlasting Punishment, for want of that Revelation, which was confin'd to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the Sons of Noah we reade of one onely who was accur'd; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserv'd for Japhet, (of whose Progeny we are,) it seems unaccountable to me, why so many Generations of the same Offspring, as preceeded our Saviour in the Flesh, shou'd be all involv'd in one common condemnation, and yet that their Posterity shou'd be intituled to the hopes of Salvation: As if a Bill of Exclusion had passed only on the Fathers, which debarr'd not the Sons from their Succession. Or that so many Ages had been deliver'd over to Hell, and so many reserv'd for Heaven, and that the Devil had the first choice, and

God



God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed Religion which was taught by Noah to all his Sons, might continue for some Ages in the whole Posterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the Family of Sem is manifest: but when the Progenies of Cham and Japhet swarm'd into Colonies, and those Colonies were subdivided into many others; in process of time their Descendants lost by little and little the Primitive and Purer Rites of Divine Worship, retaining only the notion of one Deity; to which succeeding Generations added others: (for men took their Degrees in those Ages from Conquerors to Gods.) Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all Mankind, the light of Nature as the next in Dignity was substituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the Rule of the Heathens; and by which they are hereafter to be judg'd. If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assum'd in my Poem may be also true; namely, that Deism, or the Principles of Natural Worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of reveal'd Religion in the Posterity of Noah: And that our Modern Philosophers, nay and some of our Philosophising Divines have too much exalted the faculties of our Souls, when they have maintain'd that by their force mankind has been able to find out that there is one Supreme Agent or Intellectual Being which we call God: that Praise and Prayer are his due Worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of Revelation, and unattainable by our Discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of Divine Illumination. So that we have not lifted up our selves to God, by the weak Performances of our Reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us: and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the Heathen Philosophers of several Nations, is all no more than the Twilight of Revelation, after the Sun of it was set in the Race of Noah. That there is something above us, some Principle of motion, our Reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is, by its own Virtue. And indeed 'tis very improbable, that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any Being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them, that Supreme Nature, which we cannot otherwise define, than by saying it is Infinite; as if Infinite were definable, or Infinity a Subject for our narrow understanding. They who wou'd prove Religion by Reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support: 'tis to take away the Pillar from our Faith, and to prop it only with a twig: 'tis to design a Tower like that of Babel, which if it were possible (as it is not) to reach Heaven would come to nothing by the confusion of the Workmen. For every man is Building a several way; impotently conceited of his own Model, and his own Materials: Reason is always striving, and always at a loss: and of necessity it must so come to pass, while 'tis exercis'd about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last, to know God by his own Methods; at least so much of him, as he is pleas'd to reveal to us in the Sacred Scriptures; to apprehend them to be the Word of God, is all our Reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of Faith, which is the Seal of Heaven impress'd upon our human understanding.

And now for what concerns the Holy Bishop Athanasius: the Preface of whose Creed seems inconsistent with my opinion; which is, that Heathens may possibly be sav'd; in the first place I desire it may be consider'd that it is the Preface only, not the Creed it self, which, (till I am better inform'd) is of too hard a digestion for my Charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many several Texts of Scripture seemingly support that Cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those Texts may receive a kinder, and more mollified Interpretation. Every man who is read in Church History knows that Belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius, concerning the Divinity of our Blessed Saviour, and his being one Substance with the Father; and that thus compil'd, it was sent abroad among the Christian Churches, as a kind of Test, which whosoever took, was look'd on as an Orthodox Believer.

'Tis

*The Creed of 400's under Athanasius's Name was not compiled by him  
but made about 300 years after his Time.*



'Tis manifest from hence, that the Heathen part of the Empire was not concerned in it: for its business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt Hereticks and true Believers. This, well consider'd, takes off the heavy weight of Censure, which I wou'd willingly avoid from so venerable a Man; for if this Proportion, Whosoever will be sav'd, be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians; then the Anathema reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interess'd in that dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that Prefatory addition to the Creed, and as far from cavelling at the continuation of it in the Liturgy of the Church; where, on the days appointed, 'tis publickly read: For, I suppose, there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arrians; the one being a Heresie, which seems to have been refin'd out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of Reason it combats our Religion, with so much more caution to be avoided: and therefore the prudence of our Church is to be commended, which has interpos'd her Authority for the recommendation of this Creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory Creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius might perhaps be spar'd: for what is supernatural, will always be a Mystery in spite of Exposition: and for my own part the plain Apostles Creed is most suitable to my weak understanding; as the simplest diet is the most easie of Digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this Subject than I intended; and longer than, perhaps, I ought; for having laid down, as my Foundation, that the Scripture is a Rule; that in all things needful to Salvation, it is clear, sufficient, and ordain'd by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left my self no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to Heathens: because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the Scripture to be the Canon of our Faith, I have unavoidably created to my self two sorts of Enemies: The Papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us, what they cou'd; and have reserv'd to themselves a right of Interpreting what they have deliver'd under the pretence of Infallibility: and the Fanaticks more collaterally, because they have assum'd what amounts to an Infallibility, in the private Spirit: and have detorted those Texts of Scripture, which are not necessary to Salvation, to the damnable uses of Sedition, disturbance and destruction of the Civil Government. To begin with the Papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous (at least in appearance to our present State) for not only the Penal Laws are in Force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their Peerage and Commons are excluded from Parliaments, and consequently those Laws in no probability of being Repeal'd. A General and Uninterrupted Plot of their Clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all Protestants believe. For 'tis not reasonable to think but that so many of their Orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, wou'd endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account Hereticks. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's Letters, for ought I know are the best Evidence; and what they discover, without wyre-drawing their Sense, or malicious Glosses, all Men of reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this requir'd of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the Witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the Votes of Parliament: For I suppose the Fanaticks will not allow the private Spirit in this Case: Here the Infallibility is at least in one part of the Government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholicks, how can we be secure from the practice of Jesuited Papists in that Religion? For not two or three of that Order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole Body of them are of opinion, that their infallible Master has a right over Kings, not only in Spirituals but Temporals. Not to name Mariano, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santaret,



taret, Simanca, and at least twenty others of Foreign Countries ; we can produce of our own Nation, Campian, and Doleman or Parsons, besides many are nam'd whom I have not read, who all of them attest this Doctrine, that the Pope can depose and give away the Right of any Sovereign Prince, si vel paulum deflexerit, if he shall never 'o little Warp : but if he once comes to be Excommunicated, then the Bond of obedience is taken off from Subjects ; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, ex hominum Christianorum Dominatu, from exercising Dominion over Christians : and to this they are bound by virtue of Divine Precept, and by all the ties of Conscience under no less Penalty than Damnation. If they answer me (as a Learned Priest has lately Written,) that this Doctrine of the Jesuites is not de fide, and that consequently they are not oblig'd by it, they must pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to the purpose ; for 'tis a Maxim in their Church, where Points of Faith are not decided, and that Doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please : but more safely the most receiv'd and most authoriz'd. And their Champion Bellarmine has told the World, in his Apology, that the King of England is a Vassal to the Pope, ratione directi Domini, and that he holds in Villanage of his Roman Landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our Chronicles are his Authentique Witnesses, that, King John was depos'd by the same Plea, and Philip Augustus admitted Tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French King was again ejected when our King submitted to the Church, and the Crown receiv'd under the sordid Condition of a Vassalage.

'Tis not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papists, (of which I doubt not there are many) to produce the Evidences of their Loyalty to the late King, and to declare their Innocency in this Plot ; I will grant their behaviour in the first, to have been as Loyal and as brave as they desire ; and will be willing to hold them excus'd as to the second, (I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters ; for 'tis a madness to be sober alone, while the Nation continues Drunk : ) but that Saying of their Father Cress. is still running in my head, that they may be dispens'd with in their Obedience to an Heretick Prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it : (for that (as another of them tells us,) is only the effect of Christian Prudence) but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an Heretick is no lawful King, and consequently to rise against him is no Rebellion. I should be glad therefore, that they wou'd follow the advice which was charitably given them by a Reverend Prelate of our Church ; namely, that they would joyn in a publick Act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitick Principles ; and subscribe to all Doctrines which deny the Popes Authority of Deposing Kings, and releasing Subjects from their Oath of Allegiance : to which I shou'd think they might easily be induc'd, if it be true that this present Pope has condemn'd the Doctrine of King-killing (a Thesis of the Jesuites) amongst others ex Cathedra (as they call it) or in open Consistory.

Leaving them, therefore, in so fair a way (if they please themselves) of satisfying all reasonable Men, of their sincerity and good meaning to the Government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme of our Religion, I mean the Fanaticks, or Schismaticks, of the English Church. Since the Bible has been translated into our Tongue, they have us'd it so, as if their business was not to be sav'd, but to be damn'd by its Contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English Nation, that it had still remain'd in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latine of St. Jerome, than that several Texts in it, should have been prevaricated to the destruction of that Government which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many Heresies the first Translation of Tyndal produced in few years, let my Lord Herbert's History of Henry the Eighth inform you ; Inasmuch that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasion'd, a Sentence



tence pass'd on the first Edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short Reign of Edward the Sixth (who had continued to carry on the Reformation, on other Principles than it was begun) every one knows that not only the chief Promoters of that Work, but many others, whose Consciences wou'd not dispence with Popery, were forc'd for fear of persecution, to change Climates: from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin, to graff upon our Reformation. Which though they cunningly conceal'd at first, (as well knowing how nauseously that Drug wou'd go down in a lawful Monarchy, which was prescrib'd for a rebellious Common-wealth) yet they always kept it in reserve; and were never wanting to themselves either in Court or Parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous Party of Fanatick Members in the one, or the Encouragement of any Favourite in the other, whose Covetousness was gaping at the Patrimony of the Church. They who will consult the Works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his Life, or more particularly the Letter written to him on this Subject, by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded; from the dislike of Cap and Surplice, the very next step was Admonitions to the Parliament against the whole Government Ecclesiastical: then came out Volumes in English and Latine in defence of their Tenets: and immediately Practices were set on foot to erect their Discipline without Authority. Those not succeeding, Satyr and Railing was the next: And Martin Mar-Prelate (the Marvel of those times) was the first Presbyterian Scribler, who sanctify'd Libels and Scurrility to the use of the Good Old Cause. Which was done (says my Author) upon this account; that (their serious Treatises having been fully answered and refuted) they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and when their Cause was sunk in Court and Parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the Rabble: for to their ignorance all things are Wit which are abusive; but if Church and State were made the Theme, then the Doctoral Degree of Wit was to be taken at Billingsgate: even the most Saint-like of the Party, though they durst not excuse this contempt and villifying of the Government, yet were pleas'd, and grin'd at it with a pious smile; and call'd it a judgment of God against the Hierarchy. Thus Sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foul-mouth'd and scurrilous from their infancy: and if Spiritual Pride, Venome, Violence, Contempt of Superiours and Slander had been the marks of Orthodox Belief; the Presbytery and the rest of our Schismatics, which are their Spawn, were always the most visible Church in the Christian World.

'Tis true, the Government was too strong at that time for a Rebellion; but to shew what proficiency they had made in Calvin's School, even Then their mouths water'd at it: for two of their gifted Brotherhood (Hacket and Coppinger) as the Story tells us, got up into a Pease-Cart, and harangued the People, to dispose them to an Insurrection, and to establish their Discipline by force: so that however it comes about, that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's Birth-night, as that of their Saint and Patroness; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by Arms against her; and in all probability, they wanted but a Fanatique Lord Mayor and two Sheriffs of their Party to have compass'd it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many Admonitions which he had given them, toward the end of his Preface, breaks out into this Prophetick Speech, "There is in every one of these Considerations most just cause to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so perilous consequence (meaning the Presbyterian Discipline) should cause Posterity to feel those Evils, which as yet are more easie for us to prevent, than they would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold we know too well by sad experience: the Seeds were sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the bloody Harvest ripened in the Reign of King Charles the Martyr: and because all th



Sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose Grains, another Crop is too like to follow; nay I fear 'tis unavoidable, if the Conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffer'd to quote an Adversary to our Religion, whose he speaks Truth: and 'tis the observation of Meimbourg in his History of Calvinism, that where-ever that Discipline was planted and embrac'd, Rebellion, Civil-War and Misery attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of Church and State has always been the ground of our Divisions in England. While we were Papists, our Holy Father rid us, by pretending authority out of the Scriptures to dispose Princes; when we shook off his Authority, the Sectaries furnish'd themselves with the same Weapons; and out of the same Magazine, the Bible. So that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of Governours, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turn'd to their destruction; and never since the Reformation, has there wanted a Text of their interpreting to Authorize a Rebel. And 'tis to be noted by the way, that the Doctrines of King-killing and Deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst Party of the Papists, the most frontless Flatterers of the Pope's Authority, have been espous'd, defended and are still maintain'd by the whole body of Nonconformists and Republicans. 'Tis but dubbing themselves the People of God, which 'tis the interest of their Preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one Text or another will turn up for their purpose: If they are under Persecution (as they call it,) then that is a mark of their Election; if they flourish, then God works Miracles for their Deliverance, and the Saints are to possess the Earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this Paper; but I who know best how far I could have gone on this Subject, must be bold to tell them they are spar'd: though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a Writer to them, as they do the mercy of the Government; in the one they think it Fear, and conclude it Weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me, is, as I before advis'd the Papists, to disclaim their Principles, and renounce their Practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen when they obey the King, and true Protestants when they conform to the Church Discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that the Verses were written for an ingenious young Gentleman, my Friend; upon his Translation of The Critical History of the Old Testament, compos'd by the learned Father Simon: The Verses therefore are addressed to the Translator of that Work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, Epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a Critick as to require the Smoothness, the Numbers and the Turn of Heroick Poetry in this Poem; I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the style of his Epistles is not ill imitated here. The Expressions of a Poem, design'd purely for instruction, ought to be Plain and Natural, and yet Majestick: for here the Poet is presum'd to be a kind of Law giver, and those three qualities which I have nam'd are proper to the Legislative style. The Florid, Elevated and Figurative way is for the Passions; for Love and Hatred, Fear and Anger, are begotten in the Soul by shewing their Objects out of their true proportion; either greater than the Life, or less; but Instruction is to be given by shewing them what they naturally are. A Man is to be cheated into Passion, but to be reason'd into Truth.



# Religio Laici.

DIM, as the borrow'd beams of Moon and Stars  
 To lonely, weary, wandring Travellers,  
 Is Reason to the Soul: And as on high,  
 Those rowling Fires discover but the Sky  
 Not light us here; So Reason's glimmering Ray  
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,  
 But guide us upward to a better Day. }  
 And as those nightly Tapers disappear,  
 When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere;  
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;  
 So dyes, and so dissolves in Supernatural Light.  
 Some few, whose Lamp shone brighter, have been led  
 From Cause to Cause, to Nature's secret head;  
 And found that one first Principle must be:  
 But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE;  
 Whether some Soul incompassing this Ball  
 Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving All;  
 Or various Atoms interfering Dance  
 Leapt into Form (the Noble work of Chance;) }  
 Or this great All was from Eternity;  
 Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see;  
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as He:  
 As blindly grop'd they for a future State;  
 As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate:  
 But least of all could their endeavours find  
 What most concern'd the good of Humane kind:  
 For Happiness was never to be found;  
 But vanish'd from 'em, like Enchanted ground.  
 One thought Content the Good to be enjoy'd:  
 This, every little Accident destroy'd:  
 The wiser Madmen did for Virtue toil:  
 A Thorney, or at best a barren Soil:  
 In Pleasure some their glutton Souls would steep;  
 But found their Line too short, the Well too deep;  
 And leaky Vessels which no Bliss cou'd keep. }  
 Thus, anxious Thoughts in endless Circles roul,  
 Without a Centre where to fix the Soul:  
 In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end.  
 How can the Less the Greater comprehend?  
 Or finite Reason reach Infinity?  
 For what cou'd Fathom GOD were more than He.

Opinions of  
 the several  
 Sects of Phi-  
 losophers  
 concerning  
 the Sum-  
 mum Bo-  
 num.

The Deists thinks he stands on firmer ground;  
 Cries *eupeng*: the mighty Secret's found:  
 God is that Spring of Good; Supreme, and Best;  
 We, made to serve, and in that Service blest;  
 If so, some Rules of Worship must be given,  
 Distributed alike to all by Heaven:  
 Else God were partial, and to some deny'd  
 The Means his Justice shou'd for all provide.  
 This general Worship is to PRAISE and PRAY:  
 One part to borrow Blessings, one to pay:

Systeme of  
 Deism.

And



And when frail Nature slides into Offence,  
 The *Sacrifice* for Crimes is *Penitence*.  
 Yet, since th' Effects of Providence, we find,  
 Are variously dispens'd to Humane kind;  
 That *Vice Triumphs*, and *Virtue suffers* here,  
 (A brand that Sovereign Justice cannot bear;)  
 Our Reason prompts us to a future State:  
 The last Appeal from Fortune, and from Fate:  
 Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;  
 The Bad meet Punishment, the Good, Reward.

Of Reveal'd  
 Religion.

Thus Man by his own strength to Heaven wou'd soar:  
 And wou'd not be oblig'd to God for more.

Vain, wretched Creature, how art thou misled  
 To think thy Wit these God-like Notions bred!  
 These Truths are not the product of thy Mind,  
 But dropt from Heaven, and of a Nobler kind.  
 Reveal'd Religion first inform'd thy Sight,  
 And Reason saw not, till Faith sprung the Light.  
 Hence all thy Natural Worship takes the Source:  
 'Tis Revelation what thou think'st Discourse.

Socrates.

Else, how com'st Thou to see these Truths so clear,  
 Which so obscure to Heathens did appear?

Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found:

Nor He whose Wisdom Oracles renown'd.

Hast thou a Wit so deep, or so sublime,  
 Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?

Canst Thou, by Reason, more of God-head know,  
 Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?

Those Gyant Wits, in happier Ages born,  
 (When Arms and Arts did Greece and Rome adorn)

Knew no such Systeme: no such Piles cou'd raise  
 Of Natural Worship, built on Pray'r and Praise,  
 To One sole G O D.

Nor did Remorse, to expiate Sin, prescribe:

But slew their fellow Creatures for a Bribe:

The guiltless Victim groan'd for their Offence;  
 And Cruelty, and Blood was Penitence.

If Sheep and Oxen cou'd atone for Men,

Ah! at how cheap a rate the Rich might Sin!

And great Oppressours might Heaven's Wrath beguile,  
 By offering his own Creatures for a Spoil!

Dar'st thou, poor Worm, offend Infinity?

And must the Terms of Peace be given by Thee?

Then Thou art Justice in the last Appeal;

Thy easie God instructs Thee to rebell:

And, like a King remote, and weak, must take

What Satisfaction Thou art pleas'd to make.

But if there be a Pow'r too Just, and strong

To wink at Crimes, and bear unpunish'd Wrong;

Look humbly upward, see his Will disclose

The Forfeit first, and then the Fine impose:

A Mult' thy Poverty cou'd never pay,

Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way:

And with Cœlestial Wealth supply'd thy Store:

His Justice makes the Fine, his Mercy quits the Score.



See God descending in thy Humane Frame ;  
 Th' *Offended*, suff'ring in th' *Offenders* Name :  
 All thy Misdeeds to him imputed see,  
 And all his Righteousness devolv'd on thee.

For granting we have Sin'd, and that th' offence  
 Of *Man*, is made against *Omnipotence*,  
 Some Price, that bears *proportion*, must be paid,  
 And *Infinite* with *Infinite* be weigh'd.  
 See then the *Deist* lost : *Remorse* for *Vice*,  
 Not paid, or paid, *inadequate* in price :  
 What farther means can *Reason* now direct,  
 Or what Relief from *humane Wit* expect ?  
 That shews us *sick* ; and sadly are we sure  
 Still to be *Sick*, till *Heav'n* reveal the *Cure* :  
 If then *Heaven's Will* must needs be understood,  
 (Which must, if we want *Cure*, and *Heaven*, be *Good*)  
 Let all Records of *Will reveal'd* be shown ;  
 With *Scripture*, all in equal balance thrown,  
 And our one *Sacred Book* will be *That one*. }

*Proof* needs not here, for whether we compare  
 That *Impious*, *Idle*, *Superstitious Ware*  
 Of *Rites*, *Lustrations*, *Offerings*, (which before  
 In various Ages, various Countries bore)  
 With *Christian Faith* and *Virtues*, we shall find  
 None answ'ring the great ends of humane kind  
 But *This one Rule of Life* : That shews us best  
 How *God* may be *appeas'd*, and *Mortals* blest.  
 Whether from length of *Time* its worth we draw,  
 The *World* is scarce more *Ancient* than the *Law* :  
 Heav'n's early Care prescrib'd for every Age ;  
 First, in the *Soul*, and after, in the *Page*.  
 Or, whether more abstractedly we look,  
 Or on the *Writers*, or the *written Book*,  
 Whence, but from *Heav'n*, cou'd men unskill'd in Arts,  
 In several Ages born, in several parts,  
 Weave such agreeing *Truths* ? or *how*, or *why*  
 Shou'd all conspire to cheat us with a *Lye* ?  
 Unask'd their *Pains*, *ungrateful* their *Advice*,  
 Starving their *Gain*, and *Martyrdom* their *Price*.

If on the *Book* it self we cast our view,  
 Concurrent *Heathens* prove the *Story True* :  
 The *Doctrines*, *Miracles* ; which must convince,  
 For *Heav'n* in *Them* appeals to *humane Sense* :  
 And though they prove not, they *Confirm* the Cause,  
 When what is *Taught* agrees with *Nature's Laws*.

Then for the *Style* ; *Majestick* and *Divine*,  
 It speaks no less than *God* in every Line :  
*Commanding words* ; whose *Force* is still the same  
 As the first *Fiat* that produc'd our *Frame*.  
 All *Faiths* beside, or did by *Arms* ascend ;  
 Or *Sense* indulg'd has made *Mankind* their *Friend* :  
 This *only Doctrine* does our *Lusts* oppose :  
 Unfed by *Nature's Soil*, in which it grows ;  
 Cross to our *Interests*, curbing *Sense*, and *Sin* ;  
 Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,



It thrives through pain; its own Tormentors tires;  
 And with a stubborn patience still aspires.  
 To what can *Reason* such Effects assign  
 Transcending *Nature*, but to *Laws Divine*?  
 Which in that Sacred Volume are contain'd;  
 Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd.

Objection of  
the Deist.

But stay: the *Deist* here will urge anew,  
 No *Supernatural Worship* can be *True*:  
 Because a *general Law* is that alone  
 Which must to *all*, and every *where* be known:  
 A Style so large as not *this* Book can claim,  
 Nor ought that bears *reveal'd* Religion's Name.  
 'Tis said the sound of a *Messiah's Birth*  
 Is gone through all the habitable Earth:  
 But still that Text must be confin'd alone  
 To what was *Then* inhabited, and known:  
 And what Provision cou'd from *thence* accrue  
 To *Indian* Souls, and Worlds discover'd *New*?  
 In other parts it helps, that Ages past,  
 The Scriptures there were *known*, and were *imbrac'd*,  
 Till Sin spread once again the Shades of Night:  
 What's that to these who never *saw* the Light?

The Objection  
on an-  
swer'd.

Of all Objections this indeed is chief  
 To startle Reason, stagger frail Belief:  
 We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from humane Sense  
 Has hid the secret paths of *Providence*:  
 But *boundless Wisdom*, *boundless Mercy*, may  
 Find ev'n for those *be-wildred* Souls, a way:  
 If from his *Nature Foes* may Pity claim,  
 Much more may *Strangers* who ne'er heard his Name.  
 And though *no Name* be for *Salvation* known,  
 But that of his *Eternal Son's* alone;  
 Who knows how far transcending Goodness can  
 Extend the *Merits* of *that Son* to Man?  
 Who knows what *Reasons* may his *Mercy* lead;  
 Or *Ignorance invincible* may plead?  
 Not only *Charity* bids hope the best,  
 But *more* the great Apostle has exprest:  
*That, if the Gentiles*, (whom no Law inspir'd,)  
*By Nature did what* was by *Law requir'd*;  
*They, who the written Rule had never known*,  
*Were to themselves both Rule and Law alone*:  
*To Nature's plain Indictment they shall plead*:  
*And, by their Conscience, be condemn'd or freed*.  
 Most righteous Doom! because a *Rule reveal'd*  
 Is *none* to *Those*, from whom it was *conceal'd*.  
 Then those who follow'd *Reasons* Dictates right;  
 Liv'd up, and lifted high their *Natural Light*;  
 With *Socrates* may see their Maker's Face,  
 While Thousand *Rubrick Martyrs* want a place.  
 Nor doth it baulk my *Charity*, to find  
 Th' *Egyptian Bishop* of another mind:  
 For, though his *Creed Eternal Truth* contains,  
 'Tis hard for *Man* to doom to *endless pains*  
 All who believ'd not all, his Zeal requir'd;  
 Unless he first cou'd prove he was inspir'd.

Then



Then let us either think he meant to say  
*This Faith*, where *publish'd*, was the only way ;  
 Or else conclude that, *Arius* to confute,  
 The good old Man, too eager in dispute,  
 Flew high ; and as his *Christian* Fury rose  
 Damn'd all for *Hereticks* who durst oppose.

Thus far my Charity this path hath try'd ;  
 (A much unskilful, but well meaning guide : )  
 Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts were bred  
 By reading that, which better thou hast read.  
 Thy Matchless Author's work : which thou, my Friend,  
 By well translating better dost commend :  
 Those youthful hours which, of thy Equals most  
 In *Toys* have squander'd, or in *Vice* have lost,  
 Those hours hast thou to Nobler use employ'd ;  
 And the severe Delights of Truth enjoy'd.  
 Witness this weighty Book, in which appears  
 The crabbed Toil of many thoughtful years,  
 Spent by thy Author, in the Sifting Care  
 Of *Rabbins* old Sophisticated Ware  
 From Gold Divine ; which he who well can sort  
 May afterwards make *Algebra* a sport.  
 A Treasure, which if *Country-Curates* buy,  
 They *Junius*, and *Tremellius* may defy :  
 Save pains in various readings, and Translations ;  
 And without *Hebrew* make most learn'd quotations.  
 A Work so full with various Learning fraught,  
 So nicely pondred, yet so strongly wrought,  
 As Nature's height and Art's last hand requir'd :  
 As much as Man cou'd compass, uninspir'd.  
 Where we may see what *Errours* have been made  
 Both in the *Copiers* and *Translators* Trade :  
 How *Jewish*, *Popish*, Interests have prevail'd,  
 And where *Infallibility* has fail'd.

*Digression  
 to the Tran-  
 slator of Fa-  
 ther Simon's  
 Critical Hi-  
 story of the  
 Old Testa-  
 ment.*

For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,  
 Have found our Author not too much a Priest :  
 For *Fashion-sake* he seems to have recourse  
 To *Pope*, and *Councils*, and *Tradition's* force :  
 But he that *old* Traditions cou'd subdue,  
 Cou'd not but find the weakness of the *New* :  
 If *Scripture*, though deriv'd from *heav'nly birth*,  
 Has been but carelessly preserv'd on *Earth* ;  
 If *God's own People*, who of *God* before  
 Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,  
 In fuller Terms, of *Heav'n's* assisting Care,  
 And who did neither *Time*, nor *Study* spare  
 To keep this Book *untainted*, *unperplex'd* ;  
 Let in gross *Errours* to corrupt the *Text* :  
 Omitted *paragraphs*, embroyl'd the *Sense* ;  
 With vain *Traditions* stoppt the gaping Fence,  
 Which every common hand pull'd up with ease :  
 What Safety from such *brushwood-helps* as these ?  
 If *written words* from time are not secur'd,  
 How can we think have *oral Sounds* endur'd ?  
 Which *thus* transmitted, if *one Mouth* has fail'd,  
*Immortal Lyes* on *Ages* are intail'd :



And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain;  
If we consider *Interest, Church, and Gain.*

Of the In-  
fallibility  
of Tradition;  
on, in Ge-  
neral.

Oh but says one, *Tradition* set aside,  
Where can we hope for an *unerring Guide*?  
For since th' *original* Scripture has been lost,  
*All Copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,*  
Or *Christian Faith* can have no *certain ground,*  
Or *Truth in Church Tradition* must be found.

Such an *Omniscient Church* we wish indeed;  
'Twere worth *Both Testaments*, and cast in the *Creed*:  
But if *this Mother* be a *Guide* so sure,  
As can all *doubts resolve*, all *truth secure*,  
Then her *Infallibility*, as well  
Where *Copies* are *corrupt*, or *lame*, can tell;  
Restore *lost Canon* with as little pains,  
As *truly explicate* what *still remains*:  
Which yet no *Council* dare *pretend* to do;  
Unless like *Esdra's*, they cou'd *write* it new: }  
Strange *Confidence*, still to *interpret* true,  
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd,  
Is in the blest *Original* contain'd.  
More safe, and much more modest 'tis, to say  
*God wou'd not leave Mankind without a way*:  
And that the *Scriptures*, though not *every where*  
Free from *Corruption*, or *intire*, or *clear*,  
Are *uncorrupt*, *sufficient*, *clear*, *intire*,  
In *all things* which our needful *Faith* require.  
If *others* in the *same Glass* better see,  
'Tis for *Themselves* they look, but not for *me*:  
For *MY Salvation* must its *Doom* receive  
Not from what *OTHERS*, but what *I* believe.

Objection  
in behalf of  
Tradition;  
urg'd by  
Father Si-  
mon.

Must *all Tradition* then be set aside?  
This to affirm were *Ignorance*, or *Pride*.  
Are there not many points, some needful sure  
To saving *Faith*, that *Scripture* leaves *obscure*?  
Which every *Sect* will wrest a *several way*  
(For what *one Sect* *Interprets*, *all Sects may* : )  
We hold, and say we prove from *Scripture* plain,  
That *Christ* is *G O D*; the bold *Socinian* }  
From the *same Scripture* urges he's but *M A N*. }  
Now what *Appeal* can end th' *important Suit*;  
*Both parts talk* loudly, but the *Rule* is *mute*?

Shall I speak plain, and in a *Nation* free  
Assume an honest *Layman's Liberty*?  
I think (according to my little *Skill*,)  
(To my own *Mother-Church* submitting still)  
That many have been sav'd, and many may,  
Who never heard this *Question* brought in play.  
Th' *unletter'd Christian*, who believes in *gross*,  
Plods on to *Heaven*; and ne'er is at a loss:  
For the *Strait-gate* wou'd be made *straiter* yet,  
Were *none* admitted there but men of *Wit*.  
The few, by *Nature* form'd, with *Learning* fraught,  
Born to *instruct*, as others to be taught,



Must Study well the Sacred Page ; and see  
 Which Doctrine, this, or that, does best agree  
 With the whole Tenour of the Work Divine:  
 And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd Design:  
*Which Exposition flows from genuine Sense ;*  
 And which is forc'd by Wit and Eloquence.  
 Not that Tradition's parts are useless here:  
 When general, old, disinterest'd and clear:  
 That Ancient Fathers thus expound the Page,  
 Gives *Truth* the reverend Majesty of Age:  
*Confirms* its force, by bideing every Test ;  
 For best *Authorities* next *Rules* are best.  
 And still the nearer to the Spring we go  
 More limpid, more unsoyl'd the Waters flow.  
 Thus, *first Traditions* were a proof alone ;  
 Cou'd we be certain such they were, so known :  
 But since some Flaws in long descent may be,  
 They make not *Truth* but *Probability*.  
 Even *Arius* and *Pelagius* durst provoke  
 To what the *Centuries* preceeding spoke.  
 Such difference is there in an oft-told Tale:  
 But *Truth* by its own Sinews will prevail.  
*Tradition* written therefore more commends  
*Authority*, than what from *Voice* descends:  
 And this, as perfect as its kind can be,  
 Rouls down to us the Sacred History:  
 Which, from the *Universal Church* receiv'd,  
 Is try'd, and after, for its self believ'd.

The partial *Papists* wou'd infer from hence  
 Their Church, in last resort, shou'd Judge the *Sense*.  
 But first they wou'd assume, with wondrous Art,  
 Themselves to be the whole, who are but part  
 Of that vast Frame, the Church ; yet grant they were  
 The handers down, can they from thence infer  
 A right t' interpret ? or wou'd they alone  
 Who brought the Present, claim it for their own ?  
 The Book's a Common Large'ss to Mankind ;  
 Not more for them, than every Man design'd :  
 The welcome News is in the Letter found ;  
 The Carrier's not Commission'd to expound.  
 It speaks its Self, and what it does contain,  
 In all things needful to be known, is plain.

The Second  
 Objection.

Answer to  
 the Ob-  
 jection.

In times o'ergrown with Rust and Ignorance,  
 A gainful Trade their Clergy did advance:  
 When want of Learning kept the *Laymen* low,  
 And none but *Priests* were Authoriz'd to know:  
 When what small Knowledge was, in them did dwell,  
 And he a God who cou'd but Read or Spell ;  
 Then Mother Church did mightily prevail:  
 She parcel'd out the Bible by retail:  
 But still expounded what She sold or gave ;  
 To keep it in her Power to Damn and Save:  
 Scripture was scarce, and as the Market went,  
 Poor *Laymen* took Salvation on Content ;  
 As needy men take Money, good or bad:  
 God's Word they had not, but the *Priests* they had.



Yet, whate'er false *Conveyances* they made,  
 The *Lawyer* still was certain to be paid.  
 In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well;  
 That by long use they grew *Infallible*.  
 At last, a knowing Age began to enquire  
 If *they* the Book, or *That* did *them* inspire;  
 And, making narrower search, they found, tho' late,  
 That what they thought the *Priests*, was *Their Estate*:  
 Taught by the *Will* produc'd, (the written Word)  
 How long they had been cheated on *Record*!  
 Then, every Man who saw the Title fair,  
 Claim'd a Child's part, and put in for a Share:  
 Consulted soberly his private good;  
 And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he cou'd.

'Tis true, my Friend, (and far be flattery hence),  
 This good had full as bad a Consequence:  
 The Book thus put in every vulgar hand,  
 Which each presum'd he best cou'd understand,  
 The *Common Rule* was made the *common Prey*;  
 And at the mercy of the *Rabble* lay.  
 The tender Page with horney Fists was gaul'd;  
 And he was gifted most that loudest baul'd:  
 The *Spirit* gave the *Doct'ral Degree*:  
 And every member of a *Company*  
 Was of *his Trade*, and of the *Bible free*.  
 Plain *Truths* enough for needful use they found;  
 But men wou'd still be itching to expound:  
 Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,  
 No measure ta'n from *Knowledge*, all from *GRACE*.  
*Study* and *Pains* were now no more their Care;  
*Texts* were explain'd by *Fasting*, and by *Prayer*:  
 This was the Fruit the *private Spirit* brought;  
 Occasion'd by *great Zeal*, and *little Thought*.  
 While Crouds unlearn'd, with rude Devotion warm,  
 About the Saced Viands buz and swarm,  
 The *Fly-blown Text* creates a *crawling Brood*;  
 And turns to *Maggots* what was meant for *Food*.  
 A *Thousand* daily *Sects* rise up, and dye;  
 A *Thousand* more the perish'd Race supply:  
 So all we make of Heavens discover'd Will  
 Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.  
 The Danger's much the same; on several Shelves  
 If *others* wreck *us*, or *we* wreck our *selves*.

What then remains, but, waving each Extreme,  
 The Tides of Ignorance, and Pride to stem?  
 Neither so rich a Treasure to forgo;  
 Nor proudly seek beyond our pow'r to know:  
 Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;  
 The things we *must* believe, are *few*, and *plain*:  
 But since men *will* believe more than they *need*;  
 And every man will make *himself* a Creed:  
 In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way  
 To learn what unsuspected Ancients say:  
 For 'tis not likely *we* shou'd higher Soar  
 In search of Heav'n, than *all the Church* before:



Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see  
The *Scripture*, and the *Fathers* disagree.  
If after all, they stand suspected still,  
(For no man's Faith depends upon his Will ;)  
'Tis some Relief, that points not clearly known,  
Without much hazard may be let alone ;  
And, after hearing what our Church can say,  
If still our Reason runs another way,  
That private Reason 'tis more Just to curb,  
Than by Disputes the publick Peace disturb.  
For points obscure are of small use to learn :  
~~But Common quiet is Mankind's concern.~~

Thus have I made my own Opinions clear :  
Yet neither Praise expect, nor Censure fear :  
And this unpolish'd, rugged Verse, I chose ;  
As fittest for Discourse, and nearest Prose :  
For, while from *Sacred Truth* I do not swerve,  
*Tom Sternhold's*, or *Tom Sha—ll's Rhimes* will serve.

LICENSED

April the 11th 1687

THE



Not can we be deceiv'd, unless we see  
The Scripture, and the Father's Word.  
If after all, they stand suspected still,  
(For no man's Faith depends upon his Will)  
Tis some Relief, that points not clearly known  
Without much hazard may be set alone:  
And, after hearing what our Church can say,  
If still our Reason runs another way,  
That private Reason, tis more just to curb  
Than by Disputes the public Peace disturb:  
For points obscure are of small use to learn:  
~~But common sense is Man's best Guide.~~

Thus have I made my own Opinions clear:  
Yet neither Praise expect, nor Contemner:  
And this unpoll'd, rugged Verse, I shole  
As best for Dispute, and nearest Prose:  
For while from sacred Truth I do not swerve,  
Tom Stewards, or Tom Stewards will serve.

**LICENSED,**

**April the 11th, 1687.**

T H E



THE  
HIND  
AND THE  
PANTHER.  
A  
POEM.

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In Three Parts.

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— *Antiquam exquirite matrem.* } Virg.  
*Et vera, incessu, patuit Dea.* — }

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The Third Edition.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for Jacob Tonson, in the Year,  
1701.



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A

MEMORANDUM

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Les vers, incell, parait D.

The Third Edition.

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Printed for Jacob Tonson, in the

1071



# TO THE READER.

**T**HE Nation is in too high a Ferment, for me to expect either fair War, or even so much as fair Quarter from a Reader of the opposite Party. All Men are engag'd either on this side or that: and tho' Conscience is the common Word, which is given by both, yet if a Writer fall among Enemies, and cannot give the Marks of Their Conscience, he is knock'd down before the Reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of Favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the Reader should know concerning me, he will find in the Body of the Poem; if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this Advertisement let him take before hand, which relates to the Merits of the Cause. No general Characters of Parties, (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to Comprehend all the several Members of 'em; at least all such as are receiv'd under that Denomination. For example; there are some of the Church by Law Establish'd, who envy not Liberty of Conscience to Dissenters; as being well satisfied that, according to their own Principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the Numbers of the rest with whom they are Embodied in one common Name: On the other side there are many of our Sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hop'd, who have withdrawn themselves from the Communion of the Panther; and embrac'd this Gracious Indulgence of His Majesty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this Satyr any way intended: 'tis aim'd only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those who are come over to the Royal Party are consequently suppos'd to be out of Gunshot. Our Physicians have observ'd, that in Process of Time, some Diseases have abated of their Virulence, and have in a manner worn out their Malignity, so as to be no longer Mortal: and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been Enemies to Kingly Government, As well as Catholick Religion? I hope they have now another Notion of both, as having found, by Comfortable Experience, that the Doctrine of Persecution is far from being an article of our Faith.

'Tis not for any Private Man to Censure the Proceedings of a Foreign Prince: but, without suspicion of Flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary Measures, and those more suitable to the Spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters in their Addresses to His Majesty have said, That he has restor'd God to his Empire over Conscience: I confess I dare not stretch the Figure to so great a boldness: but I may safely say, that Conscience is the Royalty and Prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own Breast, and accountable to no Earthly Power, for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the Fold are, generally speaking, rather made Hypocrites than Converts.

This Indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuse the Benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteem'd their Persecutors, what is it else, but publicly to own that they suffer'd not before for Conscience sake; but only out of Pride and Obstinacy to separate from a Church for those Impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obey'd? After they have so long contended for their Classical Ordination, (not to speak of Rites and Ceremonies) will they at length submit to an Episcopal? if they can go so far out of Complaisance to their old Enemies, methinks a little reason should perswade 'em to take another step, and see whether that wou'd lead 'em.

Of the receiving this Toleration thankfully, I shall say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will consider from what hand they receiv'd it. 'Tis not from a Cyrus, a Heathen Prince, and a Foreigner, but from a Christian King, their Native Sovereign: who expects a Return in Specie from them; that the Kindness which he has graciously shown them, may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the Reader: That it was neither impos'd on me, nor so much as the Subject given me by any man. It was written during the last Winter and the beginning of this Spring; though with long interruptions of ill health, and other hinderances. About a Fortnight before I had finish'd



it, His Majesties Declaration for Liberty of Conscience came abroad: which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spar'd my self the labour of writing many things which are contain'd in the third part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the Church of England might have been perswaded to have taken off the Penal Laws and the Test, which was one Design of the Poem, when I propos'd to my self the writing of it.

'Tis evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended. I mean that defence of my self, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attack'd in Print: and I refer my self to the Judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late King's Papers, and that of the Dutches, (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now inform'd both of the Author and Supervisers of his Pamphlet: and will reply when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates Opinion that all Creatures cannot. In the mean time let him consider, whether he deserv'd not a more severe reprehension than I gave him formerly; for using so little respect to the Memory of those whom he pretended to answer: and, at his leisure look out for some Original Treatise of Humility, written by any Protestant in English, (I believe I may say in any other Tongue:) for the magnified Piece of Duncomb on that Subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his Fellows has upbraided me, was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez: tho' with the Omission of the 17th, the 24th, the 25th, and the last Chapter, which will be found in comparing of the Books.

He would have insinuated to the World that her late Highness died not a Roman Catholick: He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary; in which he has giv'n up the Cause: for matter of Fact was the Principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time he would dispute the Motives of her Change: how preposterously let all men judge, when he seem'd to deny the Subject of the Controversy, the Change it self. And because I would not take up this ridiculous Challenge, he tells the World I cannot argue: but he may as well infer that a Catholick can not fast, because he will not take up the Cudgels against Mrs. James, to confute the Protestant Religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the Matters either Religious or Civil which are handled in it. The first Part, consisting most in general Characters and Narration, I have endeavour'd to raise, and give it the Majestick Turn of Heroick Poesie. The second, being Matter of Dispute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was oblig'd to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I cou'd: yet not wholly neglecting the Numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the Magnificence of Verse. The third, which has more of the nature of Domestick Conversation, is, or ought to be more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two Episodes, or Fables, which are interwoven with the main Design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct Stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the Common Places of Satyr, whether true or false, which are urg'd by the Members of the one Church against the other. At which I hope no Reader of either Party will be scandaliz'd; because they are not of my Invention: but as old to my knowledge, as the Times of Boccace and Chawcer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

Written in the Year 1687.

Q. 6.

THE



T H E  
H I N D  
A N D T H E  
P A N T H E R.

A Milk white *Hind*, immortal and unchang'd,  
Fed on the Lawns, and in the Forest rang'd ;  
Without unspotted, innocent within,  
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no Sin.

Yet had she oft been chas'd with Horns and Hounds,  
And Scythian shafts ; and many winged wounds  
Aim'd at Her Heart ; was often forc'd to fly,  
And doom'd to Death, though fated not to dye.

Not so her young ; for their unequal Line  
Was Heroe's make, half Humane, half Divine.

Their Earthly Mold obnoxious was to fate,  
Th' immortal part assum'd immortal State.

Of these a slaughtered Army lay in Blood,  
Extended o'er the *Caledonian* wood,

Their native walk ; whose vocal Blood arose,  
And cry'd for Pardon on their perjur'd Foes ;

Their Fate was Fruitful, and the sanguin seed  
Endu'd with Souls, encreas'd the sacred breed.

So Captive *Israel* multiply'd in Chains,

A numerous Exile ; and enjoy'd her Pains.

With grief and gladness mixt, their Mother view'd

Her martyr'd off-spring, and their Race renew'd ;

Their Corps to perish, but their kind to last,

So much the deathless Plant the dying Fruit surpass'd.

Panting and Pensive now she rang'd alone,

And wander'd in the Kingdoms, once Her own.

The common Hunt, though from their rage restrain'd

By Sov'reign Pow'r, her Company disdain'd :

Grin'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring Eye

Gave gloomy signs of secret Enmity.

'Tis true, she board'd by, and tripp'd so light

They had not time to take a steady Sight.

For truth has such a Face and such a meen,

As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

The bloody *Bear* an *Independant* Beast,

Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.

Among the timorous kind the *Quaking Hare*

Profess'd Neutrality, but would not swear.

Next her the *Buffoon Ape*, as Atheists use,

Mimick'd all Sects, and had his own to chuse :

Still when the Lyon look'd, his Knees he bent,

And pay'd at Church a Courtier's Complement.

The bristl'd *Baptist Boar*, impure as He,

(But whitn'd with the foam of Sanctity)



With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred Place,  
 And mountains levell'd in his furious race,  
 So first Rebellion founded was in grace.  
 But since the mighty ravage which he made  
 In *German* Forests, had his guilt betray'd,  
 With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name  
 He shun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;  
 So lurk'd in Sects unseen. With greater guile  
 False *Reynard* fed on consecrated Spoil:  
 The graceless beast by *Athanasius* first  
 Was chas'd from *Nice*, then by *Socinus* nurs'd  
 His impious race their Blasphemy renew'd,  
 And nature's King through nature's opticks view'd.  
 Revers'd they view'd him lessened to their Eye,  
 Nor in an Infant could a God descry:  
 New swarming Sects to this obliquely tend,  
 Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of ancient Witness can prevail  
 If private reason hold the publick Scale?  
 But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide  
 For erring Judgments an unerring Guide?  
 Thy Throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,  
 A blaze of glory that forbids the sight;  
 O teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd;  
 And search no farther than thy self reveal'd;  
 But her alone for my Directour take  
 Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!  
 My thoughtless Youth was wing'd with vain desires,  
 My manhood, long misled by wandring Fires,  
 Follow'd false Lights; and when their Glimps was gone,  
 My Pride struck out new Sparkles of her own.  
 Such was I, such by nature still I am,  
 Be thine the Glory, and be mine the Shame.  
 Good life be now my task: my doubts are done,  
 (What more could fright my Faith, than three in One?)  
 Can I believe eternal God could lye  
 Disguis'd in mortal Mold and Infancy?  
 That the great Maker of the World could dye?  
 And after that, trust my imperfect Sence  
 Which calls in question his Omnipotence?  
 Can I my reason to my Faith compel,  
 And shall my Sight, and touch and taste rebel?  
 Superiour faculties are set aside,  
 Shall their subservient Organs be my guide?  
 Then let the Moon usurp the rule of day,  
 And winking Tapers shew the Sun his way;  
 For what my Senses can themselves perceive,  
 I need no Revelation to believe.  
 Can they who say the Host should be descry'd  
 By Sense, define a Body glorify'd?  
 Impassible, and penetrating parts?  
 Let them declare by what mysterious Arts  
 He shot that Body through th' opposing might  
 Of Bolts and Barrs impervious to the light,  
 And stood before his train confess'd in open fight.  
 For since thus wonderously he pass'd, tis plain  
 One single place two Bodies did contain,

And



And sure the same Omnipotence as well  
Can make one Body in more places dwell.  
Let reason then at Her own quarry fly,  
But how can finite grasp Infinity?

'Tis urg'd again that Faith did first commence  
By miracles, which are appeals to Sense,  
And thence concluded that our Sense must be  
The motive still of Credibility.  
For latter Ages must on former wait,  
And what began belief, must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you shall find,  
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the Wind.  
Were all those Wonders wrought by pow'r divine  
As means or ends of some more deep design?  
Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,  
To prove the God-head of th' eternal Son.  
God thus asserted: man is to believe  
Beyond what Sense and Reason can conceive.  
And for mysterious things of Faith rely  
On the Proponent, Heaven's Authority.  
If then our Faith we for our Guide admit,  
Vain is the farther search of human wit,  
As when the building gains a surer stay,  
We take th' unuseful scaffolding away:  
Reason by Sense no more can understand,  
The Game is play'd into another Hand.  
Why chuse we then like *Bilanders* to creep  
Along the Coast, and land in view to keep,  
When safely we may launch into the deep?  
In the same Vessel which our Saviour bore  
Himself the Pilot, let us leave the Shoar,  
And with a better guide a better world explore.  
Could he his Godhead veil with Flesh and Blood  
And not veil these again to be our Food?  
His grace in both is equal in extent,  
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.  
And if he can, why all this frantick pain  
To construe what his clearest words contain,  
And make a riddle what He made so plain?  
To take up half on trust, and half to try,  
Name it not faith, but bungling biggottry.  
Both knave and fool the Merchant we may call  
To pay great summs, and to compound the small.  
For who wou'd break with heaven, and wou'd not break for all?  
Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed;  
Nor Sciences thy guide, nor Sense thy Creed.  
Faith is the best ensurer of thy bliss;  
The Bank above must fail before the venture miss.  
But heav'n and heav'n-born faith are far from Thee  
Thou first Apostate to Divinity.  
Unkennell'd range in thy *Polonian* Plains;  
A fiercer foe th' insatiate *Wolf* remains.  
Too boastful *Britain* please thy self no more,  
That Beasts of Prey are banish'd from thy shoar:  
The *Bear*, the *Boar*, and every salvage name,  
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,  
Lay waste thy Woods, destroy thy blissful bow'r,  
And muzl'd though they seem, the mutes devour.

More



More haughty than the rest the *Wolfish* race,  
Appear with Belly Gaunt, and famish'd face:  
Never was so deform'd a Beast of Grace.

His ragged Tail betwixt his Legs he wears,  
Close clap'd for shame, but his rough Crest he rears,  
And pricks up his predestinating Ears.  
His wild disorder'd walk, his hagger'd Eyes,  
Did all the bestial Citizens surprise.

Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a while  
As Captain or Companion of the Spoil.

Full many a Year his hateful Head had been  
For Tribute paid, nor since in *Cambria* seen:  
The last of all the Litter scap'd by chance,  
And from *Geneva* first infested *France*.

Some Authors thus his Pedigree will trace,  
But others write him of an upstart Race:  
Because of *Wickliff's* Brood no mark he brings  
But his innate Antipathy to Kings.

These last deduce him from th' *Helvetian* kind  
Who near the *Leman-lake* his Consort lin'd.

That fiery *Zuynglius* first th' Affection bred,  
And meagre *Calvin* blest the Nuptial Bed.

*Vid. Pref. to Heyl. Hist. of Presb.* In *Israel* some believe him whelp'd long since,  
When the proud *Sanhedrim* oppress'd the Prince,  
Or since he will be *Jew*, derive him high'r

When *Corah* with his Brethren did conspire,  
From *Moyse's* Hand the Sov'reign sway to wrest,  
And *Aaron* of his Ephod to divest:

Till opening Earth made way for all to pass,  
And cou'd not bear the Burd'n of a *Class*.

The *Fox* and he came shuff'd in the Dark,  
If ever they were stow'd in *Noah's* Ark:

Perhaps not made; for all their barking train  
The Dog (a common species) will contain.

And some wild currs, who from their masters ran,  
Abbr'ring the supremacy of man,

In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

O happy pair, how well have you increas'd,  
What ills in Church and State have you redress'd!

With Teeth untry'd, and rudiments of Claws  
Your first essay was on your native Laws:

Those having torn with Ease, and trampil'd down,  
Your Fangs you fasten'd on the miter'd Crown,

And freed from God and Monarchy your Town.  
What though your native kennel still be small,

Bounded betwixt a Puddle and a Wall,  
Yet your Victorious Colonies are sent

Where the North Ocean girds the Continent.  
Quickned with fire below your Monsters Breed,

In Fenny *Holland* and in fruitful *Tweed*.  
And like the first the last effects to be

Drawn to the dreggs of a Democracy.  
As, where in Fields the fairy rounds are seen,

A rank sow'r herbage rises on the Green;  
So, springing where these mid-night Elves advance,

Rebellion Prints the Foot-steps of the Dance.  
Such are their Doctrines, such contempt they show

To Heaven above, and to their Prince below,  
As none but Traytors and Blasphemers know.

God,



God, like the Tyrant of the Skies is plac'd,  
 And Kings, like slaves, beneath the Croud debas'd.  
 So fulsome is their food, that Flocks refuse  
 To bite; and only Dogs for Physick use.  
 As, where the Lightning runs along the Ground,  
 No husbandry can heal the blasting Wound,  
 Nor bladed Grass, nor bearded Corn succeeds,  
 But Scales of Scurf, and Putrefaction breeds:  
 Such Warrs, such Waste, such fiery tracks of Dearth  
 Their Zeal has left, and such a teemless Earth.  
 But as the Poisons of the deadliest kind  
 Are to their own unhappy Coasts confin'd,  
 As only *Indian* Shades of Sight deprive,  
 And Magick Plants will but in *Colchos* thrive;  
 So Presbyt'ry and Pestilential Zeal  
 Can only flourish in a Common-weal.  
 From *Celtique* Woods is chas'd the *wolfish* Crew;  
 But ah! some Pity e'en to Brutes is due,  
 Their native Walks, methinks, they might enjoy,  
 Curb'd of their native Malice to destroy.  
 Of all the Tyrannies on humane kind  
 The worst is that which Persecutes the Mind.  
 Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,  
 'Tis but because we cannot think alike.  
 In punishing of this we overthrow  
 The Laws of Nations and of Nature too.  
 Beasts are the Subjects of Tyrannick sway,  
 Where still the stronger on the weaker Prey.  
 Man only of a softer mold is made;  
 Not for his fellows ruine, but their Aid.  
 Created kind, beneficent and free,  
 The noble Image of the Deity.

One Portion of informing Fire was giv'n  
 To Brutes, th' Inferiour Family of Heav'n:  
 The Smith Divine, as with a careless Beat,  
 Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat:  
 But when arriv'd at last to humane Race,  
 The Godhead took a deep consid'ring Space:  
 And, to distinguish Man from all the rest,  
 Unlock'd the sacred Treasures of his Breast:  
 And Mercy mixt with Reason did impart;  
 One to his Head, the other to his Heart:  
 Reason to Rule, but Mercy to forgive:  
 The first is Law, the last Prerogative.  
 And like his Mind his outward form appear'd.  
 When issuing Naked, to the wondring Herd,  
 He charm'd their Eyes, and for they lov'd, they fear'd.  
 Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,  
 Or Claws to seize their furry spoils in Fight,  
 Or with encrease of Feet, t' o'ertake 'em in their flight.  
 Of easie shape, and pliant ev'ry way;  
 Confessing still the softness of his Clay,  
 And kind as Kings upon their Coronation Day:  
 With open Hands, and with extended space  
 Of Arms to satisfy a large embrace.  
 Thus kneaded up with Milk, the new made Man  
 His Kingdom o'er his Kindred world began:



Till Knowledge mis-apply'd, mis-understood,  
 And pride of Empire sour'd his Balmy Blood.  
 Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins;  
 The Murth'rer *Cain* was latent in his Loins;  
 And Blood began its first and loudest Cry  
 For differing worship of the Deity.  
 Thus Persecution rose, and farther Space,  
 Produc'd the mighty Hunter of his Race.  
 Not so the Blessed *Pan* his flock encreas'd,  
 Content to fold 'em from the famish'd Beast:  
 Mild were his laws; the Sheep and harmless Hind  
 Were never of the Persecuting kind.  
 Such pity now the pious Pastor shows,  
 Such mercy from the *British* Lyon flows,  
 That both provide Protection from their foes. }

Oh happy Regions, *Italy* and *Spain*,  
 Which never did those Monsters entertain!  
 The *Wolf*, the *Bear*, the *Boar*, can there advance  
 No native claim of just inheritance.  
 And self-preserving Laws, severe in show,  
 May guard their fences from th' invading foe.  
 Where birth has plac'd 'em let 'em safely share  
 The common benefit of vital air.  
 Themselves unharmed, let them live unarm'd;  
 Their jaws disabl'd, and their claws disarm'd:  
 Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,  
 They dare not seize the Hind nor leap the fold.  
 More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,  
 The *Lyon* awfully forbids the prey.  
 Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with famine sore,  
 They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar;  
 Much is their hunger, but their fear is more. }  
 These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,  
 And stand, like *Adam*, naming ev'ry beast,  
 Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe  
 A slimy-born and sun-begotten Tribe:  
 Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,  
 In fields their sullen Conventicles found:  
 These gross, half-animated Jumps I leave;  
 Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.  
 But if they think at all, 'tis sure no high'r  
 Than matter, put in motion, may aspire.  
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay;  
 So droffy, so divisible are They, }  
 As wou'd but serve pure bodies for allay:  
 Such Souls as *Shards* produce, such beetle things  
 As only buz to heav'n with ev'ning wings;  
 Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,  
 Such are the blind-fold blows of ignorance.  
 They know not beings, and but hate a name,  
 To them the *Hind* and *Panther* are the same.

The *Panther* sure the noblest, next the *Hind*,  
 And fairest creature of the spotted kind;  
 Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,  
 She were too good to be a beast of Prey!  
 How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,  
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend!



Her faults and virtues lye so mix'd, that she  
 Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.  
 Then, like her injur'd *Lyon*, let me speak,  
 He can not bend her, and he would not break.  
 Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,  
 The *Wolf* begins to share her wandering heart.  
 Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,  
 She half commits, who sins but in Her will.  
 If, as our dreaming *Platonists* report,  
 There could be spirits of a middle sort,  
 Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,  
 Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell;  
 So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,  
 It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.  
 Her house not ancient, whatso'er pretence  
 Her Clergy Heraulds make in her defence.  
 A second century not half-way run  
 Since the new honours of her blood begun.  
 A *Lyon* old, obscene, and furious made  
 By lust, compress'd her Mother in a shade.  
 Then, by a left-hand Marriage weds the Dame,  
 Covering adult'ry with a specious name:  
 So schism begot; and sacrilege and she,  
 A well-match'd pair, got graceless heresie.  
 God's and Kings rebels have the same good cause,  
 To trample down Divine and Humane laws:  
 Both wou'd be call'd Reformers, and their hate,  
 Alike destructive both to Church and state:  
 The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless Prince  
 By luxury reform'd incontinence;  
 By ruins, charity; by riots abstinence.  
 Confessions, fasts and penance set aside;  
 Oh with what ease we follow such a guide!  
 Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd.  
 Where Marriage pleasures, midnight pray'r supply,  
 And matten bells (a melancholy cry)  
 Are tun'd to merrier notes, *encrease* and *multiply*.  
 Religion shows a Rosie colour'd face;  
 Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace,  
 A down-hill Reformation rolls apace.  
 What flesh and blood wou'd crou'd the narrow gate,  
 Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches, wait?  
 All wou'd be happy at the cheapest rate.

Though our lean faith these rigid laws has given,  
 The full fed *Musulman* goes fat to heaven;  
 For his *Arabian* Prophet with delights  
 Of sense, allur'd his eastern Proselytes.  
 The jolly *Luther*, reading him, began  
 T' interpret Scriptures by his *Alcoran*;  
 To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,  
 And make the paths of *Paradise* more sweet:  
 Bethought him of a wife e'er half way gone,  
 (For 'twas uneasy travelling alone;)  
 And in this Masquerade of mirth and love,  
 Mistook the bliss of Heaven for *Bacchanals* above.  
 Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock  
 Th' etherial pastures with so fair a flock,



Burnish'd, and bat'ning on their food, to show  
The diligence of careful herds below.

Our *Panther* though like these she chang'd her head,  
Yet, as the mistress of a Monarch's Bed,  
Her front erect with Majesty she bore,  
The Crozier weilded, and the Miter wore.

Her upper part of decent Discipline  
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line :  
And Fathers, Councils, Church and Churches head,  
Were on her reverend *Phylacteries* read.

But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,  
Was *Calvin's* brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.

Thus, like a Creature of a double kind,  
In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd.  
To foreign lands no sound of Her is come,  
Humbly content to be despis'd at home.

Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,  
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad.

Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,  
And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.  
In doubtful points betwixt her diff'ring friends,  
Where one for substance, one for sign contends,  
Their contradicting terms she strives to join,  
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.

A real presence all her sons allow,  
And yet 'tis flat Idolatry to bow,  
Because the God-head's there they know not how.

Her novices are taught that bread and wine,  
Are but the visible and outward sign

Receiv'd by those who in communion join.

But th' inward grace, or the thing signify'd,  
His blood and body, who to save us dy'd ;

The faithful this thing signify'd receive.

What is't those faithful then partake or leave?

For what is signify'd and understood,

Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.

Then, by the same acknowledgment we know

They take the sign, and take the substance too.

The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,

But nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on every wave is tost,  
But sure no Church can better morals boast.

True to her King her Principles are found ;

Oh that her Practice were but half so sound !

Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,

And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood ;

Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,

That int'rest or obligation made the tye,

(Bound to the fate of murder'd Monarchy :)

(Before the sounding Ax so falls the Vine,

Whose tender branches round the Poplar twine.)

She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,

In death undaunted as an *Indian* wife :

A rare example : But some souls we see

Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity :

Yet these by fortune's favours are undone,

Resolv'd into a baser form they run,

And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.



Let this be Nature's frailty or her fate,  
Or \* *Isgrim's* Counsel, her new chosen Mate ;  
Still she's the fairest of the fallen Crew,  
No Mother more indulgent but the true.

\* *The Wolf.*

Fierce to her Foes, yet fears her force to try,  
Because she wants innate Authority ;  
For how can she constrain them to obey  
Who has her self cast off the lawful sway ?  
Rebellion equals all, and those who toil  
In common theft, will share the common spoil.  
Let her produce the Title and the Right  
Against her old Superiours first to fight ;  
If she reform by Text, ev'n that's as plain  
For her own Rebels to reform again.  
As long as words a different sense will bear,  
And each may be his own Interpreter,  
Our airy Faith will no Foundation find :  
The word's a Weathercock for every Wind :  
The *Bear*, the *Fox*, the *Wolf*, by turns prevail,  
The most in Pow'r supplies the present Gale.  
The wretched *Panther* cries aloud for aid  
To Church and Councils whom she first betray'd ;  
No help from Fathers or Traditions train,  
Those ancient Guides she taught us to disdain,  
And by that Scripture which she once abus'd  
To Reformation, stands her self accus'd.  
What Bills for breach of Laws can she prefer,  
Expounding which she owns her self may err ;  
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,  
If doubts arise she slips herself aside,  
And leaves the private Conscience for the guide.  
If then that Conscience set th' Offender free,  
It bars her claim to Church Authority.  
How can she Censure, or what Crime pretend,  
But Scripture may be constru'd to defend ?  
Ev'n those whom for Rebellion she transmits  
To Civil Pow'r, her Doctrine first acquits ;  
Because no disobedience can ensue,  
Where no submission to a Judge is due.  
Each judging for himself, by her Consent,  
Whom thus absolv'd she sends to Punishment.  
Suppose the Magistrate revenge her Cause,  
'Tis only for transgressing humane Laws.  
How answ'ring to its end a Church is made,  
Whose Pow'r is but to counsel and perswade ?  
O solid Rock, on which secure she stands !  
Eternal House, not built with mortal hands !  
O sure defence against th' infernal Gate,  
A Patent during pleasure of the State !

Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor fear'd,  
A meer mock Queen of a divided Herd ;  
Whom soon by lawful Pow'r she might controll,  
Her self a part submitted to the whole.  
Then, as the Moon who first receives the light  
By which she makes our nether Regions bright,  
So might she shine, reflecting from afar  
The Rays she borrow'd from a better Star :



Big with the beams which from her Mother flow  
 And reigning o'er the rising Tides below :  
 Now, mixing with a salvage croud, she goes  
 And meanly flatters her inveterate Foes,  
 Rul'd while she rules, and losing ev'ry hour  
 Her wretched remnants of precarious Pow'r.

One Evening while the cooler shade she sought,  
 Revolving many a melancholy thought,  
 Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,  
 With ruful Visage for her vanish'd Train :  
 None of her Sylvan Subjects made their Court ;  
 Levees and Couchees pass'd without resort.

So hardly can Usurpers manage well  
 Those, whom they first instructed to Rebel :  
 More liberty begets desire of more,  
 The hunger still encreases with the store.  
 Without respect they brush'd along the Wood  
 Each in his clan, and fill'd with loathsome food,  
 Ask'd no Permission to the Neighb'ring flood.

The *Panther*, full of inward discontent,  
 Since they wou'd go, before 'em wisely went :  
 Supplying want of Pow'r by drinking first,  
 As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.

Among the rest, the *Hind*, with fearful Face  
 Beheld from far the common watering place,  
 Nor durst approach ; till with an awful Roar  
 The Sovereign *Lyon* bad her fear no more.

Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings nigh,  
 Watching the motions of her Patron's Eye,  
 And drank a sober Draught ; the rest amaz'd  
 Stood mutely still, and on the Stranger gaz'd :  
 Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find  
 The ten-horn'd Monster in the harmless *Hind*,  
 Such as the *Wolf* and *Panther* had design'd.

They thought at first they dream'd, for 'twas offence  
 With them, to question certitude of sense,

Their guide in faith ; but nearer when they drew,  
 And had the faultless Object full in view,  
 Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hiew !

Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,  
 Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage restrain'd,  
 Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.

Whether for Love or Int'rest, ev'ry Sect  
 Of all the Salvage Nation shew'd respect :

The Vice-roy *Panther* could not awe the Herd,  
 The more the Company the less they fear'd.

The surly *Wolf* with secret envy burst,  
 Yet cou'd not howl, the *Hind* had seen him first :  
 But what he durst not speak, the *Panther* durst.

For when the Herd suffis'd, did late repair  
 To Ferney Heaths, and to their Forest Lare,  
 She made a mannerly excuse to stay,  
 Proff'ring the *Hind* to wait her half the way :  
 That since the Sky was clear, an hour of talk  
 Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.

With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,  
 To chat a while on their Adventures pass'd :



Nor had the grateful *Hind* so soon forgot  
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.  
Yet wondring how of late she grew estrang'd,  
Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance chang'd,  
She thought this hour th' occasion would present  
To learn her secret cause of discontent,  
Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease redress'd,  
Considering Her a well-bred civil beast,  
And more a Gentlewoman than the rest.  
After some common talk what rumours ran,  
The Lady of the spotted-muff began,

The SECOND PART.

DAME, said the *Panther*, times are mended well  
Since late among the *Philistines* you fell,  
The Toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of ground  
With expert Huntsmen was encompass'd round;  
Th' Enclosure narrow'd; the sagacious Pow'r  
Of Hounds, and Death drew nearer every Hour.  
'Tis true, the younger *Lyon* scap'd the Snare,  
But all your Priestly Calves lay struggling there;  
As Sacrifices on their Altars laid;  
While you their careful Mother wisely fled  
Not trusting destiny to save your Head.  
For whate'er Promises you have apply'd  
To your unfailing Church, the surer side  
Is four fair Legs in danger to provide.  
And whate'er Tales of *Peter's Chair* you tell,  
Yet saving Reverence of the Miracle,  
The better luck was yours to scape so well.

As I remember said the sober *Hind*,  
Those Toils were for your own dear self design'd,  
As well as me; and with the self same throw,  
To catch the Quarry and the Vermin too,  
(Forgive the slanderous Tongues that call'd you so.)  
Howe'er you take it now, the common Cry  
Then ran you down for your rank Loyalty;  
Besides, in Popery they thought you nurs'd,  
(As evil Tongues will ever speak the worst,)  
Because some forms, and Ceremonies some  
You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.  
Dumb you were born indeed, but thinking long  
The *Test* it seems at last has loos'd your Tongue.  
And, to explain what your forefathers meant,  
By real Presence in the Sacrament,  
(After long fencing push'd against a Wall,)  
Your *salvo* comes, that he's not there at all:  
There chang'd your Faith, and what may change may fall.  
Who can believe, what varies every day,  
Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?

Tortures may force the Tongue untruths to tell,  
And I never own'd my self infallible,

Reply'd



Reply'd the *Panther* ; grant such Presence were,  
 Yet in your Sense I never own'd it there.  
 A real *Virtue* we by Faith receive,  
 And that we in the Sacrament believe.  
 Then said the *Hind*, as you the matter state  
 Not only *Jesuits* can Equivocate ;  
 For *real*, as you now the Word expound,  
 From Solid Substance dwindles to a Sound.  
 Methinks an *Esop's* Fable you repeat,  
 You know who took the Shadow for the Meat ;  
 Your Churches substance thus you change at Will,  
 And yet retain your former Figure still.  
 I freely grant you spoke to save your Life,  
 For then you lay beneath the Butcher's Knife.  
 Long time you fought, redoubl'd Batt'ry bore,  
 But, after all, against your self you swore ;  
 Your former self, for ev'ry Hour your Form  
 Is chop'd and chang'd, like Winds before a Storm.  
 Thus Fear and Interest will prevail with some,  
 For all have not the Gift of Martyrdom.

The *Panther* grin'd at this, and thus reply'd ;  
 That Men may err was never yet deny'd.  
 But, if that common Principle be true,  
 The Cannon, Dame, is level'd full at you.  
 But, shunning long disputes, I fain wou'd see  
 That wond'rous Wight Infallibility,  
 Is he from Heav'n this mighty Champion come,  
 Or lodg'd below in Subterranean *Rome* ?  
 First, seat him somewhere, and derive his Race,  
 Or else conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppose (though I disown it) said the *Hind*,  
 The certain Mansion were not yet assign'd.  
 The doubtful residence no proof can bring  
 Against the plain existence of the thing.  
 Because *Philosophers* may disagree,  
 If Sight b' emission or reception be,  
 Shall it be thence infer'd, I do not see ?  
 But you require an Answer positive,  
 Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give,  
 For Fallacies in Universals live.  
 I then affirm that this unfailing Guide  
 In Pope and general Councils must reside ;  
 Both lawful, both combin'd, what one decrees  
 By numerous Votes, the other Ratifies :  
 On this undoubted Sense the Church relies.  
 'Tis true, some Doctors in a scantier space,  
 I mean in each apart contract the Place.  
 Some, who to greater length extend the Line,  
 The Churches after acceptation join.  
 This last Circumference appears too wide,  
 The Church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd ;  
 As Members by their Representatives  
 Oblig'd to Laws which Prince and Senate gives :  
 Thus some contract, and some enlarge the Space ;  
 In Pope and Council who denies the place,  
 Assisted from above with God's unfailing Grace ?  
 Those Canons all the needful Points contain ;  
 Their Sense so obvious, and their words so plain,

That



That no disputes about the doubtful Text  
 Have hitherto, the lab'ring World perplex'd ;  
 If any shou'd in after times appear,  
 New Councils must be call'd, to make the meaning clear :  
 Because in them the Pow'r supream resides ;  
 And all the promises are to the Guides.  
 This may be taught with sound and safe Defence :  
 But mark how sandy is your own pretence,  
 Who setting Councils, Pope and Church aside,  
 Are ev'ry Man his own presuming Guide.  
 The sacred Books you say, are full and plain,  
 And ev'ry needful Point of Truth contain :  
 All who can read, Interpreters may be :  
 Thus though your several Churches disagree,  
 Yet ev'ry Saint has to himself alone  
 The secret of his Philosophick Stone.  
 These Principles you jarring Sects unite,  
 When differing Doctors and Disciples Fight.  
 Though *Luther*, *Zuinglius*, *Calvin*, holy Chiefs  
 Have made a Battle Royal of Beliefs ;  
 Or like wild Horses several ways have whirl'd  
 The tortur'd Text about the Christian World ;  
 Each *Jehu* lashing on with furious Force,  
 That *Turk* or *Jew* cou'd not have us'd it worse.  
 No matter what Dissention Leaders make  
 Where ev'ry private Man may save a stake ;  
 Rul'd by the Scripture and his own Advice  
 Each has a blind-by-Path to Paradise ;  
 Where driving in a Circle slow or fast,  
 Opposing Sects are sure to meet at last.  
 A wond'rous Charity you have in Store  
 For all reform'd to pass the narrow Door :  
 So much, that *Mahomet* had scarcely more.  
 For he, kind Prophet, was for damning none,  
 But *Christ* and *Moyse*s were to save their own :  
 Himself was to secure his chosen Race,  
 Though reason good for *Turks* to take the Place,  
 And he allow'd to be the better Man  
 In virtue of his holier *Alcoran*.

True, said the *Panther*, I shall ne're deny  
 My Breth'ren may be sav'd as well as I :  
 Though *Huguenots* condemn our Ordination,  
 Succession, Ministerial Vocation ;  
 And *Luther*, more mistaking what he read,  
 Misjoins the sacred Body with the Bread ;  
 Yet, *Lady*, still remember I maintain,  
 The Word in needful points is only plain.

Needless or needful I not now contend,  
 For still you have a Loop-hole for a Friend,  
 (Rejoyn'd the Matron) but the rule you lay  
 Has led whole flocks, and leads them still astray,  
 In weighty Points, and full Damnation's way.  
 For did not *Arius* first, *Socinus* now,  
 The Son's Eternal God-head disavow,  
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 To plead the Scriptures in their own defence ?

How



How did the *Nicene* Council then decide  
 That strong Debate, was it by Scripture try'd?  
 No, sure to those the Rebel would not yield,  
 Squadrons of Texts he Marshal'd in the Field;  
 That was but Civil War, an equal set,  
 Where Piles with Piles and Eagles Eagles met.  
 With Texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the Foe:  
 And did not *Sathan* tempt our Saviour so?  
 The good old Bishops took a simpler way,  
 Each ask'd but what he heard his Father say,  
 Or how he was instructed in his Youth,  
 And by Tradition's force upheld the truth.

The *Panther* smil'd at this, and when, said she,  
 Were those first Councils disallow'd by me?  
 Or where did I at sure Tradition strike,  
 Provided still it were Apostolick?

Friend, said the *Hind*, you quit your former Ground,  
 Where all your Faith you did on Scripture found,  
 Now, 'tis Tradition join'd with Holy Writ,  
 But thus your Memory betrays your Wit.

No, said the *Panther*, for in that I view,  
 When your Tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.  
 I set 'em by the Rule, and as they square,  
 Or deviate from undoubted Doctrine there,  
 This Oral Fiction, that old Faith declare.

(*Hind.*) The Council steer'd it seems a diff'rent Course,  
 They try'd the Scripture by Tradition's force;  
 But you Tradition by the Scripture try;  
 Pursu'd, by Sects, from this to that you fly,  
 Nor dare on one Foundation to rely.

The Word is then depos'd, and in this View,  
 You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.  
 Thus said the *Dame*, and smiling, thus pursu'd,  
 I see Tradition then is disallow'd,  
 When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,  
 And Scripture, as interpreted by you.  
 But here you tread upon unfaithful Ground;  
 Unless you cou'd infallibly expound.  
 Which you reject as odious Popery,  
 And throw that Doctrine back with scorn on me.  
 Suppose we on things traditive divide,  
 And both appeal to Scripture to decide;  
 By various Texts we both uphold our claim,  
 Nay, often ground our Titles on the same:  
 After long labour lost, and time's expence,  
 Both grant the Words, and quarrel for the Sense.  
 Thus all Disputes for ever must depend;  
 For no dumb rule can Controversies end.

Thus when you said Tradition must be try'd  
 By Sacred Writ, whose sense your selves decide,  
 You said no more, but that your selves must be  
 The judges of the Scripture Sense, not we.  
 Against our Church Tradition you declare,  
 And yet your Clerks wou'd sit in *Moyse's* Chair:  
 At least 'tis prov'd against your Argument,  
 The rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

If not by Scriptures how can we be sure  
 (Reply'd the *Panther*) what Tradition's pure?



For you may palm upon us new for old,  
All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the Dame,  
To whom deriv'd from fire to son they came;  
Where, ev'ry age do's on another move,  
And trusts no farther than the next above;  
Where all the rounds like *Jacob's* ladder rise,  
The lowest hid in Earth, the topmost in the Skies.

Sternly the salvage did her answer mark,  
Her glowing eye-balls glitt'ring in the dark,  
And said but this, since lucre was your trade,  
Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have made  
'Tis dangerous climbing: to your sons and you  
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

(*Hind.*) The *Panther's* breath was ever fam'd for sweet,  
But from the *Wolf* such wishes oft I meet:  
You learn'd this language from the blatant beast,  
Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.  
As for your answer 'tis but barely urg'd;  
You must evince Tradition to be forg'd;  
Produce plain proofs; unblemish'd Authors use  
As ancient as those ages they accuse;  
Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame:  
An old possession stands, till Elder quits the claim.  
Then for our int'rest which is nam'd alone  
To load with envy, we retort your own.  
For when Traditions in your Faces fly,  
Resolving not to yield, you must decry:  
As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man  
Excepts, and thins his Jury all he can;  
So when you stand of other aid bereft,  
You to the twelve Apostles would be left.  
Your friend the *Wolf* did with more craft provide  
To set those toys Traditions quite aside:  
And *Fathers* too, unless when reason spent  
He cites 'em but sometimes for ornament.  
But, Madam *Panther*, you, though more sincere,  
Are not so wise as your Adulterer:  
The private spirit is a better blind  
Than all the dodging tricks your Authors find.  
For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,  
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;  
The way to please 'em was to make 'em proud.  
Thus, with full sails, they ran upon the shelf;  
Who cou'd suspect a couzenage from himself?  
On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,  
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second hand.  
But you who *Fathers* and Traditions take,  
And garble some, and some you quite forsake,  
Pretending Church authority to fix,  
And yet some grains of private spirit mix,  
Are like a *Mule* made up of differing seed,  
And that's the reason why you never breed;  
At least not propagate your kind abroad,  
For home Dissenters are by Statutes aw'd.  
And yet they grow upon you every day,  
While you (to speak the best) are at a stay,  
For Sects that are extremes, abhor a middle way.



Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,  
 Or mollify a mad-brain'd Senate's mood:  
 Of all expedients never one was good.  
 Well may they argue, (nor can you deny)  
 If we must fix on Church authority,  
 Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood,  
 That must be better still, if this be good.  
 Shall she command, who has her self rebell'd?  
 Is *Antichrist* by *Antichrist* expell'd?  
 Did we a lawful tyranny displace,  
 To set aloft a bastard of the race?  
 Why all these Wars to win the Book, if we  
 Must not interpret for our selves, but she?  
 Either be wholly slaves or wholly free.  
 For *purging* fires Traditions must not fight;  
 But they must prove Episcopacy's right:  
 Thus those led Horses are from service freed;  
 You never mount 'em but in time of need.  
 Like mercenary's, hir'd for home defence,  
 They will not serve against their native Prince.  
 Against Domestick foes of *Hierarchy*  
 These are drawn forth, to make fanaticks fly;  
 But, when they see their country-men at hand,  
 Marching against 'em under Church-command,  
 Streight they forsake their colours, and disband.  
 Thus she, nor cou'd the *Panther* well enlarge  
 With weak defence against so strong a charge;  
 But said, for what did *Christ* his Word provide,  
 If still his Church must want a living guide?  
 And if all saving Doctrines are not there,  
 Or sacred Pen-men cou'd not make 'em clear,  
 From after-ages we should hope in vain  
 For truths, which men inspir'd, cou'd not explain.  
 Before the Word was written, said the *Hind*:  
 Our Saviour preach'd his Faith to human kind;  
 From his Apostles the first age receiv'd  
 Eternal truth, and what they taught, believ'd.  
 Thus by Tradition faith was planted first,  
 Succeeding flocks succeeding Pastors nurs'd.  
 This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,  
 (Who sure could all things for the best dispose,)  
 To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.  
 He cou'd have writ himself, but well foresaw  
 Th' event wou'd be like that of *Moses* Law;  
 Some difference wou'd arise, some doubts remain,  
 Like those, which yet the jarring *Jews* maintain.  
 No written Laws can be so plain, so pure,  
 But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure,  
 Not those indited by his first command,  
 A Prophet grav'd the Text, an Angel held his hand.  
 Thus faith was e'er the written word appear'd,  
 And men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.  
 But since the Apostles cou'd not be confin'd,  
 To these, or those, but severally design'd  
 Their large commission round the world to blow;  
 To spread their faith they spread their labours too.  
 Yet still their absent flock their pains did share,  
 They hearken'd still, for love produces care.

And



And as mistakes arose, or discords fell,  
 Or bold seducers taught 'em to rebell,  
 As charity grew cold, or faction hot,  
 Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,  
 For all their wants they wisely did provide,  
 And preaching by Epistles was supply'd:  
 So great Physicians cannot all attend,  
 But some they visit, and to some they send.  
 Yet all those Letters were not writ to all;  
 Nor first intended, but occasional.  
 Their absent Sermons; nor if they contain  
 All needful Doctrines, are those Doctrines plain.  
 Clearness by frequent Preaching must be wrought,  
 They writ but seldom, but they daily taught.  
 And what one Saint has said of holy Paul,  
 He darkly writ, is true apply'd to all.  
 For this obscurity cou'd Heaven provide  
 More prudently than by a living guide,  
 As doubts arose, the difference to decide?  
 A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;  
 And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.  
 Thus, with due reverence, to th' Apostles writ,  
 By which my Sons are taught, to which, submit;  
 I think, those truths their sacred works contain,  
 The Church alone can certainly explain;  
 That following Ages, leaning on the past,  
 May rest upon the Primitive at last.  
 Nor wou'd I thence the word no rule infer,  
 But none without the Church interpreter.  
 Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,  
 And is it self the subject of dispute.  
 But what th' Apostles their successors taught,  
 They to the next, from them to us is brought,  
 Th' undoubted sense which is in Scripture sought.  
 From hence the Church is arm'd, when errors rise,  
 To stop their entrance, and prevent surpris;  
 And safe entrench'd within, her foes without defies.  
 By these all festring sores her counsels heal,  
 Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal,  
 For discord cannot end without a last appeal.  
 Nor can a Council national decide  
 But with subordination to her Guide:  
 (I wish the cause were on that issue try'd.)  
 Much less the Scripture; for suppose debate  
 Betwixt pretenders to a fair Estate,  
 Bequeath'd by some Legator's last intent;  
 (Such is our dying Saviour's Testament:)  
 The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;  
 The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead:  
 All vouch the words their int'rest to maintain,  
 And each pretends by those his Cause is plain.  
 Shall then the Testament award the right?  
 No, that's the *Hungary* for which they fight;  
 The Field of Battel, subject of debate;  
 The thing contended for, the fair Estate.  
 The sense is intricate, 'tis only clear  
 What Vowels and what Consonants are there.



Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be try'd  
Before some Judge appointed to decide.

Suppose, (the fair Apostate said,) I grant,  
The faithful Flock some living guide should want,  
Your Arguments an endless chase pursue:  
Produce this vaunted Leader to our view,  
This mighty *Moyser* of the chosen Crew.

The Dame, who saw her fainting Foe retir'd,  
With force renew'd, to Victory aspir'd;  
(And looking upward to her kindred Sky,  
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,  
Pronounc'd his Words — *she whom ye seek am I.*)

Nor less amaz'd this Voice the *Panther* heard,  
Than were those *Jews* to hear a God declar'd.  
Then thus the Matron modestly renew'd;  
Let all your Prophets and their Sects be view'd,  
And see to which of 'em your selves think fit  
The Conduct of your Conscience to submit:  
Each Profelyte wou'd Vote his Doctor best,  
With absolute exclusion to the rest:

Thus wou'd your *Polish* Diet disagree,  
And end as it began in Anarchy:

Your self the fairest for Election stand,  
Because you seem Crown-Gen'ral of the Land;

But soon against your Superstitious lawn  
Some Presbyterian Sabre wou'd be drawn:

In your establish'd Laws of Sov'raignty  
The rest some fundamental flaw wou'd see,  
And call Rebellion Gospel-liberty.

To Church-decrees your Articles require  
Submission modify'd, if not entire;

Homage deny'd, to Censures you proceed;  
But when *Curtana* will not do the Deed,

You lay that pointless Clergy-weapon by,  
And to the Laws, your Sword of justice fly.

Now this your Sects the more unkindly take  
(Those prying Varlets hit the blots you make)

Because some ancient Friends of yours declare,  
Your only rule of Faith the Scriptures are,

Interpreted by men of judgment sound,  
Which ev'ry Sect will for themselves expound:

Nor think less reverence to their Doctors due  
For sound Interpretation, than to you.

If then, by able Heads, are understood

Your Brother Prophets, who reform'd abroad,  
Those able Heads expound a wiser way,

That their own Sheep their Shepherd shou'd obey.

But if you mean your selves are only sound,

That Doctrine turns the Reformation round,

And all the rest are false Reformers found.

Because in sundry Points you stand alone,

Not in Communion join'd with any one;

And therefore must be all the Church, or none.

Then, till you have agreed whose Judge is best,

Against this forc'd submission they protest:

While *sound* and *sound* a different sense explains,

Both play at hard-head till they break their Brains:

And



And from their Chairs each others force defy,  
 While unregarded Thunders vainly fly.  
 I pass the rest, because your Church alone  
 Of all Usurpers best cou'd fill the Throne.  
 But neither you, nor any Sect beside,  
 For this high Office can be qualify'd,  
 With necessary Gifts requir'd in such a Guide.  
 For that which must direct the whole, must be  
 Bound in one Bond of Faith and Unity :  
 But all your sev'ral Churches disagree.  
 The *Consubstantiating* Church and Priest  
 Refuse Communion to the *Calvinist* ;  
 The *French* reform'd, from Preaching you restrain,  
 Because you judge their Ordination vain ;  
 And so they judge of yours, but Donors must Ordain.  
 In short in Doctrine, or in Discipline  
 Not one reform'd, can with another join :  
 But all from each, as from Damnation fly ;  
 No Union they pretend, but in *Non-Popery*.  
 Nor should their Members in a Synod meet,  
 Cou'd any Church presume to mount the Seat,  
 Above the rest, their Discords to decide ;  
 None wou'd obey, but each wou'd be the Guide :  
 And Face to Face Dissentions wou'd encrease ;  
 For only distance now preserves the Peace.  
 All in their Turns accusers, and accus'd :  
*Babel* was never half so much confus'd.  
 What one can plead, the rest can plead as well ;  
 For amongst equals lies no last appeal,  
 And all confess themselves are fallible.  
 Now since you grant some necessary Guide,  
 All who can err are justly laid aside :  
 Because a trust so sacred to confer  
 Shows want of such a sure Interpreter :  
 And how can he be needful who can err ?  
 Then granting that unerring Guide we want,  
 That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant :  
 Our Saviour else were wanting to supply  
 Our needs, and obviate that Necessity.  
 It then remains that Church can only be  
 The Guide, which owns unfailing certainty ;  
 Or else you slip your hold, and change your side,  
 Relapsing from a necessary Guide.  
 But this annex'd Condition of the Crown,  
 Immunity from Errours, you disown,  
 Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretensions down.  
 For petty Royalties you raise debate ;  
 But this unfailing Universal State  
 You shun : nor dare succeed to such a glorious Weight.  
 And for that Cause those Promises detest  
 With which our Saviour did his Church invest :  
 But strive t' evade, and fear to find 'em true,  
 As conscious they were never meant to you :  
 All which the Mother Church asserts her own,  
 And with unrivall'd claim ascends the Throne.  
 So when of old th' Almighty Father sate  
 In Council, to redeem our ruin'd State,



Millions of Millions at a distance round,  
 Silent the sacred Consistory crown'd,  
 To hear what Mercy mixt with Justice cou'd propound.  
 All prompt with eager pity, to fulfil  
 The full extent of their Creator's Will:  
 But when the stern Conditions were declar'd,  
 A mournful whisper through the Host was heard,  
 And the whole Hierarchy, with Heads hung down,  
 Submissively declin'd the pondrous proffer'd Crown.  
 Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high  
 Rose in the strength of all the Deity;  
 Stood forth t' accept the Terms, and underwent  
 A weight which all the frame of Heaven had bent,  
 Nor he Himself cou'd bear, but as Omnipotent.  
 Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,  
 That ev'n the blear Ey'd Sects may find her out,  
 Behold what Heavenly Rays adorn her Brows,  
 What from his Wardrobe her belov'd allows  
 To deck the Wedding-day of his unspotted Spouse.  
 Behold what marks of Majesty she brings;  
 Richer than ancient Heirs of Eastern Kings:  
 Her right Hand holds the Sceptre and the Keys,  
 To shew whom she commands, and who obeys:  
 With these to bind, or set the Sinner free,  
 With that t' assert Spiritual Royalty.

Marks of  
 the Catho-  
 lick Church  
 from the  
 Nicene  
 Creed.

One in herself not rent by Schism, but sound,  
 Entire, one solid shining Diamond,  
 Not Sparkles shatter'd into Sects like you,  
 One is the Church, and must be to be true:  
 One central Principle of Unity.

As undivided, so from Errors free,  
 As one in Faith, so one in Sanctity.  
 Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting Rage  
 Of Hereticks oppos'd from Age to Age:  
 Still when the Giant-brood invades her Throne  
 She stoops from Heaven, and meets 'em half way down,  
 And with paternal Thunder vindicates her Crown.  
 But like *Egyptian* Sorcerers you stand,  
 And vainly lift aloft your Magick Wand,  
 To sweep away the Swarms of Vermin from the Land:  
 You cou'd like them; with like infernal Force  
 Produce the Plague, but not arrest the Course.  
 But when the Boils and Botches, with disgrace  
 And publick Scandal sat upon the Face,  
 Themselves attack'd, the *Magi* strove no more,  
 They saw God's Finger, and their Fate deplore;  
 Themselves they cou'd not Cure of the dishonest Sore.  
 Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread  
 Like the fair Ocean from her Mother-Bed;  
 From East to West Triumphantly she Rides,  
 All Shoars are water'd by her wealthy Tides.

The Gospel-sound diffus'd from Pole to Pole,  
 Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll,  
 The self same Doctrine of the Sacred Page  
 Convey'd to ev'ry Clime in ev'ry Age.

Here let my sorrow give my Satyr place,  
 To raise new blushes on my *British* Race;



Our sayling Ships like common shoars we use,  
And through our distant Colonies diffuse  
The Daughters of Dungeons, and the stench of Stews.  
Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,  
We disembogue on some far *Indian* Coast :  
Thieves, Pandars, Palliards, Sins of ev'ry sort,  
Those are the Manufactures we export ;  
And these the *Missioners* our zeal has made :  
For, with my Countrey's pardon be it said,  
Religion is the least of all our Trade.

Yet some improve their Traffick more than we,  
For they on Gain, their only God, rely :  
And set a publick price on Piety.

Industrious of the Needle and the Chart  
They run full sail to their *Japponian* Mart :  
Prevention fear, and prodigal of Fame  
Sell all of Christian to the very Name ;  
Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked Shame.

Thus, of three marks which in the Creed we view,  
Not one of all can be apply'd to you :  
Much less the fourth ; in vain alas you seek  
Th' ambitious Title of Apostolick :  
God-like descent ! 'tis well your blood can be  
Prov'd noble, in the third or fourth degree :  
For all of ancient that you had before,  
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our Store)  
Was Errour fulminated o'er and o'er.

Old Heresies condemn'd in Ages past,  
By care and time recover'd from the blast.

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,  
The Church her old Foundations has remov'd,  
And built new Doctrines on unstable Sands :  
Judge that ye Winds and Rains ; you prov'd her, yet she stands.  
Those ancient Doctrines charg'd on her for new,  
Shew when, and how, and from what hands they grew.  
We claim no Pow'r when Heresies grow bold  
To Coin new Faith, but still declare the old.  
How else cou'd that obscene Disease be purg'd,  
When controverted Texts are vainly urg'd ?  
To prove Tradition new, there's somewhat more  
Requir'd, than saying, 'twas not us'd before.  
Those Monumental Arms are never stirr'd  
Till Schism or Heresie call down *Goliath's* Sword.

Thus, what you call Corruptions, are in truth,  
The first Plantations of the Gospel's youth,  
Old standard Faith : but cast your Eyes again  
And view those Errors which new Sects maintain,  
Or which of old disturb'd the Churches peaceful Reign,  
And we can point each Period of the time,  
When they began, and who begot the Crime ;  
Can calculate how long th' eclipse endur'd,  
Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd :  
Of all which are already pass'd away,  
We know the rise, the progress and decay.

Despair at our Foundations then to strike  
Till you can prove your Faith Apostolick ;  
A limpid stream drawn from the the native source ;  
Succession lawful in a lineal Course.

Prove



Prove any Church oppos'd to this our Head,  
 So one, so pure, so unconfi'dly spread,  
 Under one Chief of the spiritual State,  
 The Members all combin'd, and all subordinate.  
 Shew such a seamless Coat, from Schism so free,  
 In no Communion join'd with Heresie :  
 If such a one you find, let truth prevail :  
 Till when your weights will in the balance fail :  
 A Church unprincip'l'd kicks up the Scale. }

But if you cannot think, (nor sure you can  
 Suppose in God what were unjust in Man.)

That he, the Fountain of Eternal Grace,  
 Should suffer falshood for so long a space  
 To banish truth, and to usurp her place :  
 That sev'n successive Ages should be lost,  
 And Preach Damnation at their proper cost ;  
 That all your erring Ancestors should die,  
 Drown'd in the Abyss of deep Idolatry ;  
 If Piety forbid such thoughts to rise,  
 Awake and open your unwilling Eyes :  
 God has left nothing for each Age undone,  
 From this to that wherein he sent his Son :  
 Then think but well of him, and half your work is done. }  
 See how his Church adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,  
 With open Arms, a kind forgiving Face,  
 Stands ready to prevent her long lost Sons embrace. }

Not more did *Joseph* o'er his Brethren weep,  
 Nor less himself cou'd from discovery keep,  
 When in the croud of Suppliants they were seen,  
 And in their crew his best beloved *Benjamin*.  
 That pious *Joseph* in the Church behold,  
 To feed your Famine, and refuse your Gold ;  
 The *Joseph* you exil'd, the *Joseph* whom you sold. }

The renun-  
 ciation of  
 the Bene-  
 dictines to  
 the Abby  
 Lands.

Thus, while with Heavenly Charity she spoke,  
 A streaming blaze the silent Shadows broke ;  
 Shot from the Skyes: a chearful azure light ;  
 The Birds obscene to Forests wing'd their flight,  
 And gaping Graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty spright. }

Poeta lo-  
 quitur.

Such were the pleasing Triumphs of the Sky  
 For *James* his late Nocturnal Victory ;  
 The pledge of his Almighty Patron's love,  
 The Fire-works which his Angel made above.  
 I saw my self the lambent easie light  
 Guild the brown horror and dispel the Night ;  
 The Messenger with speed the Tidings bore ;  
 News whcih three lab'ring Nations did restore,  
 But Heaven's own *Nuntius* was arriv'd before. }

By this, the *Hind* had reach'd her lonely Cell ;  
 And Vapours rose, and Dews unwholesome fell.  
 When she, by frequent Observation Wise,  
 As one who long on Heaven had fix'd her Eyes,  
 Discern'd a change of Weather in the Skyes. }  
 The Western Borders were with Crimson spread,  
 The Moon descending look'd all flaming red ;  
 She thought good Manners bound her to invite  
 The Stranger Dame to be her Guest that Night.  
 'Tis true, coarse Diet and a short repast,  
 (She said) were weak Inducements to the taste  
 Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast. }

But



But what plain fare her cottage cou'd afford,  
 A hearty welcome at a homely board  
 Was freely hers; and to supply the rest,  
 An honest meaning, and an open breast.  
 Last, with content of mind, the poor man's Wealth;  
 A grace-cup to their common Patron's health.  
 This she desir'd her to accept and stay,  
 For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,  
 Because she wanted an unerring Guide,  
 And then the dew-drops on her silken hide  
 Her tender constitution did declare,  
 Too Lady-like a long fatigue to bear,  
 And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.  
 But most she fear'd that travelling so late,  
 Some evil minded beasts might lye in wait;  
 And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

The *Panther*, though she lent a list'ning ear,  
 Had more of *Lyon* in her than to fear:  
 Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal  
 With many foes, their numbers might prevail,  
 Return'd her all the thanks she cou'd affor'd;  
 And took her friendly hostess at her word,  
 Who ent'ring first her lowly roof, (a shed  
 With hoary moss and winding Ivy spread,  
 Honest enough to hide an humble Hermits head,)  
 Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest:  
 So might these walls, with your fair presence blest  
 Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest;  
 Not for a night, or quick revolving year,  
 Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.  
 This peaceful Seat my poverty secures,  
 War seldom enters but where wealth allures;  
 Nor yet despise it, for this poor abroad  
 Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a God;  
 A God Victorious of the Stygian race  
 Here laid his sacred Limbs, and sanctified the place.  
 This mean retreat did mighty *Pan* contain;  
 Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,  
 And dare not to debase your Soul to gain.

The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see  
 Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty:  
 And, though ill habits are not soon control'd,  
 A while suspended her desire of Gold.  
 But civilly drew in her sharpn'd paws,  
 Not violating hospitable laws,  
 And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.

The *Hind* did first her country Cates provide;  
 Then couch'd her self securely by her side.

The T H I R D P A R T.

MUCH malice mingl'd with a little wit  
 Perhaps may censure this mysterious writ:  
 Because the Muse has peopl'd *Caledon*  
 With *Panthers*, *Bears* and *Wolves*, and Beasts unknown,  
 As if we were not stock'd with monsters of our own.



Let *Æsop* answer, who has set to view,  
 Such kinds as *Greece* and *Phrygia* never knew ;  
 And Mother *Hubbard* in her homely dress  
 Has sharply blam'd a *British Lioness*,  
 That *Queen*, whose feast the factious Rabble keep,  
 Expos'd obscenely naked and a-sleep.  
 Led by those great Examples, may not I  
 The wanted Organs of their Words supply ?  
 If men transact like Brutes, 'tis equal then  
 For Brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our *Hind* of folly will endite,  
 To entertain a dang'rous Guest by Night.  
 Let those remember that she cannot dye  
 Till rolling time is lost in round Eternity ;  
 Nor need she fear the *Panther*, though untam'd,  
 Because the *Lyon's* peace was now proclaim'd ;  
 The wary Salvage wou'd not give offence,  
 To forfeit the Protection of her *Prince* ;  
 But watch'd the time her vengeance to compleat,  
 When all her furry Sons in frequent Senate met.  
 Mean while she quench'd her fury at the flood,  
 And with a Lenten sallad cool'd her blood.  
 Their Commons, though but course, were nothing scant,  
 Nor did their Minds an equal Banquet want.

For now the *Hind*, whose noble Nature strove  
 T'express her plain simplicity of Love,  
 Did all the honours of her House so well,  
 No sharp Debates disturb'd the friendly Meal.  
 She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extream,  
 To common dangers past, a sadly pleasing theam ;  
 Remembring ev'ry storm which tols'd the State,  
 When both were Objects of the publick hate,  
 And dropt a tear betwixt for her own Childrens fate.

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make  
 Of what the *Panther* suffer'd for her sake.  
 Her lost Esteem, her Truth, her Loyal Care,  
 Her Faith unshaken to an Exil'd Heir,  
 Her Strength t'endure, her Courage to defy ;  
 Her choice of Honourable Infamy.  
 On these prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd,  
 Then with acknowledgments her self she charg'd :  
 For friend of it self, an Holy tye,  
 Is made more sacred by adversity.  
 Now should they part, malicious Tongues wou'd say,  
 They met like chance Companions on the way,  
 Whom mutual fear of Robbers had possess'd ;  
 While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd ;  
 But that once o're, the short-liv'd union ends :  
 The Road divides, and there divide the Friends.

The *Panther* nodded when her speech was done,  
 And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone.  
 But said her gratitude had gone too far  
 For common offices of Christian Care.  
 If to the lawful Heir she had been true,  
 She paid but *Cesar* what was *Cesar's* due.  
 I might, she added, with like praise describe  
 Your suff'ring Sons, and so return your bribe ;



But Incense from my Hands is poorly priz'd,  
For gifts are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.  
I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away ;  
You, like the gawdy Fly, your Wings display,  
And sip the sweets, and bask in your Great Patron's day.

This heard, the *Matron* was not slow to find  
What sort of Malady had seiz'd her Mind ;  
Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despight,  
And canker'd malice stood in open sight.  
Ambition, Int'rest, Pride without controul,  
And jealousy, the jaundice of the Soul ;  
Revenge, the bloody Minister of ill,  
With all the lean Torments of the Will.

'Twas easie now to guess from whence arose  
Her new made Union with her ancient Foes.  
Her forc'd Civilities, her faint Embrace,  
Affected kindness with an alter'd Face :  
Yet durst she not too deeply probe the Wound,  
As hoping still the nobler Parts were sound ;  
But strove with Anodynes t' assuage the smart,  
And mildly thus her Med'cine did impart.

Complaints of Lovers help to ease their pain,  
It shows a Rest of kindness to complain ;  
A friendship loth to quit its former hold,  
And conscious merit may be justly bold.  
But much more just your jealousy would show,  
If others good were injury to you :  
Witness ye Heavens how I rejoice to see  
Rewarded worth, and rising Loyalty.  
Your Warriar Offspring that upheld the Crown,  
The scarlet honours of your peaceful Gown,  
Are the most pleasing Objects I can find,  
Charms to my sight, and Cordials to my mind :  
When virtue spooms before a prosperous Gale,  
My heaving wishes help to fill the Sail ;  
And if my pray'rs for all the brave were heard,  
*Cæsar* should still have such, and such should still reward.

The labour'd Earth your pains have sow'd and till'd :

'Tis just you reap the product of the Field.  
Yours be the Harvest, 'tis the Beggars gain  
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.  
Such scatter'd Ears as are not worth your care,  
Your Charity for Alms may safely spare,  
And Alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.  
My daily Bread is litt'rally implor'd,  
I have no Barns nor Granaries to hoard ;  
If *Cæsar* to 'his own his hand extends,

Say which of yours his Charity offends :  
You know he largely gives, to more than are his Friends.  
Are you defrauded when he feeds the Poor ?  
Our mite decreases nothing of your store ;  
I am but few, and by your fare you see  
My crying Sins are not of Luxury.

Some juster motive sure your inward mind withdraws,  
And makes you break our friendships Holy Laws,  
For barefac'd envy is too base a Cause.

Show more occasion for your discontent,  
Your love, the *Wolf*, wou'd help you to invent ;



Some *German* quarrel, or, as times go now,  
 Some *French*, where force is uppermost, will do.  
 When at the fountains head, as merit ought  
 To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,  
 How easie 'tis an envious eye to throw,  
 And tax the sheep for troubling streams below;  
 Or call her, (when no farther cause you find,)  
 An enemy profess'd of all your kind.  
 But then, perhaps, the wicked World wou'd think,  
 The *Wolf* design'd to eat as well as drink.

This last allusion gaul'd the *Panther* more,  
 Because indeed it rubb'd upon the sore.  
 Yet seem'd she not to winch, though shrewdly pain'd:  
 But thus her passive Character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,  
 Your flaunting fortune in the *Lyon's* court.  
 You have your day, or you are much bely'd,  
 But I am always on the suffering side:  
 You know my Doctrine, and I need not say  
 I will not, but I cannot disobey.

On this firm principle I ever stood:  
 He of my sons who fails to make it good,  
 By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.

Ah, said the *Hind*, how many sons have you  
 Who call you mother, whom you never knew!  
 But most of them who that relation plead  
 Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.  
 They gape at rich Revenues which you hold,  
 And fain would nible at your grandame gold;  
 Enquire into your years, and laugh to find  
 Your crazy temper shews you much declin'd.  
 Were you not dim, and doted, you might see  
 A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,  
 No more of kin to you, than you to me.  
 Do you not know, that for a little coin,  
*Heralds* can foist a name into the line;  
 They ask you blessing but for what you have,  
 But once possess'd of what with care you save,  
 The wanton boys wou'd piss upon your grave.

Your sons of Latitude that court your grace,  
 Though most resembling you in form and face,  
 Are far the worst of your pretended race.  
 And, but I blush your honesty to blot:  
 Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot:  
 For, in some *Popish* libels I have read,  
 The *Wolf* has been too busie in your bed.  
 At least her hinder parts, the belly-piece,  
 The paunch, and all that *Scorpio* claims are his.  
 Their malice too a sore suspicion brings;  
 For though they dare not bark, they snarl at Kings:  
 Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line,  
 Fat Bishopricks are still of right divine.

Think you your new *French* Profelytes are come  
 To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home?  
 Your benefices twinckl'd from afar,  
 They found the new *Messiah* by the star:  
 Those *Swisses* fight on any side for pay,  
 And 'tis the Living that conforms, not they.



Mark with what management their tribes divide,  
 Some stick to you, and some to t'other side,  
 That many Churches may for many mouths provide.  
 More vacant Pulpits wou'd more converts make,  
 All wou'd have Latitude enough to take ;  
 The rest unbenefic'd, your Sects maintain :  
 For Ordinations without Cures are vain,  
 And Chamber Practice is a silent gain.  
 Your Sons of breadth at home, are much like these,  
 Their soft and yielding Metals run with ease ;  
 They melt, and take the Figure of the Mould :  
 But harden, and preserve it best in Gold.

Your *Delphick* Sword, the *Panther* then reply'd,  
 Is double edg'd, and cuts on either side.  
 Some Sons of mine who bear upon their Shield,  
 Three Steeples Argent in a Sable Field,  
 Have sharply tax'd your Converts, who unfed  
 Have follow'd you for Miracles of Bread ;  
 Such who themselves of no Religion are,  
 Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.  
 Bare lyes with bold assertions they can face,  
 But dint of Argument is out of place.  
 The grim Logician puts 'em in a fright,  
 'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.  
 Thus our eighth *Henry's* Marriage they defame ;  
 They say the Schism of Beds began the game,  
 Divorcing from the *Church* to wed the Dame.  
 Though largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd  
 That Conscience, Conscience wou'd not let him rest :  
 I mean, not till possess'd of her he lov'd,  
 And old, uncharming *Catherine* was remov'd.  
 For sundry years before did he complain,  
 And told his Ghostly Confessor his pain.  
 With the same impudence, without a ground,  
 They say, that look the Reformation round,  
 No *Treatise of Humility* is found.  
 But if none were, the Gospel does not want,  
 Our *Saviour* preach'd it, and I hope you grant,  
 The Sermon in the mount was *Protestant* :

No doubt, reply'd the *Hind*, as sure as all  
 The Writings of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul*.  
 On that decision let it stand or fall.  
 Now for my Converts, who you say unfed  
 Have follow'd me for Miracles of Bread,  
 Judge not by hear-say, but observe at least,  
 If since their change, their Loaves have been increast.  
 The *Lyon* buyes no Converts, if he did,  
 Beasts wou'd be sold as fast as he cou'd bid.  
 Tax those of Int'rest who conform for gain,  
 Or stay the Market of another reign ;  
 Your broad-way Sons wou'd never be too nice  
 to close with *Calvin*, if he paid their price ;  
 But rais'd three Steeples high'r, wou'd change their Note,  
 And quit the Caslock for the Canting-Coat.  
 Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,  
 Judge by your selves, and think not others sold.

Mean-time my Sons accus'd, by Fames report  
 Pay small attendance at the *Lyon's* Court,



Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late,  
 (For silently they beg who daily wait.)  
 Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought,  
 Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.  
 How they shou'd speed, their Fortune is untry'd,  
 For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.  
 For what they have, their *God* and *King* they bless,  
 And hope they shou'd not murmur, had they less.  
 But, if reduc'd subsistence to implore,  
 In common prudence they wou'd pass your door ;  
 Unpity'd *Hudibras*, your Champion Friend,  
 Has shown how far your Charities extend.  
 This lasting verse shall on his Tomb be read,  
*He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.*

With odious *Atheist* Names you load your Foes,  
 Your lib'ral *Clergy* why did I expose ?  
 It never fails in Charities like those.  
 In Climes where true Religion is profess'd,  
 That Imputation were no laughing jest.  
 But *Imprimatur*, with a Chaplain's Name,  
 Is here sufficient licence to defame.

What wonder is't that black detraction thrives,  
 The Homicide of Names is less than Lives ;  
 And yet the perjur'd Murderer survives.  
 This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd  
 The boiling Indignation of her Breast ;  
 She knew the virtue of her Blade, nor wou'd  
 Pollute her Satyr with ignoble Blood :  
 Her panting Foes she saw before her lye,  
 And back she drew the shining Weapon dry :  
 So when the gen'rous *Lyon* has in sight  
 His equal Match, he rouses for the Fight ;  
 But when his Foe lyes prostrate on the Plain,  
 He sheaths his Paws, uncurls his angry Mane ;  
 And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the day,  
 Walks over, and disdains th'inglorious Prey,  
 So *JAMES*, if great with less we may compare,  
 Arrests his rowling Thunder-bolts in Air ;  
 And grants ungrateful Friends a lengthn'd space,  
 T' implore the remnants of long suffering Grace.

This breathing-time the *Matron* took ; and then,  
 Resum'd the thrud of her Discourse agen.  
 Be vengeance wholly left to Pow'r's Divine,  
 And let Heaven judge betwixt your Sons and mine :  
 If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here  
 With loss of all that Mortals hold so dear,  
 Then welcome infamy and publick shame,  
 And, last, a long farewell to worldly Fame.  
 'Tis said with ease, but oh, how hardly try'd  
 By haughty Souls to Humane honour ty'd !  
 O sharp Convulsive Pangs of agonizing Pride !  
 Down then thou rebel, never more to rise,  
 And what thou didst, and do'st so dearly prize,  
 That fame, that darling fame, make that thy Sacrifice.  
 'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n, then add thy tears  
 For a long race of unrepenting years :  
 'Tis nothing yet ; yet all thou hast to give,  
 Then add those *may-be* years thou hast to live.

Yet



Yet nothing still : then poor, and naked come,  
Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,  
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum.

Thus (she pursu'd) I discipline a Son  
Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge wou'd run :  
He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,  
And starts a-side, and flounders at the Cross.  
Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,  
As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too.  
That suff'ring from ill Tongues he bears no more  
Than what his Sov'reign bears, and what his Saviour bore.

It now remains for you to school your Child,  
And ask why God's anointed he revil'd ;  
A King and Princess dead ! did *Shimei* worse ?  
The Curser's Punishment should fright the Curse :  
Your Son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o're,  
But he who counsell'd him, has paid the score :  
The heavy malice cou'd no higher tend,  
But wo to him on whom the weights descend :  
So to permitted ills the *Dæmon* flies :  
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skyes ;  
Constrain'd to quit his Cause, no succour found,  
The Foe discharges ev'ry Tyre around,  
In Clouds of smoak abandoning the fight,  
But his own thund'ring Peals proclaim his flight.

In *Henry's* change his charge as ill succeeds,  
To that long Story little answer needs,  
Confront but *Henry's* Words with *Henry's* Deeds.  
Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd,  
What springs his blessed Reformation mov'd.  
The dire effects appear'd in open sight,  
Which from the Cause, he calls a distant flight,  
And yet no larger leap than from the Sun to light.

Now last your Sons a double *Pæan* sound,  
A *Treatise of Humility* is found.  
'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought  
Than thus in Protestant procession brought.  
The fam'd original through *Spain* is known,  
*Rodriguez* work, my celebrated Son,  
Which yours, by ill-translating made his own ;  
Conceal'd its Author, and usurp'd the Name,  
The basest and ignoblest theft of Fame.  
My Altars kindl'd first that living Coal,  
Restore, or practice better what you stole :  
That virtue could this humble verse inspire,  
'Tis all the Restitution I require.

Glad was the *Panther* that the charge was clos'd,  
And none of all her fav'rite Sons expos'd.  
For Laws of Arms permit each injur'd Man,  
To make himself a savor where he can.  
Perhaps the plunder'd Merchant cannot tell  
The names of Pirates in whose hands he fell :  
But at the Den of Thieves he justly flies,  
And ev'ry *Algerine* is lawful prize.  
No private Person in the Foes estate  
Can plead exemption from the publick fate.  
Yet Christian Laws allow not such redress ;  
Then let the greater supersede the less.

But



But let th' Abbetors of the *Panther's* crime  
 Learn to make fairer Wars another time.  
 Some Characters may sure be found to write  
 Among her sons; for 'tis no common sight  
 A spotted Dam, and all her offspring white.

The *Salvage*, though she saw her plea control'd,  
 Yet wou'd not wholly seem to quit her hold,  
 But offer'd fairly to compound the strife;  
 And judge conversion by the convert's life.  
 'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange  
 So few shou'd follow profitable change:  
 For present joys are more to flesh and blood,  
 Than a dull prospect of a distant good.  
 'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,  
 (I hope to quote him is not to purloin;)  
 Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to bliss;  
 The larger loadstone that, the nearer this:  
 The weak attraction of the greater fails,  
 We nodd a-while, but neighbourhood prevails:  
 But when the greater proves the nearer too,  
 I wonder more your converts come so slow.  
 Methinks in those who firm with me remain,  
 It shows a nobler principle than gain.

Your inference wou'd be strong (the *Hind* reply'd)  
 If yours were in effect the suffering side:  
 Your Clergy sons their own in peace possess,  
 Nor are their prospects in reversion less.  
 My Profelytes are struck with awful dread,  
 Your bloody Comet-laws hang blazing o're their head.  
 The respite they enjoy but only lent,  
 The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.  
 Be judge your self, if int'rest may prevail,  
 Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the Scale,  
 While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,  
 That is, till man's predominant passions cease,  
 Admire no longer at my slow encrease.

By Education most have been misled,  
 So they believe, because they so were bred.  
 The *Priest* continues what the Nurse began,  
 And thus the Child imposes on the Man.  
 The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat:  
 But int'rest is the most prevailing cheat,  
 The sly seducer both of age and youth;  
 They study that, and think they study truth:  
 When int'rest fortifies an Argument,  
 Weak reason serves to gain the wills assent;  
 For souls, already warp'd, receive an easie bent.  
 Add long prescription of establish'd laws,  
 And picque of honour to maintain a cause,  
 And shame of change, and fear of future ill,  
 And Zeal, the blind conductor of the will;  
 And chief among the still mistaking crowd,  
 The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,  
 And more than all, the private Judge allow'd.  
 Disdain of Fathers which the daunce began,  
 And last, uncertain who's the narrower span,  
 The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.



To this the *Panther*, with a scornful smile :  
 Yet still you travail with unwearied toil,  
 And range around the Realm without control  
 Among my Sons, for Profelytes to prole,  
 And here and there you snap some silly Soul.  
 You hinted fears of future change in State,  
 Pray Heaven you did not Prophesie your fate ;  
 Perhaps you think your time of triumph near,  
 But may mistake the season of the year ;  
 The *Swallows* fortune gives you cause to fear.

For Charity (reply'd the Matron) tell  
 What sad mischance those pretty Birds befel.

Nay, no mischance, (the Salvage Dame reply'd)  
 But want of Wit in their unerring Guide,  
 And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.  
 Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,  
 Make you the Moral, and I'll tell the Tale.

The *Swallow*, privileg'd above the rest  
 Of all the Birds, as Man's familiar Guest,  
 Pursues the Sun in Summer brisk and bold,  
 But wisely shuns the persecuting Cold :  
 Is well to Chancels and to Chimnies known,  
 Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoak alone.  
 From hence she has been held of Heavenly Line,  
 Endu'd with Particles of Soul Divine.

This merry Chorister had long possess'd  
 Her Summer Seat, and feather'd well her Nest :  
 Till frowning Skyes began to change their Chear,  
 And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year ;  
 The shedding Trees began the ground to strow  
 With yellow Leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.  
 Sad auguries of Winter thence she drew,  
 Which by instinct, or Prophecy, she knew :  
 When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes  
 And seek a better Heaven, and warmer Climes.

Her Sons were summon'd on a Steeples height,  
 And, call'd in common Council, vote a flight ;  
 The day was nam'd, the next that shou'd be fair,  
 All to the gen'ral Rendezvous repair,  
 They try their flutt'ring Wings, and trust themselves in  
 Air.

But whether upward to the Moon they go,  
 Or dream the Winter out in Caves below,  
 Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns not us to know.

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their flight,  
 And harbour'd in a hollow Rock at night :  
 Next morn they rose and set up ev'ry Sail,  
 The wind was fair, but blew a *Maekret* Gale :  
 The sickly young fat shiv'ring on the Shoar,  
 Abhor'd Salt-water never seen before,  
 And pray'd their tender Mothers to delay  
 The passage, and expect a fairer day.

With these the *Martyn* readily concurr'd,  
 A Church-begot, and Church-believing Bird ;  
 Of little Body, but of lofty Mind,  
 Round belly'd, for a dignity design'd,  
 And much a dunce, as *Martyns* are by kind.



Yet often quoted Canon-Laws, and Code,  
 And Fathers which he never understood,  
 But little Learning needs in noble Blood.  
 For, sooth to say, the *Swallow* brought him in,  
 Her Household Chaplain, and her next of kin.  
 In Superstition silly to excess,  
 And casting Schemes, by planetary guesses:  
 In fine, shortwing'd, unfit himself to fly,  
 His fear foretold foul-weather in the Sky.

Besides, a *Raven* from a wither'd Oak,  
 Left of their Lodging, was observ'd to croke.  
 That Omen lik'd him not, so his advice  
 Was present safety, bought at any price:  
 (A seeming pious Care, that cover'd Cowardise.)  
 To strengthen this, he told a boding Dream,  
 Of rising Waters, and a troubl'd Stream,  
 Sure signs of anguish, dangers and distress,  
 With something more, not lawful to express:  
 By which he slyly seem'd to intimate  
 Some secret Revelation of their fate.  
 For he concluded, once upon a time,  
 He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred Rime,  
 Whose antique Characters did well denote  
 The *Sibyl's* hand of the *Cumean* Grott:  
 The mad Diviners had plainly writ,  
 A time should come (but many Ages yet,)  
 In which, sinister destinies ordain,  
 A *Dame* shou'd drown with all her feather'd Train,  
 And Seas from thence be call'd the *Chelidonian* Main.  
 At this, some shook for fear, the more devout  
 Arose, and bless'd themselves from Head to Foot.

'Tis true, some Stagers of the wiser sort  
 Made all these idle wonderments their sport:  
 They said, their only Danger was delay,  
 And he who heard what ev'ry Fool could say,  
 Wou'd never fix his thoughts, but trim his time away.  
 The passage yet was good, the wind, 'tis true,  
 Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,  
 Nor more than usual *Equinoxes* blew.  
 The Sun (already from the scales declin'd,)  
 Gave little hopes of better days behind,  
 But change from bad to worse of Weather and of Wind.  
 Nor need they fear the dampness of the Sky  
 Should flag their Wings, and hinder them to fly,  
 'Twas only Water thrown on Sails too dry.  
 But, least of all *Philosophy* presumes  
 Of truth in Dreams, from melancholy fumes:  
 Perhaps the *Martyn* hous'd in holy ground,  
 Might think of Ghosts that walk their midnight round,  
 Till grosser atoms tumbling in the stream  
 Of fancy, madly met and clubb'd into a Dream.  
 As little weight his vain presages bear,  
 Of ill effect to such alone who fear.  
 Most Prophecies are of a piece with these,  
 Each *Nostradamus* can foretel with ease:  
 Not naming Persons, and confounding times,  
 One casual truth supports a thousand lying Rimes.



Th' advice was true, but fear had seiz'd the most,  
And all good Counsel is on Cowards lost.  
The question crudely put, to shun delay,  
Twas carry'd by the *major* part to stay.

His point thus gain'd, Sir *Martyn* dated thence  
His power, and from a Priest became a Prince.

He order'd all things with a busie care,  
And Cells, and Refectories did prepare,  
And large Provisions laid of Winter Fare.

But now and then let fall a word or two  
Of hope, that Heaven some Miracle might show,  
And, for their sakes, the Sun shou'd backwark go ;  
Against the Laws of Nature upward climb,  
And, mounted on the *Ram*, renew the prime :  
For which two proofs in Sacred story lay,  
Of *Abaz* dial, and of *Joshuah's* day.

In expectation of such times as these  
A Chapel Hous'd 'em, truly call'd of ease :  
For *Martyn* much Devotion did not ask,  
They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their task.

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of Wit  
Blind Prophecies may have a lucky hit)  
That, this accomplish'd, or at least in part,  
Gave great repute to their new *Merlin's* Art.  
Some \* *Swifts*, the Gyants of the *Swallow* kind,  
Large limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind,  
(For *Swisses*, or for *Gibeonites* design'd,)

These Lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,  
To suck fresh Air survey'd the neighbouring Plain ;  
And saw (but scarcely could believe their Eyes)  
New Blossoms flourish, and new Flowers arise ;  
As God had been abroad, and walking there,  
Had left his foot-steps, and reform'd the year :  
The Sunny Hills from far were seen to glow  
With glittering Beams, and in the Meads below  
The burpish'd Brooks appear'd with liquid Gold to flow.  
At last they heard the foolish *Cuckow* sing,  
Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of spring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,  
And repofess their patrimonial sky.  
The Priest before 'em did his Wings display ;  
And, that good omens might attend their way,  
As luck wou'd have it, 'twas St. *Martyn's* day.

Who but the *Swallow* now triumphs alone,  
The Canopy of Heaven is all her own,  
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair ;  
And glide along in glades, and skim in Air,  
And dip for insects in the purling springs,  
And stoop on Rivers to refresh their Wings.  
Their Mothers think a fair provision made,  
That ev'ry Son can live upon his Trade,  
And now the careful charge is off their Hands,  
Look out for Husbands, and new Nuptial Bands :  
The youthful Widow longs to be supply'd ;  
But first the Lover is by Lawyers ty'd  
To settle jointure-chimneys on the Bride.  
So thick they couple, in so short a space,  
That *Martyn's* Marriage offsprings rise apace ;

\* Otherwise  
call'd Mart-  
lets.

Their



Their ancient Houses, running to decay,  
Are furbish'd up, and cemented with Clay;  
They teem already; store of Eggs are laid,  
And brooding Mothers call *Lucyna's* aid.  
Fame spreads the news, and foreign Fowls appear  
In Flocks to greet the new returning year,  
To bless the Founder, and partake the Cheer.

And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)  
To plant abroad, and People Colonies;  
The youth drawn forth, as *Martyn* had desir'd,  
(For so their cruel destiny requir'd)  
Were sent far off on an ill fated day;  
The rest wou'd need conduct 'em on their way,  
And *Martyn* went, because he fear'd alone to stay.

So long they flew with inconsiderate haste  
That now their afternoon began to waste;  
And, what was ominous, that very morn  
The Sun was enter'd into *Capricorn*;  
Which, by their bad Astronomers account,  
That week the Virgin balance shou'd remount;  
An Infant Moon eclips'd him in his way,  
And hid the small remainders of his day:  
The crow'd amaz'd, pursu'd no certain mark;  
But Birds met Birds, and jostled in the dark;  
Few mind the publick in a Panick fright;  
And fear increas'd the horror of the Night.  
Night came, but unattended with repose,  
Alone she came, no sleep their Eyes to close,  
Alone, and black she came, no friendly Stars arose.

What shou'd they do, beset with dangers round,  
No neighb'ring Dorp, no Lodging to be found,  
But bleaky plains, and bare unhospitable ground.  
The latter brood, who just began to fly  
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the Sky,  
For succour to their helpless Mother call,  
She spread her Wings; some few beneath 'em crawl,  
She spread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not cover all.  
T' augment their Woes, the Winds began to move  
Debate in Air, for empty Fields above,  
Till *Boreas* got the skyes, and powr'd amain  
His ratling Hail-stones mix'd with Snow and Rain.

The joyless Morning late arose, and found  
A dreadful Desolation reign a-round,  
Some buried in the Snow, some frozen to the ground;  
The rest were strugling still with Death, and lay  
The Crows and Ravens rights, an undefended prey;  
Excepting *Martyn's* race, for they and he  
Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow Tree,  
But soon discover'd by a sturdy Clown,  
He headed all the Rabble of a Town,  
And finish'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em down.  
*Martyn* himself was caught a-live, and try'd  
For Treas'nous Crimes, because the Laws provide  
No *Martyn* there in Winter shall abide.  
High on an Oak which never leaf shall bear,  
He breath'd his last, expos'd to open Air,  
And there his Corps, unblest, are hanging still,  
To show the change of Winds with his prophetick bill.



The patience of the *Hind* did almost fail,  
 For well she mark'd the malice of the tale:  
 Which Ribbald art their Church to *Luther* owes,  
 In malice it began, by malice grows,  
 He sow'd the *Serpent's* teeth, an iron-harvest rose.  
 But most in *Martyn's* character and fate,  
 She saw her slander'd sons, the *Panther's* hate,  
 The people's rage, the Persecuting state:  
 Then said, I take th' advice in friendly part,  
 You clear Your Conscience, or at least your Heart:  
 Perhaps you fail'd in your fore-seeing skill,  
 For *Swallows* are unlucky Birds to kill:  
 As for my sons, the family is bless'd,  
 Whose every Child is equal to the rest:  
 No Church reform'd can boast a blameless line;  
 Such *Martyns* build in yours, and more than mine:  
 Or else an old fanatick Author lyes  
 Who summ'd their Scandals up by Centuries.  
 But, through your Parable I plainly see  
 The bloody Laws, the crowds barbarity:  
 The Sun-shine that offends the purblind sight,  
 Had some their wishes, it wou'd soon be night.  
 Mistake me not, the charge concerns not you,  
 Your sons are male-contents, but yet are true,  
 As far as non-resistance makes 'em so,  
 But that's a word of neutral sense you know,  
 A passive term which no relief will bring,  
 But trims betwixt a rebel and a King.

Rest well assur'd the *Pardelis* reply'd,  
 My Sons wou'd all support the regal side,  
 Though Heaven forbid the cause by battel shou'd be try'd.

The Matron answer'd with a loud Amen,  
 And thus pursu'd her Argument agen.  
 If as you say, and as I hope no less,  
 Your Sons will practice what your self profess,  
 What angry pow'r prevents our present peace?  
 The *Lyon*, studious of our common good,  
 Desires, (and Kings desires are ill withstood,)  
 To joyn our Nations in a lasting love;  
 The barrs betwixt are easie to remove,  
 For sanguinary Laws were never made above.  
 If you condemn that Prince of Tyranny  
 Whose mandate forc'd you *Gallick* friends to fly,  
 Make not a worse example of your own  
 Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,  
 And let the guiltless Person throw the stone.  
 His blunted Sword, your suff'ring brotherhood  
 Have seldom felt, he stops it short of blood:  
 But you have ground the Persecuting Knife,  
 And set it to a Razor edge on life.  
 Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines,  
 Or to his Father's Rod the *Scorpion* joins;  
 Your finger is more gross than the great Monarch's loins.  
 But you perhaps remove that bloody note,  
 And stick it on the first Reformer's Coat.  
 Oh let their Crime in long Oblivion sleep,  
 'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.



Unjust, or just, is all the question now,  
 'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the Test wou'd put you in a rage,  
 You charge not that on any former age,  
 But smile to think how innocent you stand  
 Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.  
 Yet still remember that you weild a Sword  
 Forg'd by your foes against your Sovereign Lord.  
 Design'd to hew th' imperial Cedar down,  
 Defraud Succession. and dis-heir the Crown.  
 T'abhor the makers, and their laws approve,  
 Is to hate Traytors, and the treason love.  
 What means it else, which now your Children say,  
 We made it not, nor will we take away.

Suppose some great Oppressor had by flight  
 Of law, disseis'd your brother of his right,  
 Your common fire surrendring in a fright;  
 Would you to that unrighteous Title stand,  
 Left by the Villain's will to heir the Land?  
 More just was *Judas*, who his Saviour fold;  
 The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold,  
 Nor hang in peace, before he render'd back the gold.  
 What more could you have done, than now you do,  
 Had *Oates* and *Bedlow*, and their Plot been true?  
 Some specious reasons for those wrongs were found;  
 Their dire Magicians threw their mists around,  
 And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground.  
 But now when time has made th' imposture plain,  
 (Late though he follow'd truth, and limping held her train,) }  
 What new delusion charms your cheated eyes again?  
 The painted Harlot might awhile bewitch,  
 But why the Hag uncas'd, and all obscene with itch?

The first Reformers were a modest race,  
 Our Peers possess'd in peace their native place:  
 And when Rebellious Arms o'return'd the state,  
 They suffer'd only in the common fate;  
 But now the Sov'reign mounts the regal chair,  
 And mitr'd seats are full, yet *David's* bench is bare:  
 Your answer is, they were not dispossest,  
 They need but rub their mettle on the Test  
 To prove their Ore: 'twere well if gold alone  
 Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning stone;  
 But that unfaithful Test, unfound will pass  
 The dross of Atheists, and sectarian brass:  
 As if th' experiment were made to hold  
 For base productions, and reject the gold:  
 Thus men ungodded may to places rise,  
 And sects may be preferr'd without disguise:  
 No danger to the Church or State from these,  
 The Papist only has his Writ of ease.  
 No gainful Office gives him the pretence  
 To grind the Subject or defraud the Prince.  
 Wrong Conscience, or no Conscience may deserve  
 To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to starve.

Still thank your selves you cry, your noble race  
 We banish not, but they forsake the place.  
 Our doors are open: true, but e're they come,  
 You toss your censuring Test, and fume the room;



As if 'twere *Toby's* rival to expel,  
And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell.

To this the *Panther* sharply had reply'd, }  
But, having gain'd a Verdict on her side, }  
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide ; }  
Well satisfy'd to have the But and peace, }  
And for the Plaintiff's cause she car'd the less, }  
Because she su'd in *forma Pauperis* ; }  
Yet thought it decent something shou'd be said,  
For secret guilt by silence is betray'd :  
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,  
But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride.

Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace you bring  
As once *Æneas* to th' *Italian* King :  
By long possession all the land is mine,  
You strangers come with your intruding line, }  
To share my Sceptre, which you call to join. }  
You plead like him an ancient Pedigree,  
And claim a peaceful seat by fates decree.  
In ready pomp your Sacrificer stands,  
T' unite the *Trojan* and the *Latin* bands,  
And that the League more firmly may be ty'd,  
Demand the fair *Lavinia* for your Bride.  
Thus plausibly you veil th' intended wrong,  
But still you bring your exil'd gods along ;  
And will endeavour in succeeding space,  
Those household Poppits on our hearths to place.  
Perhaps some barb'rous Laws have been prefer'd,  
I spake against the *Test*, but was not heard ;  
These to rescind, and Peerage to restore,  
My gracious Sov'reign wou'd my vote implore : }  
I owe him much, but owe my Conscience more. }

Conscience is then your Plea, reply'd the Dame,  
Which well-inform'd will ever be the same.  
But yours is much of the *Camelion* hew,  
To change the dye with every different view.  
When first the *Lyon* sat with awful sway  
Your Conscience taught you duty to obey :  
He might have had your Statutes and your Test,  
No Conscience but of Subjects was profess'd.  
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,  
But on that broken reed your Church rely'd.  
In vain the Sects assay'd their utmost art  
With offer'd Treasure to espouse their part, }  
Their Treasures were a bribe too mean to move his heart. }  
But when by long experience you had prov'd,  
How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd ;  
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,  
And only short of Heav'n's unbounded grace :  
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our Isle,  
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the *Nile*,  
Forgetting whence your *Ægypt* was supply'd,  
You thought your Sov'reign bound to send the tide :  
Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,  
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a King :  
Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began  
To stretch her limits, and extend the span,



Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,  
 And made a wise Alliance with her foes.  
 Can Conscience own th' associating name,  
 And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?  
 For sure she has been thought a bashful Dame.  
 But if the cause by battel shou'd be try'd,  
 You grant she must espouse the regal side:  
 O *Proteus* Conscience, never to be ty'd!  
 What *Phæbus* from the *Tripod* shall disclose,  
 Which are in last resort, your friends or foes?  
*Homer*, who learn'd the Language of the Skie,  
 The seeming *Gordian* knot wou'd soon untie;  
 Immortal powers the term of Conscience know,  
 But interest is her name with men below.

Conscience or int'rest be't, or both in one;  
 (The *Panther* answer'd in a surly tone,)  
 The first commands me to maintain the Crown,  
 The last forbids to throw my barriers down.  
 Our penal Laws no sons of yours admit,  
 Our *Test* excludes your Tribe from benefit.  
 These are my banks your Ocean to withstand,  
 Which proudly rising overlooks the land:  
 And once let in, with unresisted sway  
 Wou'd sweep the Pastors and their flocks away.  
 Think not my judgment leads me to comply  
 With Laws unjust, but hard necessity:  
 Imperious need which cannot be withstood  
 Makes ill authentick, for a greater good.  
 Possess your Soul with patience, and attend:  
 A more auspicious Planet may ascend;  
 Good fortune may present some happier time,  
 With means to cancel my unwilling crime;  
 (Unwilling, witness all ye Powers above)  
 To mend my errors and redeem your love:  
 That little space you safely may allow,  
 Your all-dispensing power protects you now.

Hold, said the *Hind*, 'tis needless to explain;  
 You wou'd *postpone* me to another reign:  
 Till when you are content to be unjust,  
 Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.  
 A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,  
 For present profit and inheritance:  
 Few words will serve to finish our dispute,  
 Who will not now repeal wou'd persecute;  
 To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,  
 Wishing that happier Planet wou'd ascend:  
 For shame let Conscience be your Plea no more,  
 To will hereafter, proves she might before;  
 But she's a Bawd to Gain, and holds the Door.

Your care about your Banks, infers a fear  
 Of threatening Floods, and Inundations near;  
 If so, a just Reprise would only be  
 Of what the Land usurp'd upon the Sea;  
 And all your Jealousies but serve to show  
 Your Ground is, like your Neighbour-Nation, low.  
 T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous Laws,  
 Is to distrust the justice of your Cause;



And argues that the true Religion lyes  
In those weak Adversaries you despise.

Tyrannick force is that which least you fear,  
The sound is frightful in a Christians Ear ;  
Avert it, Heaven ; nor let that Plague be sent  
To us from the dispeopled Continent.

But Piety commands me to refrain ;  
Those Pray'rs are needless in this Monarch's Reign.  
Behold ! how he protects your Friends oppress'd,  
Receives the Banish'd, succours the Distress'd :  
Behold, for you may read an honest open Breast.  
He stands in Day-light, and disdains to hide  
An Act to which, by Honour he is ty'd,  
A Generous, Laudable, and Kingly Pride.  
Your Test he would repeal, his Peers restore,  
This when he says he means, he means no more.

Well, said the *Panther*, I believe him just,  
And yet —

And yet, 'tis but because you must,  
You would be trusted, but you would not trust.  
The *Hind* thus briefly ; and disdain'd t' inlarge  
On Pow'r of *Kings*, and their Superiour charge,  
As Heav'n's Trustees before the Peoples choice:  
Tho' sure the *Panther* did not much rejoyce  
To hear those *Echo's* giv'n of her once Loyal voice.

The *Matron* wou'd her Kindness to the last,  
But cou'd not win ; her hour of Grace was past.  
Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring  
To leave the *Wolf*, and to believe her King,  
She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her Joy  
Of her late Treaty with her new Ally :  
Which well she hop'd wou'd more successful prove,  
Than was the *Pigeons*, and the *Buzzards* love.  
The *Panther* ask'd, what concord there cou'd be  
Betwixt two kinds whose Natures disagree ?  
The *Dame* reply'd, 'Tis sung in ev'ry Street,  
The common chat of Gossips when they meet :  
But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while  
To take a wholesome Tale, tho' told in homely stile.

A Plain good Man, whose Name is understood,  
(So few deserve the name of Plain and Good)  
Of three fair lineal Lordships stood possess'd,  
And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best ;  
Inur'd to hardships from his early Youth,  
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth :  
At Land, and Sea, in many a doubtful Fight,  
Was never known a more adven'trous Knight,  
Who oftner drew his Sword, and always for the right.

As fortune wou'd (his fortune came tho' late)  
He took Possession of his just Estate :  
Nor rack'd his Tenants with increase of Rent,  
Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent ;  
But overlook'd his *Hinds*, their Pay was just,  
And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust :  
Slow to resolve, but in performance quick ;  
So true, that he was awkward at a trick.



For little Souls on little shifts rely,  
 And Coward Arts of mean Expedients try :  
 The noble Mind will dare do any thing but lye.  
 False Friends, (his deadliest Foes,) could find no way  
 But shows of honest bluntness to betray ;  
 That unsuspected plainness he believ'd ;  
 He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd.  
 Some lucky Planet sure attends his Birth,  
 Or Heav'n wou'd make a Miracle on Earth ;  
 For prosp'rous Honesty is seldom seen :  
 To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.  
 It looks as Fate with Nature's Law would strive,  
 To shew Plain Dealing once an Age may thrive :  
 And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,  
 Exceeded her Commission to befriend.

This grateful Man, as Heaven increas'd his Store,  
 Gave God again, and daily fed his Poor ;  
 His House with all convenience was purvey'd ;  
 The rest he found, but rais'd the Fabrick where he pray'd ;  
 And in that Sacred Place, his beauteous Wife  
 Employ'd her happiest hours of Holy Life.

Nor did their Alms extend to those alone  
 Whom common Faith more strictly made their own ;  
 A sort of *Doves* were hous'd too near their Hall,  
 Who cross the Proverb, and abound with Gall.  
 Tho' some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,  
 The greater Part degenerate from their kind ;  
 Voracious Birds, that hotly Bill and breed,  
 And largely drink, because on Salt they feed.  
 Small Gain from them their Bounteous Owner draws ;  
 Yet, bound by Promise, he supports their Cause,  
 As Corporations priviledg'd by Laws.

That House which harbour to their kind affords  
 Was built, long since, God knows, for better Birds ;  
 But flutt'ring there they nestle near the Throne,  
 And lodge in Habitations not their own,  
 By their high Crops, and Corny Gizzards known.  
 Like *Harpy's* they could scent a plenteous board,  
 Then to be sure they never fail'd their Lord.  
 The rest was form, and bare Attendance paid,  
 They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.  
 The more they fed, they raven'd still for more,  
 They drain'd from *Dan*, and left *Beerseba* poor ;  
 All this they had by Law, and none repin'd,  
 The preference was but due to *Levi's* Kind ;  
 But when some Lay-preferment fell by chance,  
 The Gourmands made it their Inheritance.  
 When once possess'd, they never quit their Claim,  
 For then 'tis sanctify'd to Heavens high Name ;  
 And Hallow'd thus they cannot give Consent,  
 The Gift should be prophan'd by Worldly management.

Their Flesh was never to the Table serv'd,  
 Tho' 'tis not thence infer'd the Birds were starv'd,  
 But that their Master did not like the Food,  
 As rank, and breeding Melancholy Blood.  
 Nor did it with His Gracious Nature suite,  
 Ev'n tho' they were not *Doves*, to persecute :

Yet



Yet he refus'd, (nor could they take Offence)  
 Their Glutton Kind should teach him abstinence.  
 Nor Consecrated Grain their Wheat he thought,  
 Which new from treading in their Bills they brought:  
 But left his Hinds, each in his Private Pow'r,  
 That those who like the Bran might leave the Flow'r:  
 He for himself, and not for others chose,  
 Nor would He be impos'd on, nor impose;  
 But in their Faces His Devotion paid,  
 And Sacrifice with Solemn Rites was made,  
 And Sacred Incense on his Altars laid.

Besides these jolly Birds, whose Crops impure,  
 Repay'd their Commons with their Salt Manure;  
 Another Farm he had behind his House,  
 Not overstock'd, but barely for his use;  
 Wherein his poor Domestick Poultry fed,  
 And from His Pious Hands receiv'd their Bread.  
 Our pamper'd Pigeons with malignant Eyes,  
 Beheld these Inmates, and their Nurseries:  
 Tho' hard their Fare, at Ev'ning, and at Morn  
 A Cruise of Water and an Ear of Corn;  
 Yet still they grudg'd that Modicum, and thought  
 A Sheaf in ev'ry single Grain was brought;  
 Fain would they filch that little Food away,  
 While unrestrain'd those happy Gluttons prey.  
 And much they griev'd to see so nigh their Hall,  
 The Bird that warn'd St. Peter of his Fall;  
 That he should raise his miter'd-Crest on high,  
 And clap his Wings, and call his Family  
 To Sacred Rites; and vex th' Etherial Powers  
 With midnight Mattins, at uncivil Hours:  
 Nay more, his quiet Neighbours should molest,  
 Just in the sweetness of their Morning rest.

Beast of a Bird, supinely when he might  
 Lye snugg and sleep, to rise before the light:  
 What if his dull Forefathers us'd that cry,  
 Could he not let a bad Example die?  
 The World was fall'n into an easier way;  
 This Age knew better, than to fast and Pray.  
 Good Sense in Sacred Worship wou'd appear  
 So to begin, as they might end the year.  
 Such feats in former times had wrought the falls  
 Of Crowing Chanticleers in Cloyster'd Walls.  
 Expell'd for this, and for their Lands they fled;  
 And Sister Partlet with her hooded head  
 Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-Bed.  
 The way to win the restiff World to God,  
 Was to lay by the Disciplining Rod,  
 Unnatural Fasts, and Foreign Forms of Pray'r;  
 Religion frights us with a meen severe.  
 'Tis Prudence to reform her into Ease,  
 And put Her in Undress to make Her please:  
 A lively Faith will bear aloft the Mind,  
 And leave the Luggage of good Works behind.

Such Doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught,  
 You need not ask how wondrously they wrought;  
 But sure the common Cry was all for these,  
 Whose Life and Precept both encourag'd Ease.



Yet fearing those alluring Baits might fail,  
 And Holy Deeds o're all their Arts prevail :  
 (For Vice, tho' frontless, and of harden'd Face  
 Is daunted at the sight of awful Grace)  
 An hideous Figure of their Foes they drew,  
 Nor Lines, nor Looks, nor Shades, nor Colours true ;  
 And this Grotesque design, expos'd to Publick view.  
 One would have thought it some Ægyptian Piece,  
 With Garden-Gods, and barking Deities,  
 More thick than *Ptolomey* has stuck the Skies.  
 All so perverse a Draught, so far unlike,  
 It was no Libel where it meant to strike :  
 Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and Great and Small  
 To view the Monster crowded Pigeon-hall.  
 There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees  
 Adoring Shrines, and Stocks of Sainted Trees,  
 And by him, a mishapen, ugly Race ;  
 The Curse of God was seen on ev'ry Face :  
 No *Holland* Emblem could that Malice mend,  
 But still the worse the look the fitter for a Fiend.

The Master of the Farm displeas'd to find  
 So much of Rancour in so mild a kind,  
 Enquir'd into the Cause, and came to know,  
 The Passive Church had struck the foremost blow :  
 With groundless Fears, and Jealousies possess'd,  
 As if this troublesome intruding Guest  
 Would drive the Birds of *Venus*, from their Nest.  
 A Deed his inborn Equity abhor'd,  
 But Int'rest will not trust, tho' God should plight his Word.

A Law, the Source of many Future harms,  
 Had banish'd all the Poultry from the Farms ;  
 With loss of Life, if any should be found  
 To crow or peck on this forbidden Ground.  
 That Bloody Statute chiefly was design'd  
 For *Chanticleer* the white, of Clergy kind ;  
 But after-malice did not long forget  
 The Lay that wore the Robe, and Coronet ;  
 For them, for their Inferiours and Allyes,  
 Their Foes a deadly *Shibboleth* devise :  
 By which unrighteously it was decreed,  
 That none to Trust, or Profit should succeed,  
 Who would not swallow first a poysonous wicked Weed :  
 Or that, to which old *Socrates* was curs'd,  
 Or Henbane-Justice to 'well 'em till they burst,  
 The Patron (as in reason) thought it hard  
 To see this Inquisition in his Yard,  
 By which the Sovereign was of Subjects use debarr'd.

All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw  
 Th' Effects of so unnatural a Law :  
 But still the Dove-house obstinately stood  
 Deaf to their own, and to their Neighbours good :  
 And which was worse, (if any worse could be)  
 Repented of their boasted Loyalty :  
 Now made the Champions of a cruel Cause,  
 And drunk with Fumes of Popular Applause ;  
 For those whom God to ruine has design'd,  
 He fits for Fate, and first destroys their Mind.



New Doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,  
Suggested Dangers, interpos'd Delays;  
And Emissary Pigeons had in store,  
Such as the *Meccan* Prophet us'd of yore,  
To whisper Counsels in their Patron's Ear;  
And veil'd their false Advice with Zealous Fear.  
The Master smil'd to see 'em work in vain,  
To wear him out, and make an idle Reign:  
He saw, but suffer'd their Protractive Arts,  
And strove by mildness to reduce their Hearts;  
But they abus'd that Grace to make Allies,  
And fondly clos'd with former Enemies;  
For Fools are double Fools, endeavoring to be wise.

After a grave Consult what course were best,  
One more mature in Folly than the rest,  
Stood up, and told 'em, with his head aside,  
That desp'rate Cures must be to desp'rate Ills apply'd:  
And therefore since their main impending fear  
Was from th' encreasing race of *Chanticleer*;  
Some Potent Bird of Prey they ought to find,  
A Foe profess'd to him, and all his kind:  
Some haggard *Hawk*, who had her eyry nigh,  
Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly;  
One they might trust, their common wrongs to wreak:  
The *Musquet*, and the *Coystrel* were too weak,  
Too fierce the *Falcon*, but above the rest,  
The noble *Buzzard* ever pleas'd me best;  
Of small Renown, 'tis true, for not to lye,  
We call him but a *Hawk* by courtesie.  
I know he haunts the *Pigeon-House* and Farm,  
And more, in time of War, has done us harm;  
But all his hate on trivial Points depends,  
Give up our Forms, and we shall soon be Friends.  
For *Pigeons* flesh he seems not much to care,  
Cram'd *Chickens* are a more delicious fare;  
On this high Potentate, without delay,  
I wish you would confer the Sov'reign sway:  
Petition him t' accept the Government,  
And let a splendid Embassy be sent.

This pithy Speech prevail'd, and all agreed,  
Old Enmity's forgot, the *Buzzard* should succeed.  
Their welcome Suit was granted soon as heard,  
His Lodgings furnish'd, and a Train prepar'd,  
With *B's* upon their Breast, appointed for his Guard.  
He came, and Crown'd with great Solemnity,  
God save King *Buzzard*, was the gen'ral cry.

A Portly Prince, and goodly to the sight,  
He seem'd a Son of *Anach* for his height:  
Like those whom stature did to Crowns prefer;  
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like *Homer's Jupiter*:  
Broad-back'd, and Brawny built for Love's delight,  
A Prophet form'd, to make a female Profelyte.  
A Theologue more by need, than genial bent,  
By Breeding sharp, by Nature confident.  
Int'rest in all his Actions was discern'd;  
More learn'd than Honest, more a Wit than learn'd,  
Or forc'd by Fear, or by his Profit led,  
Or both conjoyn'd, his Native clime he fled:

But



But brought the Virtues of his Heav'n along;  
 Fair Behaviour, and a fluent Tongue.  
 And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive;  
 The most unlucky Parasite alive.  
 Loud Praises to prepare his Paths he sent,  
 And then himself pursu'd his Compliment:  
 But, by reverse of Fortune chac'd away,  
 His Gifts no longer than their Author stay:  
 He shakes the Dust against th' ungrateful race,  
 And leaves the stench of Ordures in the place.  
 Oft has he flatter'd, and blasphem'd the same,  
 For in his Rage, he spares no Sov'raigns name:  
 The Hero, and the Tyrant change their style  
 By the same measure that they frown or smile;  
 When well receiv'd by hospitable Foes,  
 The kindness he returns, is to expose:  
 For Courtesies, tho' undeserv'd and great,  
 No gratitude in Fellon-minds beget,  
 As tribute to his Wit, the churl receives the treat.  
 His praise of Foes is venomously Nice,  
 So touch'd, it turns a Virtue to a Vice:  
 A Greek, and bounteful forewarns us twice.  
 Seven Sacraments he wisely does disown,  
 Because he knows Confession stands for one;  
 Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,  
 And not for Fear, or Love, to be betray'd:  
 But he, uncall'd, his Patron to controul,  
 Divulg'd the secret whispers of his Soul:  
 Stood forth th' accusing Sathan of his Crimes,  
 And offer'd to the *Moloch* of the Times.  
 Prompt to assaile, and careless of defence,  
 Invulnerable in his Impudence;  
 He dares the World, and eager of a name,  
 He thrusts about, and jostles into fame.  
 Frontless, and Satyr-proof he scow'rs the streets,  
 And runs an *Indian* muck at all he meets.  
 So fond of loud Report, that not to miss  
 Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)  
 He rather would be known, for what he is.  
 Such was, and is the Captain of the test,  
 Tho' half his Virtues are not here express't;  
 The modesty of Fame conceals the rest,  
 The spleenful *Pigeons* never could create  
 A Prince more proper to revenge their hate:  
 Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save;  
 A King, whom in his wrath, th' Almighty gave:  
 For all the Grace the Landlord had allow'd,  
 But made the *Buzzard* and the *Pigeons* proud;  
 Gave time to fix their Friends, and to seduce the crowd.  
 They long their Fellow-Subjects to inthrall,  
 Their Patrons promise into question call,  
 And vainly think he meant to make 'em Lords of all.  
 False Fears their Leaders fail'd not to suggest,  
 As if the *Doves* were to be dispossest;  
 Nor Sighs, nor Groans, nor gogling Eyes did want;  
 For now the *Pigeons* too had learn'd to Cant.  
 The House of Pray'r is stock'd with large encrease;  
 Nor Doors, nor Windows can contain the Press:

Ch. Eng.



For Birds of ev'ry Feather fill th' Abode ;  
 Even Atheists out of envy own a God :  
 And reeking from the Stews Adult'ers come,  
 Like *Goths* and *Vandals* to demolish *Rome*.  
 That Conscience which to all their Crimes was mute,  
 Now calls aloud, and cries to Persecute.  
 No rigour of the Laws to be releas'd,  
 And much the less, because it was their Lord's request :  
 They thought it great their Sov'rain to controul,  
 And nam'd their Pride, Nobility of Soul.

'Tis true, the *Pigeons*, and their Prince Elect  
 Were short of Pow'r, their purpose to effect :  
 But with their Quills, did all the hurt they cou'd,  
 And cuff'd the tender *Chickens* from their food :  
 And much the *Buzzard* in their Cause did stir,  
 Tho' naming not the Patron, to infer  
 With all respect, He was a gross Idolater.

But when th' Imperial owner did espy  
 That thus they turn'd his Grace to villany,  
 Not suff'ring wrath to discompose his mind,  
 He strove a temper for th' extreams to find,  
 So to be just, as he might still be kind.  
 Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a Doom  
 Of Sacred Strength for every Age to come.  
 By this the Doves their Wealth and State possess,  
 No Rights infring'd, but Licence to oppress :  
 Such Pow'r have they as Faction's Lawyers long  
 To Crowns ascrib'd, that Kings can do no wrong.  
 But, since His own Domestick Birds have try'd  
 The dire Effects of their destructive Pride,  
 He deems that Proof a Measure to the rest,  
 Concluding well within his Kingly Breast,  
 His Fowl of Nature too unjustly were oppress'd.  
 He therefore makes all Birds of ev'ry Sect  
 Free of his Farm, with promise to respect  
 Their several Kinds alike, and equally protect.  
 His Gracious Edict the same Franchise yields  
 To all the wild encrease of Woods and Fields,  
 And who in Rocks aloof, and who in Steeples builds.  
 To *Crows* the like Impartial Grace affords,  
 And *Choughs* and *Daws*, and such Republick Birds :  
 Secur'd with ample Priviledge to feed,  
 Each has his District, and his Bounds decreed :  
 Combin'd in common Int'rest with his own,  
 But not to pass the Pigeons *Rubicon*.

Here ends the Reign of this pretended Dove ;  
 All Prophecies accomplish'd from above,  
 For *Shiloh* comes the Scepter to Remove.  
 Reduc'd from Her Imperial High Abode,  
 Like *Dionysius* to a private Rod :

The Passive Church, that with pretended Grace  
 Did Her distinctive Mark in Duty place,  
 Now Touch'd, Reviles Her Maker to his Face.

What after happen'd is not hard to guess ;  
 The small Beginnings had a large Encrease,  
 And Arts and Wealth succeed (the secret spoils of Peace.)  
 'Tis said the Doves repented, tho' too late,  
 Become the Smiths of their own Foolish Fate :



Nor did their Owner hasten their ill hour:  
But, sunk in Credit, they decreas'd in Pow'r:  
Like Snows in warmth that mildly pass away,  
Dissolving in the Silence of Decay.

The *Buzzard* not content with equal place,  
Invites the feather'd *Nimrods* of his Race,  
To hide the thinness of their Flock from Sight,  
And all together make a seeming, goodly Flight:  
But each have sep'rate Int'rests of their own,  
Two *Czars*, are one too many for a Throne.  
Nor can th' Usurper long abstain from Food,  
Already he has tasted Pigeons Blood:  
And may be tempted to his former fare,  
When this Indulgent Lord shall late to Heav'n repair.  
Bare bending times, and moulting Months may come,  
When lagging late, they cannot reach their home:  
Or Rent in Schism, (for so their Fate decrees,)  
Like the Tumultuous Colledge of the Bees;  
They fight their Quarrel, by themselves oppress;  
The Tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast.

Thus did the gentle *Hind* her Fable end,  
Nor would the *Panther* blame it, nor commend;  
But, with affected Yawnings at the close,  
Seem'd to require her natural repose.  
For now the streaky light began to peep;  
And setting Stars admonish'd both to sleep.  
The Dame withdrew, and, wishing to her Guest  
The peace of Heav'n, betook her self to rest.  
Ten thousand Angels on her slumbers wait  
With glorious Visions of her future state.

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ERRATA.

In the following Poem, Fol. 132. Line 34. Read, *And They who most perform'd and promis'd less.*

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THRENODIA



# THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A

## FUNERAL-PINDARIQUE

## POEM

Sacred to the Happy Memory of

## King CHARLES II.

I.

**T**Hus long my Grief has kept me dumb:  
 Sure there's a Lethargy in mighty Woe,  
 Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow;  
 And the sad Soul retires into her inmost Room:  
 Tears, for a Stroke foreseen, afford Relief;  
 But, unprovided for a sudden Blow,  
 Like *Niobe* we Marble grow;  
 And *Petresie* with Grief.  
 Our *British* Heav'n was all Serene,  
 No threatening Cloud was nigh,  
 Not the least wrinkle to deform the Sky;  
 We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily  
 As the first Age in Nature's golden Seene;  
 Supine amidst our flowing Store,  
 We slept securely, and we dreamt of more:  
 When suddenly the Thunder-clap was heard,  
 It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,  
 Already lost before we fear'd.  
 Th' amazing News of *Charles* at once were spread,  
 At once the general Voice declar'd,  
 Our *Gracious Prince* was dead.  
 No Sickness known before, no slow Disease,  
 To soften Grief by Just Degrees:  
 But, like an Hurricane on *Indian* Seas,  
 The Tempest rose;  
 An unexpected Burst of Woes:  
 With scarce a breathing space betwixt,  
 This *Now* becalm'd, and perishing the next.  
 As if great *Atlas* from his Height  
 Shou'd sink beneath his Heavenly Weight,  
 And, with a mighty Flaw, the flaming Wall  
 (as once it shall) [Ball;  
 Shou'd gape immense and rushing down, o'erwhelm this neather  
 So swift and so surprizing was our Fear:  
 Our *Atlas* fell indeed; But *Hercules* was near.

II.

His Pious Brother, sure the best  
 Who ever bore that Name,  
 Was newly risen from his Rest,  
 And, with a fervent Flame,

U

His



His usual morning Vows had just address  
 For his dear Sovereign's Health;  
 And hop'd to have 'em heard,  
 In long encrease of years,  
 In Honour, Fame and Wealth:  
 Guiltless of Greatness thus he always pray'd,  
 Nor knew nor wish'd those Vows he made,  
 On his own Head shou'd be repay'd.  
 Soon as th' ill omen'd Rumour reacht his Ear,  
 (Ill news is wing'd with Fate, and flies apace)  
 Who can describe th' Amazement in his Face!  
 Horror in all his Pomp was there,  
 Mute and magnificent without a Tear:  
 And then the Hero first was seen to fear.  
 Half unarray'd he ran to his Relief,  
 So hasty and so artless was his Grief:  
 Approaching Greatness met him with her Charms  
 Of Pow'r and future State;  
 But look'd so ghastly in a Brother's Fate,  
 He shook her from his Arms.  
 Arriv'd within the mournful Room, he saw  
 A wild Distraction, void of Awe,  
 And Arbitrary Grief unbounded by a Law,  
 God's Image, God's Anointed lay,  
 Without Motion, Pulse or Breath,  
 A senseless Lump of sacred Clay,  
 An Image, now, of Death.  
 Amidst his sad Attendants Groans and Cries;  
 The Lines of that ador'd, forgiving Face,  
 Distorted from their native grace;  
 An Iron Slumber sate on his Majestick Eyes.  
 The Pious Duke — forbear audacious Muse,  
 No Terms thy feeble Art can use  
 Are able to adorn so vast a Woe:  
 The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did show,  
 His like a Sovereign did transcend;  
 No Wife, no Brother, such a Grief cou'd know,  
 Nor any name, but Friend.

## III.

O wondrous Changes of a fatal Scene,  
 Still varying to the last!  
 Heav'n, though its hard Decree was past,  
 Seem'd pointing to a gracious Turn agen:  
 And Death's up-lifted Arm arrested in its haste.  
 Heav'n half repented of the doom,  
 And almost griev'd it had foreseen,  
 What by Foresight it will'd eternally to come.  
 Mercy above did hourly plead  
 For her Resemblance here below;  
 And mild Forgiveness intercede  
 To stop the coming Blow.  
 New Miracles approach'd th' Etherial Throne,  
 Such as his wondrous Life had oft and lately known,  
 And urg'd that still they might be shown.  
 On Earth his Pious Brother pray'd and vow'd,  
 Renouncing Greatness at so dear a rate,  
 Himself defending what he cou'd,  
 From all the Glories of his future Fate.

With



With him th' innumerable Croud,  
 Of armed Prayers  
 Knock'd at the Gates of Heav'n, and knock'd aloud;  
 The first, well meaning rude Petitioners.  
 All for his life assayl'd the Throne,  
 All wou'd have brib'd the Skies by offering up their own.  
 So great a Throng not Heav'n it self cou'd bar;  
 'Twas almost born by force as in the Giants War.  
 The Pray'rs, at least, for his Reprieve were heard;  
 His Death, like *Hezekiah's*, was deferr'd:  
 Against the Sun the Shadow went;  
 Five days, those five Degrees, were lent  
 To form our Patience and prepare th' Event.  
 The second Causes took the swift Command,  
 The med'cinal Head, the ready Hand,  
 All eager to perform their Part,  
 All but Eternal Doom was conquer'd by their Art:  
 Once more the fleeting Soul came back  
 To inspire the mortal Frame,  
 And in the Body took a doubtful Stand,  
 Doubtful and hov'ring like expiring Flame,  
 That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the Brand.

## IV.

The joyful short-iv'd news soon spread around,  
 Took the same Train, the same impetuous bound:  
 The drooping Town in smiles again was drest,  
 Gladness in every Face exprest,  
 Their eyes before their Tongues confest.  
 Men met each other with erected look,  
 The steps were higher that they took,  
 Each to congratulate his Friend made haste;  
 And long inveterate Foes saluted as they past:  
 Above the rest Heroick *James* appear'd  
 Exalted more, because he more had fear'd:  
 His manly Heart, whose Noble pride  
 Was still above  
 Dissembled hate or varnisht Love,  
 Its more than common transport cou'd not hide;  
 But like an \* *Eagre* rode in triumph o're the tide.  
 Thus, in alternate Course,  
 The Tyrant passions, hope and fear,  
 Did in extreams appear,  
 And flasht upon the Soul with equal force.  
 Thus, at half Ebb, a rowling Sea  
 Returns and wins upon the shoar;  
 The watry Herd, affrighted at the roar,  
 Rest on their Fins a while, and stay,  
 Then backward take their wandering way:  
 The Prophet wonders more than they,  
 At Prodigies but rarely seen before,  
 And cries a *King* must fall, or Kingdoms change their sway.  
 Such were our counter-tides at land, and so  
 Presaging of the fatal blow,  
 In their prodigious Ebb and flow.  
 The Royal Soul, that like the labouring Moon,  
 By Charms of Art was hurried down,  
 Forc'd with regret to leave her Native Sphear,  
 Came but a while on liking here:

\* An *Eagre*  
 is a Tide  
 swelling a-  
 bove ano-  
 ther Tide,  
 which I  
 have my  
 self observ'd  
 on the Ri-  
 ver Trent.



Soon weary of the painful strife,  
 And made but faint Essays of Life:  
 An Evening light  
 Soon shut in Night;  
 A strong distemper, and a weak relief,  
 Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

## V.

The Sons of Art all Med'cines try'd  
 And every Noble remedy apply'd;  
 With emulation each essay'd  
 His utmost skill, nay more they pray'd:  
 Was never losing game with better conduct plaid,  
 Death never won a stake with greater toil,  
 Nor e're was Fate so near a foil:  
 But, like a fortress on a Rock,  
 Th' impregnable Disease their vain attempts did mock;  
 They min'd it near, they batter'd from a-far  
 With all the Cannon of the Med'cinal War;  
 No gentle means cou'd be essay'd,  
 Twas beyond parly when the siege was laid:  
 Th' extreamest ways they first ordain,  
 Prescribing such intolerable pain,  
 As none but *Cæsar* cou'd sustain:  
 Undaunted *Cæsar* underwent  
 The malice of their Art, nor bent  
 Beneath what e're their Pious rigour cou'd invent:  
 In five such days he suffer'd more  
 Than any suffer'd in his reign before;  
 More, infinitely more, than he,  
 Against the worst of Rebels, cou'd decree.  
 A Traytor or twice pardon'd Enemy.  
 Now Art was tir'd without success,  
 No Racks cou'd make the stubborn malady confess.  
 The vain *Insurancers* of life,  
 And He who most perform'd and promis'd less,  
 Even *Short* and *Hobbs*, forsook th' unequal strife.  
 Death and despair was in their looks,  
 No longer they consult their Memories or Books;  
 Like helpless friends, who view from shoar  
 The labouring Ship, and hear the tempest roar,  
 So stood they with their arms across;  
 Not to assist; but to deplore  
 Th' inevitable loss.

## VI.

Death was denounc'd; that frightful sound  
 Which even the best can hardly bear,  
 He took the Summons void of fear;  
 And, unconcern'dly, cast his eyes around;  
 As if to find and dare the grisly Challenger.  
 What death cou'd do he lately try'd,  
 When in four days he more than dy'd.  
 The same assurance all his words did grace;  
 The same Majestick mildness held its place;  
 Nor lost the Monarch in his dying face.  
 Intrepid, Pious, Merciful, and Brave,  
 He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.



## VII.

As if some Angel had been sent  
 To lengthen out his Government,  
 And to foretel as many years again,  
 As he had number'd in his happy Reign,  
 So chearfully he took the doom  
 Of his departing Breath ;  
 Nor shrunk nor stept aside for Death :  
 But, with unalter'd pace, kept on ;  
 Providing for events to come,  
 When he resign'd the Throne.  
 Still he maintain'd his Kingly State ;  
 And grew familiar with his fate.  
 Kind, good and gracious to the last,  
 On all he lov'd before, his dying beams he cast :  
 Oh truly good, and truly great,  
 For glorious as he rose benignly so he set !  
 All that on Earth he held most dear,  
 He recommended to his Care,  
 To whom both Heaven,  
 The right had giv'n  
 And his own Love bequeath'd supream Command :  
 He took and prest that ever Loyal Hand,  
 Which cou'd in Peace secure his Reign,  
 Which cou'd in Wars his Pow'r maintain,  
 That Hand on which no plighted vows were ever vain.  
 Well for so great a trust, he chose  
 A Prince who never disobey'd :  
 Not when the most severe Commands were laid ;  
 Nor want, nor Exile with his duty weigh'd :  
 A Prince on whom (if Heaven its Eyes cou'd close)  
 The Welfare of the World it safely might repose.

## VIII.

That King who liv'd to God's own heart,  
 Yet less serenely died than he :  
*Charles* left behind no harsh decree  
 For Schoolmen with laborious art  
 To save from cruelty :  
 Those, for whom love cou'd no excuses frame,  
 He graciously forgot to name.  
 Thus far my Muse, though rudely, has design'd  
 Some faint resemblance of his Godlike Mind :  
 But neither Pen nor Pencil can express  
 The parting Brother's *tenderness* :  
 Though that's a Term too mean and low ;  
 (The blest above a kinder word may know :)  
 But what they did, and what they said,  
 The Monarch who Triumphant went,  
 The Militant who staid,  
 Like Painters, when their heighthning Arts are spent,  
 I cast into a Shade.  
 That all forgiving King,  
 The type of him above,  
 That inexhausted spring  
 Of Clemency and Love ;  
 Himself to his next self accus'd,  
 And ask'd that Pardon which he ne're refus'd :



For faults not his, for guilt and Crimes  
 Of Godless men, and of Rebellious times :  
 For an hard Exile, kindly meant,  
 When his ungrateful Country sent  
 Their best *Camillus* into banishment :  
 And forc'd their Sov'raigns Act, they cou'd not his consent.  
 Oh how much rather had that injur'd Chief  
 Repeated all his Sufferings past,  
 Than hear a Pardon beg'd at last,  
 Which giv'n cou'd give the dying no relief :  
 He bent, he sunk beneath his grief :  
 His dauntless heart wou'd fain have held  
 From weeping, but his eyes rebel'd.  
 Perhaps the Godlike Heroe in his Breast  
 Disdain'd, or was asham'd to show  
 So weak, so Womanish a Woe,  
 Which yet the Brother and the Friend so plentifully confest.

## I X.

Amidst that silent show'r, the Royal Mind  
 An easie passage found,  
 And left its sacred Earth behind :  
 Nor murm'ring groan exprest, nor labouring sound,  
 Nor any least tumultuous Breath ;  
 Calm was his Life, and quiet was his Death.  
 Soft as those gentle whispers were,  
 In which th' Almighty did appear ;  
 By the still Sound, the Prophet knew him there.  
 That Peace which made thy Prosperous Reign to shine,  
 That Peace thou leav'st to thy Imperial Line,  
 That Peace, oh happy Shade, be ever thine !

## X.

For all those Joys thy Restauration brought,  
 For all the Miracles it wrought,  
 For all the healing Balm thy Mercy pour'd  
 Into the Nations bleeding Wound,  
 And Care that after kept it sound,  
 For numerous Blessings yearly shour'd,  
 And Property with Plenty Crown'd ;  
 For Freedom, still maintain'd alive,  
 Freedom which in no other Land will thrive,  
 Freedom an *English* Subject's sole Prerogative,  
 Without whose Charms ev'n Peace wou'd be  
 But a dull quiet Slavery :  
 For these and more, accept our Pious Praise ;  
 'Tis all the Subsidy  
 The present Age can raise,  
 The rest is charg'd on late Posterity.  
 Posterity is charg'd the more,  
 Because the large abounding store  
 To them and to their Heirs, is still entail'd by thee.  
 Succession, of a long Descent,  
 Which Chastly in the Channels ran,  
 And from our Demi-gods began,  
 Equal almost to Time in its extent,  
 Through Hazzards numberless and great,  
 Thou hast deriv'd this mighty Blessing down,  
 And fixt the fairest Gemm that decks th' Imperial Crown :  
 Not Faction, when it shook thy Regal Seat,



Not Senates, insolently loud,  
 (Those Ecchoes of a thoughtless Croud,)  
 Not Foreign or Domestick Treachery,  
 Could warp thy Soul to their unjust Decree.  
 So much thy Foes thy manly Mind mistook,  
 Who judg'd it by the Mildness of thy look:  
 Like a well-temper'd Sword, it bent at Will;  
 But kept the Native toughness of the Steel.

## X I.

Be true, O *Clio*, to thy Hero's Name!  
 But draw him strictly so  
 That all who view, the Piece may know,  
 He needs no Trappings of fictitious Fame:  
 The Load's too weighty: Thou may'st chuse  
 Some Parts of Praise, and some refuse:  
 Write, that his Annals may be thought more lavish than the Muse.  
 In scanty Truth thou hast confin'd  
 The Virtues of a Royal Mind,  
 Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just and kind:  
 His Conversation, Wit, and Parts,  
 His Knowledge in the Noblest, useful Arts,  
 Were such, Dead Authors could not give;  
 But habitudes of those who live;  
 Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:  
 He drain'd from all, and all they knew;  
 His Apprehension quick, his Judgment true:  
 That the most Learn'd, with shame, confess  
 His Knowledge more, his Reading only less.

## X I I.

Amidst the peaceful Triumphs of his Reign,  
 What wonder if the kindly beams he shed  
 Reviv'd the drooping Arts again,  
 If Science rais'd her Head,  
 And soft Humanity that from Rebellion fled;  
 Our Isle, indeed, too fruitful was before;  
 But all uncultivated lay  
 Out of the *Solar* walk and Heavens high way;  
 With rank *Geneva* Weeds run o're,  
 And Cockle, at the best, amidst the Corn it bore:  
 The Royal Husbandman appear'd,  
 And Plough'd, and Sow'd, and Til'd,  
 The Thorns he rooted out; the Rubbish clear'd,  
 And blest th' obedient Field.  
 When, straight, a double Harvest rose;  
 Such as the swarthy Indian mows;  
 Or happier Climates near the Line,  
 Or Paradise manur'd, and dress'd by hands Divine.

## X I I I.

As when the New-born Phoenix takes his way,  
 His rich Paternal Regions to Survey,  
 Of airy Choristers a numerous Train  
 Attend his wondrous Progress o're the Plain;  
 So, rising from his Father's Urn,  
 So Glorious did our *Charles* return;  
 Th' officious Muses came along,  
 A gay Harmonious Quire of Angels ever Young:  
 (The Muse that mourns him now his happy Triumph sung,)



Even *they* cou'd thrive in his Auspicious Reign ;  
 And such a plenteous Crop they bore  
 Of purest and well winow'd Grain,  
 As *Britain* never knew before.  
 Though little was their Hire, and light their Gain,  
 Yet somewhat to their share he threw ;  
 Fed from his Hand, they sung and flew,  
 Like Birds of Paradise, that liv'd on Morning dew.  
 Oh never let their Lays his Name forget !  
 The Pension of a Prince's Praise is great.  
 Live then, thou great Encourager of Arts,  
 Live ever in our Thankful Hearts ;  
 Live blest Above, almost invok'd Below ;  
 Live and receive this Pious Vow,  
 Our Patron once, our Guardian Angel now.  
 Thou *Fabius* of a sinking State,  
 Who didst by wise delays, divert our Fate,  
 When Faction like a Tempest rose,  
 In Death's most hideous form,  
 Then, Art to Rage thou didst oppose,  
 To weather out the Storm :  
 Not quitting thy Supream Command,  
 Thou heldst the Rudder with a steady Hand,  
 Till safely on the Shore the Bark did Land :  
 The Bark that all our Blessings brought,  
 Charg'd with thy Self and *James*, a doubly Royal freight.

## XIV.

O frail Estate of Human things,  
 And slippery hopes below !  
 Now to our Cost your Emptiness we know,  
 (For 'tis a Lesson dearly bought)  
 Assurance here is never to be sought,  
 The Best, and best belov'd of Kings,  
 And best deserving to be so,  
 When scarce he had escap'd the fatal blow  
 Of Faction and Conspiracy,  
 Death did his promis'd hopes destroy :  
 He toyl'd, He gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.  
 What mists of Providence are these  
 Through which we cannot see !  
 So Saints, by supernatural Pow'r set free,  
 Are left at last in Martyrdom to dye ;  
 Such is the end of oft repeated Miracles.  
 Forgive me Heav'n that Impious thought,  
 'Twas Grief for *Charles*, to Madness wrought,  
 That Question'd thy Supream Decree !  
 Thou didst his gracious Reign prolong,  
 Even in thy Saints and Angels wrong,  
 His Fellow Citizens of Immortality :  
 For Twelve long years of Exile, born,  
 Twice Twelve we number'd since his blest Return :  
 So strictly wer't thou Just to pay,  
 Even to the driblet of a day.  
 Yet still we murmur, and Complain,  
 The Quails and Manna shou'd no longer rain ;  
 Those Miracles 'twas needless to renew ;  
 The Chosen Flock has now the Promis'd Land in view.



## XV.

A Warlike Prince ascends the Regal State,  
 A Prince, long exercis'd by Fate :  
 Long may he keep, tho he obtains it late.  
 Heroes, in Heaven's peculiar Mold are cast,  
 They and their Poets are not form'd in haste;  
 Man was the first in God's design, and Man was made the last.  
 False Heroes made by Flattery so,  
 Heav'n can strike out, like Sparkles, at a blow ;  
 But e're a Prince is to Perfection brought,  
 He costs Omnipotence a second thought.  
 With Toyl and Sweat,  
 With hardning Cold, and forming Heat,  
 The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,  
 Before th' impenetrable Shield was wrought.  
 It looks as if the Maker wou'd not own  
 The Noble work for his,  
 Before 'twas try'd and found a Masterpiece.

## XVI.

View then a *Monarch* ripen'd for a Throne.  
*Alcides* thus his race began,  
 O're Infancy he swiftly ran ;  
 The future God, at first was more than Man :  
 Dangers and Toils, and *Juno's* Hate  
 Even o're his Cradle lay in wait ;  
 And there he grappled first with Fate :  
 In his young Hands the hissing Snakes he prest,  
 Se early was the Deity confest ;  
 Thus, by degrees, he rose to *Jove's* Imperial Seat ;  
 Thus difficulties prove a Soul legitimately great.  
 Like his, our Hero's Infancy was try'd ;  
 Betimes the Furies did their Snakes provide ;  
 And, to his Infant Arms oppose  
 His Father's Rebels, and his Brother's Foes ;  
 The more oppress'd the higher still he Rose :  
 Those were the Preludes of his Fate,  
 That form'd his Manhood, to subdue  
 The *Hydra* of the many-headed, hissing Crew.

## XXVII.

As after *Numa's* peaceful Reign,  
 The Martial *Aucus* did the Scepter wield,  
 Furbish'd the rusty Sword again,  
 Resum'd the long forgotten Shield,  
 And led the *Latins* to the dusty Field ;  
 So *James* the drowzy *Genius* awakes  
 Of *Britain* long entranc'd in Charms,  
 Restiff and Slumbring on its Arms :  
 'Tis rouz'd, and with a New strung Nerve, the Spear already shakes.  
 No Neighing of the Warriour Steeds,  
 No Drum, or louder Trumpet, needs  
 T'inspire the Coward, warm the Cold,  
 His Voice, his sole appearance makes 'em bold.  
*Gaul* and *Batavia* dread th' impending blow,  
 Too well the Vigour of that Arm they know ;  
 They lick the dust, and Crouch beneath their fatal Foe.  
 Long may they fear this awful Prince,  
 And not provoke his lingring Sword ;  
 Peace is their only sure Defence,



Their best security his Word :  
 In all the Changes of his doubtful State,  
 His Truth, like Heavens, was kept inviolate,  
 For him to Promise is to make it Fate.  
 His *Valour* can Triumph o're Land and Main;  
 With broken Oaths his Fame he will not Stain;  
 With Conquest basely bought, and with inglorious gain.

## XVIII.

For once, O Heaven, unfold thy Adamantine Book;  
 And let his Wondring *Senate* see,  
 If not thy firm immutable Decree,  
 At least the second Page, of great Contingency;  
 Such as consists with Wills, Originally free:

Let them, with glad amazement, look  
 On what their Happiness may be:  
 Let them not still be obstinately blind,  
 Still to divert the good thou hast design'd,  
 Or with Malignant penury,  
 To starve the Royal Virtues of his Mind.  
 Faith is a Christian's, and a Subject's Test,  
 Oh give them to believe, and they are surely blest!

They do; and, with a distant View, I see  
 Th' amended Vows of *English* Loyalty.

And all beyond that Object, there appears

The long Retinue of a Prosperous Reign,

A Series of Successful Years,

In orderly array, a Martial, manly Train.

Behold ev'n to remoter Shores

A Conquering Navy proudly spread;

The British Cannon formidably roars,

While starting from his Oozy Bed,

Th' asserted Ocean rears his reverend Head;

To view and recognize his ancient Lord again:

And, with a willing hand, restores

The Fasces of the Main.

## XXVII.

Britannia



# Britannia Rediviva:

A

## P O E M

O N T H E

## P R I N C E,

Born on the 10th of June ; 1688.

O UR Vows are heard betimes ! and Heaven takes care  
To grant, before we can conclude the Pray'r :  
Preventing Angels met it half the way,  
And sent us back to Praise, who came to Pray.

Just on the Day, when the high mounted Sun  
Did farthest in his Northern Progress run,  
He bended forward and ev'n stretch'd the Sphere  
Beyond the Limits of the lengthen'd Year ;  
To view a Brighter Sun in *Britain* Born ;  
That was the Bus'ness of his longest Morn ;  
The Glorious Object seen 'twas time to turn.

Departing Spring cou'd only stay to shed  
Her Bloomy Beauties on the Genial Bed,  
But left the Manly Summer in her stead,  
With timely Fruit the longing Land to cheer,  
And to fulfil the Promise of the Year.

Betwixt two Seasons comes the Auspicious Heir,  
This Age to blossom, and the next to bear.

(a) Last solemn Sabbath saw the Church attend ;  
The Paraclete in fiery Pomp descend ;  
But when his Wondrous (b) Octave rowl'd again,  
He brought a Royal Infant in his Train.  
So great a Blessing to so good a King  
None but th' Eternal Comforter cou'd bring.

(a) *White*  
*Sunday.*

(b) *Trinity-*  
*Sunday.*

Or did the Mighty Trinity Conspire,  
As once, in Council to Create our Sire ?  
It seems as if they sent the New-Born Guest  
To wait on the Procession of their Feast ;  
And on their Sacred Anniverse decree'd  
To stamp their Image on the promis'd Seed.  
Three Realms united, and on One bestow'd,  
An Emblem of their Mystick Union show'd :  
The Mighty Trine the Triple Empire shar'd,  
As every Person wou'd have one to guard.

Hail Son of Pray'rs ! by Holy Violence  
Drawn down from Heav'n ; but long be banish'd thence,  
And late to thy Paternal Skyes retire :  
To mend our Crimes whole Ages wou'd require :  
To change th' inveterate habit of our Sins,  
And finish what thy Godlike Sire begins.

X 2

Kind



Kind Heaven, to make us *English-Men* again,  
No less can give us than a Patriarch's Reign.

The Sacred Cradle to your Charge receive  
Ye Seraphs, and by turns the Guard relieve;  
Thy Father's Angel and thy Father joyn  
To keep Possession, and secure the Line;  
But long defer the Honours of thy Fate,  
Great may they be like his, like his be late.  
That *James* his runing Century may view,  
And give this Son an Auspice to the New.

Our Wants exact at least that moderate stay :

(c) Alluding  
only to the  
Common-  
wealth Par-  
ty, here and  
in other pla-  
ces of the  
Poem.  
(d) Rev. 12.  
v. 4.

For see the (c) Dragon winged on his way,  
To watch the (d) Travail, and devour the Prey.  
Or, if Allusions may not rise so high,  
Thus, when *Alcides* rais'd his Infant Cry,  
The Snakes besieg'd his Young Divinity :  
But vainly with their forked Tongues they threat;  
For Opposition makes a Heroe Great.  
To needful Succour all the Good will run;  
And *Jove* assert the Godhead of his Son.

O still repining at your present State,  
Grudging your selves the Benefits of Fate,  
Look up, and read in Characters of Light  
A Blessing sent you in your own Despight.  
The Manna falls, yet that Coelestial Bread  
Like *Jews* you Munch, and Murmur while you Feed.  
May not your Fortune be like theirs, Exil'd,  
Yet Forty Years to wander in the Wild :  
Or if it be, may *Moses* live at least  
To lead you to the Verge of promis'd Rest.

Tho' Poets are not Prophets, to foreknow  
What Plants will take the Blite, and what will grow,  
By tracing Heaven his Footsteps may be found :  
Behold! how Awfully He walks the round!  
God is abroad, and wondrous in his ways,  
The Rise of Empires, and their Fall surveys;  
More (might I say) than with an usual Eye,  
He sees his bleeding Church in Ruin lye.  
And hears the Souls of Saints beneath his Altar cry.

(e) The Cross.

Already has he lifted high, the (e) Sign  
Which Crown'd the Conquering Arms of *Constantine* :

(f) The  
Crescent,  
which the  
Turks bear  
for their  
Arms.

The (f) Moon grows pale at that presaging sight,  
And half her Train of Stars have lost their Light.

(g) The Pope  
in the time  
of *Constantine*  
the  
Great, al-  
luding to  
the present  
Pope.

Behold another (g) *Sylvester*, to bless  
The Sacred Standard and secure Success;  
Large of his Treasures, of a Soul so great,  
As fills and crowds his Universal Seat.

(h) K. James  
the Second.

Now view at home a (h) second *Constantine*;  
(The former too, was of the *British* Line)

Has not his healing Balm your Breaches clos'd,  
Whose Exile many sought, and few oppos'd?  
Or, did not Heaven by its Eternal Doom  
Permit those Evils, that this Good might come?  
So manifest, that even the Moon-Ey'd Sects  
See *Whom* and *What* this Providence protects.  
Methinks, had we within our Minds no more  
Than that one Shipwrack one the Fatal (i) Ore.

(i) The  
Lammon  
Ore.

That



That only thought may make us think again,  
 What Wonders God reserves for such a Reign.  
 To dream that Chance his Preservation wrought ;  
 Were to think *Noah* was preserv'd for nought ;  
 Or the Surviving Eight were not design'd  
 To people Earth, and to restore their Kind.

When hionbly on the Royal Babe we gaze,  
 The Manly Lines of a Majestick Face  
 Give awful Joy : 'Tis Paradise to look  
 On the fair Frontispiece of Nature's Book ;  
 If the first opening Page so charms the sight,  
 Think how th' unfolded Volume will delight !  
 See how the Venerable Infant lies  
 In early Pomp ; how through the Mother's Eyes  
 The Father's Soul, with an undaunted view  
 Looks out, and takes our Homage as his due.  
 See on his future Subjects how He smiles,  
 Nor meanly flatters, nor with Craft beguiles ;  
 But with an open Face, as on his Throne,  
 Affures our Birthrights, and assumes his own.

Born in broad Day-light, that th' ungrateful Rout  
 May find no room for a remaining doubt :  
 Truth, which it self is light, does darkness shun,  
 And the true Eaglet safely dares the Sun.

(k) Fain wou'd the Fiends have made a dubious Birth,  
 Loth to confess the Godhead cloath'd in Earth.  
 But sickened after all their Baffled lies,  
 To find an Heir apparent of the Skies :  
 Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,  
 And owning not the Saviour, prove the Judge.

(k) Allud-  
 ing to the  
 Temptations  
 in the Wil-  
 derness.

Not great (l) *Æneas* stood in plainer Day,  
 When, the dark mantling Mist dissolv'd away,  
 He to the *Tyrians* shew'd his sudden Face,  
 Shining with all his Goddess Mother's Grace :  
 For She her self had made his Count'nance bright,  
 Breath'd honour on his Eyes, and her own Purple Light.

(l) Virg.  
*Æneid* 1.

If our Victorious (m) *Edward*, as they say,  
 Gave *Wales* a Prince on that Propitious Day,  
 Why may not Years revolving with his Fate  
 Produce his Like, but with a longer Date ?  
 One who may carry to a distant shoar  
 The Terrour that his Fam'd Forefather bore.  
 But why shou'd *James* or his Young Heroe stay  
 For slight Presages of a Name or Day ?  
 We need no *Edward's* Fortune to Adorn  
 That happy Moment when our Prince was Born :  
 Our Prince Adorns his Day, and Ages hence  
 Shall with his Birth-day for some future Prince.

(m) Edw.  
 the black  
 Prince, Born  
 on Trinity  
 Sunday.

(n) Great *Michael*, Prince of all th' *Ætherial* Hosts,  
 And what e're In-born Saints our *Britain* boasts ;  
 And thou, th' (o) adopted Patron of our Isle,  
 With chearful Aspects on this Infant smile :  
 The Pledge of Heav'n, which dropping from above,  
 Secures our Blifs, and reconciles his Love.

(n) The Mot-  
 to of the  
 Poem ex-  
 plain'd.  
 (o) St.  
 George.

Enough of Ills our dire Rebellion wrought,  
 When, to the Dregs, we drank the bitter draught ;  
 Then Airy Atoms did in Plagues conspire,  
 Nor did th' Avenging Angel yet retire,  
 But purg'd our still encreasing Crimes with Fire.

Then



Then perjur'd Plots, the still impending Test,  
And worse; but Charity conceals the Rest:  
Here stop the Current of the sanguine flood,  
Require not, Gracious God, thy Martyrs Blood;  
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,  
Spread a Rich Harvest through their Native Soil:  
A Harvest ripening for another Reign,  
Of which this Royal Babe may reap the Grain.

Enough of Early Saints one Womb has giv'n;  
Enough encreas'd the Family of Heav'n:  
Let them for his, and our Attonement go;  
And Reigning blest above, leave him to Rule below.

Enough already has the Year foreflow'd  
His wonted Course, the Seas have overflow'd,  
The Meads were floated with a weeping Spring,  
And frighten'd Birds in Woods forgot to sing;  
The Strong-limb'd Steed beneath his Harness faints,  
And the same shiv'ring Sweat his Lord attaints.  
When will the Minister of Wrath give o're?

(p) Allud-  
ing to the  
passage in  
the 1. Book  
of Kings,  
Ch. 24. v.  
20th.

Behold him; at (p) *Araiah's* threshing-floor.  
He stops, and seems to sheath his flaming brand;  
Pleas'd with burnt Incense, from our *David's* hand.  
*David* has bought the *Jebusites* abode,  
And rais'd an Altar to the Living God.

(q) Heav'n  
to reward  
him, make  
his Joys  
sincere;  
No future  
Ills, nor  
Accidents  
appear  
To fully  
and pollute  
the Sacred  
Infants Year.

Heav'n to reward him, make his Joys sincere;  
No future Ills, nor Accidents appear  
To fully and pollute the Sacred Infants Year.

Five Months to Discord and Debate were giv'n:  
He sanctifies the yet remaining Seven  
Sabbath of Months! henceforth in Him be blest,  
And prelude to the Realms perpetual Rest!

(r) Let  
his Baptismal  
drops for us  
atone;

Let his Baptismal drops for us atone;

(q) Original  
Sin.

Lustrations for (q) Offences not his own.

Let Conscience, which is int'rest ill disguis'd,  
In the same Font be cleans'd, and all the Land Baptiz'd.

(s) The  
Prince  
Christen'd,  
but not  
nam'd.

(r) Un-nam'd as yet: at least unknown to Fame:

Is there a strife in Heaven about his Name?

Where every Famous Predecessor Vies,

And makes a Faction for it in the Skies?

Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?

Such was the Sacred (s) *Tetragrammaton*.

Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd:

(t) Some  
Authors  
say, That  
the true  
name of  
Rome was  
kept a se-  
cret; ne-  
hostes in-  
cantamen-  
tis Deos  
elicerent.

Thus the true Name of (t) *Rome* was kept conceal'd,

To shun the Spells, and Sorceries of those

Who durst her Infant Majesty oppose.

But when his tender strength in time shall rise

To dare ill Tongues, and fascinating Eyes;

This Isle, which hides the little Thunderer's Fame,

Shall be too narrow to contain his Name:

Th' Artillery of Heav'n shall make him known;

(u) Can-  
dic  
where Jupi-  
ter was  
born and  
bred secret-  
ly.

(u) *Crete* Cou'd not hold the God, when *Jove* was grown.

As *Joves* (x) Increase, who from his Brain was born,

Whom Arms and Arts did equally adorn,

Free of the Breast was bred, whose Milky taste

*Minerva's* Name to *Venus* had debas'd;

So this Imperial Babe rejects the Food

That mixes Monarchs with *Plebeian* Blood:

(x) *Pallas*,  
or *Miner-  
va*; said by  
the Poets,  
to have  
been bred  
up by  
Hand.

Food



Food that his inborn Courage might controul,  
Extinguish all the Father in his Soul,  
And, for his *Estian* Race, and *Saxon* Strain,  
Might re-produce some second *Richard's* Reign.  
Mildness he shares from both his Parents blood,  
But Kings too tame are despicably good:  
Be this the Mixture of this Regal Child,  
By Nature Manly, but by Virtue Mild.

Thus far the Furious Transport of the News,  
Had to Prophetick Madness fir'd the Muse;  
Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,  
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd;  
Was it for me the dark Abyss to tread,  
And read the Book which Angels cannot read?  
How was I punish'd when the (1) sudden blast,  
The Face of Heav'n, and our young Sun o're-cast!  
Fame, the swift Ill; encreasing as she rowl'd,  
Disease, Despair, and Death, at three reprises told:  
At three insulting strides she stalk'd the Town,  
And, like Contagion, struck the Loyal down.  
Down fell the winnow'd Wheat; but mounted high,  
The Whirl-wind bore the Chaff, and hid the Sky.  
Here black Rebellion shooting from below  
(As Earths (2) Gigantick brood by moments grow)  
And here the Sons of God are petrify'd with Woe:  
An *Appoplex* of Grief! so low were driv'n  
The Saints, as hardly to defend their Heav'n.

(1) The  
sudden false  
Report of  
the Prince's  
Death.

(2) Those  
Gyants are  
feign'd to  
have grown  
15 Ells every  
day.

As, when pent Vapours run their hollow round,  
Earth-quakes, which are Convulsions of the ground,  
Break bellowing forth, and no Confinement brook,  
Till the Third settles, what the former shook;  
Such heavings had our Souls; till slow and late,  
Our Life with his return'd, and Faith prevail'd on Fate.  
By Prayers the mighty *Blessing* was implor'd,  
To Pray'rs was granted, and by Pray'rs restor'd.

So e're the (a) *Shunamite* a Son conceiv'd,  
The Prophet promis'd, and the Wife believ'd,  
A Son was sent, the Son so much desir'd,  
But soon upon the Mother's Knees expir'd.  
The troubled Seer approach'd the mournful Door,  
Ran, pray'd, and sent his Past'ral Staff before,  
Then stretch'd his Limbs upon the Child, and mourn'd,  
Till Warmth, and Breath, and a new Soul return'd.

(a) In the  
second Book  
of Kings,  
Chap. 4th.

Thus Mercy stretches out her hand, and saves  
Desponding *Peter* sinking in the Waves.

As when a sudden Storm of Hail and Rain  
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded Grain,  
Think not the hopes of Harvest are destroy'd  
On the flat Field, and on the naked void;  
The light, unloaded stem, from Tempest freed,  
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;  
And, soon restor'd by native vigour, bear  
The timely product of the bounteous Year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery *Trials* past,  
For Heav'n will exercise us to the last;  
Sometimes will check us in our full career,  
With doubtful Blessings, and with mingled fear;

That,



That, still depending on his daily Grace,  
His every Mercy for an Alms may pass,  
With sparing hands will Dyet us to good ;  
Preventing Surfeits of our pamper'd Blood.  
So feeds the Mother-bird her craving Young,  
With little Morfels, and delays 'em long.

True, this last Blessing was a Royal Feast,  
But, where's the Wedding Garment on the Guest ?  
Our Manners, as Religion were a Dream,  
Are such as teach the Nations to *Blaspheme*.  
In Lusts we wallow, and with Pride we swell,  
And Injuries, with Injuries repel ;  
Prompt to Revenge, not daring to forgive,  
Our Lives unteach the Doctrin we believe ;  
Thus *Israel* Sin'd, impenitently hard,

(b) Sam. 4.  
v. 10.

And vainly thought the (b) present Ark their Guard ;  
But when the haughty *Philistines* appear,  
They fled abandon'd, to their Foes, and fear ;  
Their God was absent, though his Ark was there.  
Ah! lest our Crimes shou'd snatch this Pledge away,  
And make our Joys the Blessings of a Day !  
For we have sin'd him hence, and that he lives,  
God to his promise, not our practice gives.  
Our Crimes wou'd soon weigh down the guilty Scale,  
But *James*, and *Mary*, and the Church prevail.

(c) Exod. 17.  
v. 8.

Nor (c) *Amaleck* can rout the *Chosen Bands*,  
While *Hur* and *Aaron* hold up *Moses* Hands.

By living well, let us secure his days,  
Mod'rate in hopes, and humble in our ways.  
No force the Free-born Spirit can constrain,  
But Charity, and great Examples gain.  
Forgiveness is our thanks, for such a Day ;  
'Tis Godlike, God in his own Coyn to Pay.

But you, Propitious Queen, translated here,  
From your mil'd Heaven, to rule our rugged Sphere,  
Beyond the Sunny walks, and circling Year.  
You, who your Native Climate have bereft  
Of all the Virtues, and the Vices left ;  
Whom Piety, and Beauty make their boast,  
Though Beautiful is well in Pious lost ;  
So lost, as Star-light is dissolv'd away,  
And melts into the brightness of the Day ;  
Or Gold about the Regal Diadem,  
Lost to improve the lustre of the Gem.

What can we add to your Triumphant Day ?  
Let the Great Gift the Beautious Giver Pay.  
For shou'd our thanks awake the rising Sun,  
And lengthen, as his latest shadows run,  
That, tho' the longest day, wou'd soon, too soon be done.  
Let Angels Voices, with their Harps Conspire,  
But keep th' Auspicious Infant from the Quire ;  
Late let him sing above, and let us know  
No sweeter Musick, than his Cryes below.

Nor can I wish to you, Great Monarch more  
Than such an Annual Income to your store ;  
The Day, which gave this *Unit*, did not shine  
For a less Omen, than to fill the *Trine*.



After a Prince, an Admiral beget,  
The Royal Sov'raign wants an Anchor yet.  
Our Isle has younger Titles still in store,  
And when th' exhausted Land can yield no more,  
Your Line can force them from a Foreign shore.

The Name of Great, your Martial Mind will suit,  
But Justice, is your Darling Attribute:  
Of all the *Greeks*, 'twas but (d) one *Hero's* due,  
And, in him, *Plutarch* Prophecy'd of you,  
A Prince's favours but on few can fall,  
But Justice is a Virtue shar'd by all.

(d) Aristi-  
des, see his  
Life in Plu-  
tarch.

Some Kings the name of Conq'rors have assum'd,  
Some to be great, some to be Gods presum'd;  
But boundless Pow'r, and Arbitrary Lust  
Made Tyrants still abhor the Name of Just;  
They shun'd the praise this Godlike Virtue gives,  
And fear'd a Title, that reproach'd their Lives.

The Pow'r from which all Kings derive their state,  
Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,  
Is equal both to punish and reward;  
For few wou'd love their God, unless they fear'd.

Resistless Force and Immortality  
Make but a Lame, Imperfect Deity:  
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,  
And Deathless being ev'n the Damn'd enjoy,  
And yet Heavens Attributes, both last and first,  
One without life, and one with life accurst;  
But Justice is Heav'n's self, so strictly He,  
That cou'd it fail, the God-head cou'd not be.  
This Virtue is your own; but Life and State  
Are one to Fortune subject, One to Fate:  
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile,  
Nor Hopes, nor Fears your steady Hand beguile;  
Your self our Ballance hold, the Worlds, our Isle.

Y

THE



## THE FIRST BOOK

OF

*Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

**O**F Bodies chang'd to various Forms I sing:  
 Ye Gods, from whom these Miracles did spring,  
 Inspire my Numbers with Coelestial heat;  
 Till I, my long laborious Work compleat:  
 And add perpetual Tenour to my Rhimes,  
 Deduc'd from Nature's Birth, to *Cæsar's* Times.

Before the Seas, and this Terrestrial Ball,  
 And Heav'n's high Canopy, that covers all,  
 One was the Face of Nature; if a Face,  
 Rather a rude and indigested Mass:  
 A lifeless Lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd;  
 Of jarring Seeds; and justly Chaos nam'd.  
 No Sun was lighted up, the World to view;  
 No Moon did yet her blunted Horns renew:  
 Nor yet was Earth suspended in the Skye;  
 Nor pois'd, did on her own Foundations lye:  
 Nor Seas about the Shoars their Arms had thrown;  
 But Earth and Air and Water were in one.  
 Thus Air was void of light, and Earth unstable,  
 And Waters dark Abyss unnavigable.  
 No certain Form, on any was impress;  
 All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.  
 For hot and cold, were in one Body fixt;  
 And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.

But God or Nature, while they thus contend,  
 To these intestine Discords put an end:  
 Then Earth from Air, and Seas from Earth were driv'n,  
 And grosser Air, sunk from Ætherial Heav'n.  
 Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place;  
 The next of kin, contiguously embrace;  
 And foes are sunder'd, by a larger space. }  
 The force of Fire ascended first on high,  
 And took its dwelling in the vaulted Skie:  
 Then Air succeeds, in Lightness next to Fire;  
 Whose Atoms from unactive Earth retire.  
 Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng  
 Of pondrous, thick, unwieldy Seeds along.  
 About her Coasts, unruly Waters roar;  
 And, rising on a ridge, insult the Shoar.  
 Thus when the God, what ever God was he,  
 Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,  
 That no unequal portions might be found,  
 He moulded Earth into a spacious round:  
 Then with a breath, he gave the Winds to blow;  
 And bad the congregated Waters flow.  
 He adds the running Springs, and standing Lakes;  
 And bounding Banks for winding Rivers makes.



Some part, in Earth are swallow'd up, the most  
In ample Oceans, dissimul'd, are lost.

He shades the Woods, the Vallies he restrains  
With Rocky Mountains, and extends the Plains.

And as five Zones th' Ætherial Regions bind,  
Five Correspondent, are to Earth assign'd:

The Sun with Rays, directly darting down,

Fires all beneath, and fries the middle Zone:

The two beneath the distant Poles, complain  
Of endless Winter, and perpetual Rain.

Betwixt th' extrems, two happier Climates, hold

The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold.

The Fields of liquid Air, inclosing all,

Surround the Compass of this Earthly Ball:

The lighter parts, lye next the Fires above;

The grosser near the watry Surface move:

Thick Clouds are spread, and Storms engender there,

And Thunders Voice, which wretched Mortals fear,

And Winds that on their Wings, cold Winter bear.

Nor were those blustering Brethren left at large,

On Seas and Shoars, their fury to discharge:

Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in place,

They rend the World, resistless, where they pass;

And mighty marks of mischief leave behind;

Such is the Rage of their tempestuous kind.

First *Eurus* to the rising Morn is sent,

(The Regions of the balmy Continent;)

And *Eastern* Realms, where early *Persians* run,

To greet the blest appearance of the Sun.

*Westward*, the wanton *Zephyr* wings his flight;

Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light:

Fierce *Boreas*, with his Off-spring, Issues forth

T' invade the frozen Waggon of the *North*.

While frowning *Auster*, seeks the *Southern* Sphere;

And rots with endless Rain, th' unwholsom year.

High o're the Clouds and empty Realms of wind,

The God a clearer space for Heav'n design'd;

Where Fields of Light, and liquid Æther flow;

Purg'd from the pondrous dregs of Earth below.

Scarce had the Pow'r distinguish'd these, when streight

The Stars, no longer overlaid with weight,

Exert their Heads, from underneath the Mass;

And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,

And with diffusive Light, adorn their Heav'nly place.

Then, every void of Nature to supply,

With forms of Gods he fills the vacant Skie:

New Herds of Beasts, he sends the plains to share:

New Colonies of Birds, to people Air:

And to their Oozy Beds, the finny Fish repair.

A Creature of a more exalted Kind

Was wanting yet, and then was Man design'd:

Conscious of Thought, of more capacious Breast,

For Empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest:

Whether with particles of Heavenly Fire

The God of Nature did his Soul inspire,

Or Earth, but new divided from the Skie,

And, pliant, still, retain'd the Ætherial Energy:



Which Wise *Prometheus* temper'd into paste,  
 And mixt with living Streams, the Godlike Image cast.  
 Thus, while the mute Creation downward bend  
 Their Sight, and to their Earthly Mother tend,  
 Man looks aloft; and with erected Eyes  
 Beholds his own Hereditary Skies.  
 From such rude Principles our Form bega  
 And Earth was Metamorphos'd into Man.

### The Golden Age.

The Golden Age was first; when Man yet New,  
 No Rule but uncorrupted Reason knew:  
 And, with a Native bent, did Good pursue.  
 Unforc'd by Punishment, un-aw'd by fear,  
 His words were simple, and his Soul sincere:  
 Needle's was written Law, where none oppress'd:  
 The Law of Man, was written in his Breast:  
 No suppliant Crowds, before the Judge appear'd,  
 No Court Erected yet, nor Cause was heard:  
 But all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard.  
 The Mountain Trees in distant prospect please,  
 E're yet the Pine descended to the Seas:  
 E're Sails were spread, new Oceans to explore:  
 And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,  
 Confin'd their Wishes to their Native Shoar.  
 No walls, were yet; nor fence, nor mote nor mownd,  
 Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpets angry sound:  
 Nor Swords were forg'd; but void of Care and Crime,  
 The soft Creation slept away their time.  
 The teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the Plough,  
 And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow:  
 Content with Food, which Nature freely bred,  
 On Wildings, and on Strawberries they fed;  
 Cornels and Bramble-berries gave the rest,  
 And falling Acorns, furnisht out a Feast.  
 The Flow'rs unfown, in Fields and Meadows reign'd:  
 And *Western* Winds, immortal Spring maintain'd.  
 In following years, the bearded Corn ensu'd,  
 From Earth unask'd, nor was that Earth renew'd.  
 From Veins of Vallies, Milk and Nectar broke;  
 And Honey sweating through the pores of Oak.

### The Silver Age.

But when Good *Saturn*, banish'd from above,  
 Was driven to Hell, the World was under *Jove*.  
 Succeeding times a Silver Age behold,  
 Excelling Brass, but more excell'd by Gold.  
 Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear:  
 And Spring was but a Season of the Year.  
 The Sun his Annual course obliquely made,  
 Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.  
 Then Air with sultry heats began to glow;  
 The wings of winds, were clogg'd with Ice and Snow;

And



And shivering Mortals, into Houses driv'n,  
Sought shelter from th' inclemency of Heav'n.  
Those Houses, then, were Caves, or homely Sheds;  
With twining Oziers fenc'd; and Moss their Beds.  
Then Ploughs, for Seed, the fruitful Furrows broke,  
And Oxen labour'd first, beneath the Yoke.

### *The Brazen Age.*

To this came next in course, the Brazen Age :  
A Warlike Offspring, prompt to Bloody Rage,  
Not Impious yet —

### *The Iron Age.*

————— Hard Steel succeeded then:  
And stubborn as the Mettal, were the Men.  
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the World forsook.  
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.  
Then Sails were spread, to every Wind that blew.  
Raw were the Sailors, and the Depths were new :  
Trees rudely hollow'd, did the Waves sustain ;  
E're Ships in Triumph plough'd the watry Plain.

Then Land-marks, limited to each his right :  
For all before was common, as the light.  
Nor was the Ground alone requir'd to bear  
Her annual Income to the crooked share,  
But greedy Mortals, rummaging her Store,  
Digg'd from her Entrails first the precious Oar ;  
Which next to Hell, the prudent God's had laid ;  
And that alluring ill, to fight displaid.  
Thus curst Steel, and more accurst Gold  
Gave mischief Birth, and made that mischief bold ;  
And double Death, did wretched Man invade  
By Steel assaulted, and by Gold betray'd.  
Now, (brandish'd Weapons glittering in their Hands,)  
Mankind is broken loose from moral Bands ;  
No rights of Hospitality remain :  
The Guest by him who harbour'd him, is slain.  
The Son in Law pursues the Father's Life ;  
The Wife her Husband murders, he the Wife.  
The Step-dame Poyson for the Son prepares ;  
The Son inquires into his Father's years.  
Faith flies, and Piety in Exile mourns ;  
And Justice, here oppress'd, to Heav'n returns.

### *The Gyants War.*

Nor were the Gods themselves more safe above ;  
Against beleaguer'd Heaven, the Gyants move :  
Hills pil'd on Hills, on Mountains, Mountains lie,  
To make their mad approaches to the Skie.  
Till *Jove*, no longer patient, took his time  
T' avenge with Thunder their audacious Crime ;



Red Light'ning plaid, along the Firmament,  
 And their demolish'd Works to pieces rent.  
 Sing'd with the Flames, and with the Bolts transfixt  
 With Native Earth, their Blood, the Monsters mixt :  
 The Blood, indu'd with animating heat,  
 Did in th' Impregnant Earth, new Sons beget :  
 They, like the Seed from which they sprung, accurst,  
 Against the Gods, Immortal hatred nurst.  
 An Impious, Arrogant, and Cruel Brood :  
 Expressing their Original from Blood.

Which, when the King of Gods beheld from high,  
 (Withal revolving in his memory,  
 What he himself had found on Earth of late,  
*Lycaon's* Guilt, and his Inhumane Treat,)  
 He sigh'd ; nor longer with his Pity strove ;  
 But kindl'd to a Wrath becoming *Jove* :

Then, call'd a General Council of the Gods ;  
 Who Summon'd, Issue from their Blest Abodes,  
 And fill th' Assembly, with a shining Train.  
 A way there is, in Heaven's expanded Plain,  
 Which when the Skies are clear, is seen below,  
 And Mortals, by the Name of Milky, know.  
 The Ground-work is of Stars ; through which the Road  
 Lyes open to the Thunderer's Abode ;  
 The Gods of greater Nations dwell around,  
 And on the Right and Left, the Palace bound ;  
 The Commons where they can, the Nobler sort  
 With Winding-doors wide open, front the Court,  
 This Place, as far as Earth with Heaven may vie,  
 I dare to call the *Loovre* of the Skie.  
 When all were plac'd, in Seats distinctly known,  
 And he, their Father, had assum'd the Throne,  
 Upon his Iv'ry Sceptre first he leant,  
 Then shook his Head, that shook the Firmament :  
 Air, Earth, and Seas, obey'd th' Almighty nod :  
 And with a gen'ral fear, confess'd the God.  
 At length with Indignation, thus he broke  
 His awful silence, and the Pow'rs bespoke.

I was not more concern'd in that debate  
 Of Empire, when our Universal State  
 Was put to hazard, and the Giant Race  
 Our Captive Skies were ready to imbrace :  
 For tho' the Foe was fierce, the Seeds of all  
 Rebellion, sprung from one Original ;  
 Now, wheresoever ambient Waters glide,  
 All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.  
 Let me this Holy Protestation make,  
 By Hell, and Hell's inviolable Lake,  
 I try'd whatever in the God-Head lay :  
 But gangreen'd Members, must be lopt away,  
 Before the Noble Parts, are tainted to decay.  
 There dwells below, a Race of Demi-Gods,  
 Of Nymphs in Waters, and of Fawns in Woods :  
 Who, tho' not worthy yet, in Heav'n to live,  
 Let 'em, at least, enjoy that Earth we give.  
 Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,  
 When I my self, who no Superior know,

}



I, who have Heav'n and Earth at my Command,  
Have been attempted by *Lycaon's* Hand?

At this a murmur, through the Synod went,  
And with one Voice they Vote his Punishment.  
Thus, when Conspiring Traytors dar'd to doom  
The fall of *Cæsar*, and in him of *Rome*,  
The Nations trembled, with a pious fear ;  
All anxious for their Earthly Thunderer :  
Nor was their care, O *Cæsar* ! less esteem'd  
By thee, than that of Heaven for *Jove* was deem'd.  
Who with his Hand and Voice, did first restrain  
Their Murmurs, then resum'd his Speech again.  
The Gods to silence were compos'd, and fate  
With reverence, due to his Superior State.

Cancel your pious Cares ; already he  
Has paid his Debt to Justice, and to me.  
Yet what his Crimes, and what my Judgments were,  
Remains for me, thus briefly to declare.

The Clamours of this vile degenerate Age,  
The Cries of Orphans, and th' Oppressor's Rage  
Had reach'd the Stars, I will descend, said I,  
In hope to prove this loud Complaint a Lye.  
Disguis'd in Humane Shape, I Travell'd round  
The World, and more than what I hear'd, I found.

O'er *Mænalus* I took my steepy way,  
By Caverns infamous for Beasts of Prey :  
Then cross'd *Cyllenè*, and the piny shade  
More infamous, by Curst *Lycaon* made.  
Dark Night had cover'd Heav'n and Earth, before  
I enter'd his Unhospitable Door.

Just at my entrance, I display'd the Sign  
That somewhat was approaching of Divine.

The prostrate People pray ; the Tyrant grins ;  
And, adding Prophanation to his Sins,  
I'll try, said he, and if a God appear  
To prove his Deity, shall cost him dear.

'Twas late ; the Graceless Wretch, my Death prepares,  
When I shou'd soundly Sleep, oppress'd with Cares :

This dire Experiment, he chose, to prove

If I were Mortal, or undoubted *Jove* :

But first he had resolv'd to taste my Pow'r ;

Not long before, but in a luckless hour

Some Legates, sent from the *Molossian* State,

Were on a peaceful Errand come to Treat :

Of these he Murders one, he boils the Flesh ;

And lays the mangl'd Morfels in a Dish :

Some part he Roasts ; then serves it up, so dress'd,

And bids me welcome to this Humane Feast.

Mov'd with disdain, the Table I o're-turn'd ;

And with avenging Flames, the Palace burn'd.

The Tyrant in a fright, for shelter, gains

The Neighb'ring Fields, and scours along the plains :

Howling he fled, and fain he wou'd have spoke ;

But Humane Voice, his Brutal Tongue forsook.

About his Lips, the gather'd foam he churns,

And, breathing slaughters, still with rage he burns,

But on the bleating Flock, his fury turns.



His Mantle, now his Hide, with rugged hairs  
Cleaves to his back, a famish'd face he bears.  
His arms descend, his shoulders sink away,  
To multiply his Legs for chace of Prey.  
He grows a Wolf, his hoariness remains,  
And the same rage in other Members reigns.  
His eyes still sparkle in a narr'wer space:  
His jaws retain the grin, and violence of Face.

This was a single ruine, but not one  
Deserves so just a Punishment alone.  
Mankind's a Monster, and th' Ungodly times  
Confed'rate into guilt, are sworn to Crimes.  
All are alike involv'd in ill, and all  
Must by the same relentless Fury fall.

Thus ended he; the greater Gods assent;  
By Clamours urging his severe intent;  
The less fill up the Cry for Punishment.  
Yet still with pity, they remember Man;  
And mourn as much as Heavenly Spirits can.  
They ask, when those were lost of Humane Birth,  
What he wou'd do with all this waste of Earth:  
If his dispeopl'd World, he would resign  
To Beasts, a mute, and more ignoble Line;  
Neglected Altars must no longer smoke,  
If none were left to worship and invoke.

To whom the Father of the Gods reply'd,  
Lay that unnecessary fear aside.  
Mine be the care, new People to provide.  
I will from wondrous Principles ordain  
A Race unlike the first, and try my skill again.

Already had he toss'd the flaming Brand;  
And roll'd the Thunder in his spacious Hand;  
Preparing to discharge on Seas and Land:  
But stopt, for fear thus violently driven,  
The Sparks should catch his Axle-tree of Heaven.  
Remembring in the Fates, a time when Fire  
Shou'd to the Battlements of Heaven aspire.  
And all his blazing Worlds above shou'd burn;  
And all the' inferiour Globe, to Cinders turn.  
His dire Artill'ry thus dismiss, he bent  
His thoughts to some securer Punishment.  
Concludes to pour a Watry deluge down;  
And what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.

The Northern breath, that freezes Floods, he binds:

With all the race of Cloud-dispelling Winds:

The South he loos'd, who Night and Horror brings;

And Foggs are shaken from his flaggy Wings.

From his divided Beard, two streams he pours,

His Head and rhumy Eyes, distill in showers.

With Rain his Robe and heavy Mantle flow:

And lazy mists, are lowring on his Brow;

Still as he swept along, with his clench't Fist

He squeez'd the Clouds, th' imprison'd Clouds resist:

The Skies from Pole to Pole, with peals resound;

And show'rs enlarg'd, come pouring on the ground.

Then, clad in Colours of a various Dye,

*Junonian Iris*, breeds a new supply;



To feed the Clouds: Impetuous Rain descends;  
The bearded Corn, beneath the Burden bends:  
Defrauded Clowns, deplore their perish'd grain;  
And the long labours of the Year are vain.

Nor from his Patrimonial Heaven alone  
Is *Jove* content to pour his Vengeance down,  
Aid from his Brother of the Seas he craves;  
To help him with Auxiliary Waves.  
The watry Tyrant calls his Brooks and Floods,  
Who rowl from mossie Caves (their moist abodes;) }  
And with perpetual Urns his Palace fill:  
To whom in brief, he thus imparts his Will.

Small Exhortation needs; your Pow'rs employ:  
And this bad World, so *Jove* requires, destroy.  
Let loose the Reins, to all your watry Store:  
Bear down the Damms, and open every door.

The Floods, by Nature Enemies to Land,  
And proudly swelling with her new Command,  
Remove the living Stones, that stopt their way,  
And gushing from their Source, augment the Sea.  
Then, with his Mace, their Monarch struck the Ground;  
With inward trembling, Earth receiv'd the Wound;  
And rising streams a ready passage found.

Th'expanded Waters gather on the Plain:  
They float the Fields, and over-top the Grain;  
Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,  
Bear Flocks and Folds, and lab'ring Hinds away.  
Nor safe their Dwellings were, for, sap'd by Floods,  
Their Houses fell upon their Household Gods.  
The solid Piles, too strongly built to fall,  
High o're their Heads, behold a watry Wall:  
Now Seas and Earth were in confusion lost;  
A World of Waters, and without a Coast.

One climbs a Cliff; one in his Boat is born;  
And Ploughs above, where late he sow'd his Corn.  
Others o're Chimney tops and Turrets row,  
And drop their Anchors, on the Meads below:  
Or downward driv'n, they bruise the tender Vine,  
Or tost aloft, are knock'd against a Pine.

And where of late, the Kids had cropt the Grass;  
The Monsters of the deep, now take their place.  
Insulting Nereids on the Cities ride,  
And wond'ring Dolphins o're the Palace glide.  
On leaves and masts of mighty Oaks they brouze;  
And their broad Finns, entangle in the Boughs.  
The frighted Wolf, now swims amongst the Sheep;  
The yellow Lyon wanders in the deep:

His rapid force, no longer helps the Boar:  
The Stag swims faster, than he ran before.  
The Fowls, long beating on their Wings in vain,  
Despair of Land, and drop into the Main.

Now Hills and Vales, no more distinction know;  
And levell'd Nature, lies oppress'd below.  
The most of Mortals perish in the Flood:  
The small remainder dies for want of Food.

A Mountain of stupendious height there stands  
Betwixt th' *Athenian* and *Bæotian* Lands,



The bound of fruitful Fields, while Fields they were,  
 But then a Field of Waters did appear :  
*Parnassus* is its name ; whose forky rise  
 Mounts through the Clouds, and mates the lofty Skies.  
 High on the Summit of this dubious Cliff,  
*Deucalion* wafting, moor'd his little Skiff.  
 He with his Wife were only left behind  
 Of perish'd Man ; they two, were Humane Kind.  
 The Mountain Nymphs and *Themis* they adore,  
 And from her Oracles relief implore.

The most upright of Mortal Men was he ;  
 The most sincere and holy Woman, she.

When *Jupiter*, surveying Earth from high,  
 Beheld it in a Lake of Water lie,  
 That where so many Millions lately liv'd,  
 But two, the best of either Sex surviv'd ;  
 He loos'd the Northern Wind ; fierce *Boreas* flies  
 To puff away the Clouds and purge the Skies :  
 Serenely, while he blows, the Vapours, driven,  
 Discover Heaven to Earth, and Earth to Heaven.  
 The Billows fall, while *Neptune* lays his Mace  
 On the rough Seas, and smooths its furrow'd Face.  
 Already *Triton*, at his call appears,  
 Above the Waves ; a *Tyrian* Robe he wears ;  
 And in his hand a crooked Trumpet bears.  
 The Sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire ;  
 And give the Waves the signal to retire.  
 His writen Shell he takes ; whose narrow vent  
 Grows by degrees into a large extent,  
 Then gives it breath ; the blast, with doubling sound,  
 Runs the wide Circuit of the World around :  
 The Sun first heard it, in his early East,  
 And met the rattling Eccho's in the West.  
 The Waters, listning to the Trumpet's roar,  
 Obey the Summons, and forsake the Shoar.

A thin Circumference of Land appears ;  
 And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears.  
 And peeps upon the Seas from upper Grounds ;  
 The Streams, but just contain'd within her bounds,  
 By slow degrees into their Channels crawl :  
 And Earth increaseth, as the Waters fall.

In longer time the tops of Trees appear ;  
 Which Mud on their dishonour'd Branches bear.

At length the World was all restor'd to view ;  
 But desolate, and of a sickly hue :  
 Nature beheld her self, and stood aghast,  
 A dismal Desert, and a silent waste.

Which when *Deucalion*, with a piteous look  
 Beheld, he wept, and thus to *Pyrrha* spoke :  
 Oh Wife, oh Sister, oh of all thy kind  
 The best and only Creature left behind,  
 By kindred, Love, and now by Dangers joyn'd,  
 Of Multitudes, who breath'd the common Air,  
 We two remain ; a Species in a pair :  
 The rest the Seas have swallow'd ; nor have we  
 Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.  
 The Clouds are still above ; and, while I speak,  
 A second Deluge, o're our heads may break.

Shou'd



Shou'd I be snatch'd from hence, and thou remain,  
 Without relief, or Partner of thy pain,  
 How could'st thou such a wretched Life sustain?  
 Shou'd I be left, and thou be lost, the Sea  
 That bury'd her I lov'd, shou'd bury me.  
 Oh could our Father his old Arts inspire,  
 And make me Heir of his informing Fire,  
 That so I might abolish'd Man retrieve,  
 And perisht People in new Souls might live.  
 But Heav'n is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,  
 That we, th' Examples of Mankind, remain.  
 He said; the careful couple joyn their Tears:  
 And then invoke the Gods, with pious Prayers.  
 Thus, in Devotion having eas'd their grief,  
 From sacred Oracles, they seek relief.  
 And to *Cephus* Brook, their way pursue:  
 The Stream was troubl'd, but the Foord they knew;  
 With living Waters, in the Fountain bred,  
 They sprinkle first, their Garments, and their Head,  
 Then took the way, which to the Temple led.  
 The Roofs were all defil'd with Moss, and Mire,  
 The Desert Altars, void of Solemn Fire.  
 Before the Gradual, prostrate they ador'd;  
 The Pavement kiss'd, and thus the Saint implor'd.

O Righteous *Themis*, if the Pow'rs above  
 By Pray'rs are bent to pity, and to love,  
 If humane Miseries can move their mind;  
 If yet they can forgive; and yet be kind,  
 Tell, how we may restore, by second birth,  
 Mankind, and People desolated Earth.  
 Then thus the gracious Goddess, nodding, said;  
 Depart, and with your Vestments veil your head:  
 And stooping lowly down, with loosn'd Zones,  
 Throw each behind your backs, your mighty Mother's bones:  
 Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder stand,  
 Till *Pyrrha* first refus'd the dire command.  
 Forbid it Heav'n, said she, that I shou'd tear  
 Those Holy Reliques from the Sepulchre:  
 They ponder'd the mysterious words again,  
 For some new sence; and long they sought in vain:  
 At length *Deucalion* clear'd his cloudy brow,  
 And said, the dark *Ænigma* will allow  
 A meaning, which if well I understand,  
 From Sacrilege will free the God's Command:  
 This Earth our mighty Mother is, the Stones  
 In her capacious Body, are her Bones.  
 These we must cast behind: with hope and fear  
 The Woman did the new solution hear:  
 The Man diffides in his own Augury,  
 And doubts the Gods; yet both resolve to try.  
 Descending from the Mount, they first unbind  
 Their Vests, and veil'd, they cast the Stones behind:  
 The Stones (a Miracle to Mortal View,  
 But long Tradition makes it pass for true)  
 Did first the Rigour of their Kind expel,  
 And, suppl'd into softness, as they fell,  
 Then swell'd, and swelling, by degrees grew warm;  
 And took the Rudiments of Humane Form.



Imperfect shapes: in Marble such are seen  
 When the rude Chizzel does the Man begin;  
 While yet the roughness of the Stone remains,  
 Without the rising Muscles, and the Veins.  
 The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,  
 Were turn'd to moisture, for the Bodies use:  
 Supplying humours, blood, and nourishment;  
 The rest, too solid to receive a bent,  
 Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,  
 Its former Name, and Nature did retain.  
 By help of Pow'r Divine, in little space  
 What the Man threw, assum'd a Manly face;  
 And what the Wife, renew'd the Female Race.  
 Hence we derive our Nature; born to bear  
 Laborious Life; and harden'd into care.

The rest of Animals, from teeming Earth  
 Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth.  
 The native moisture, in its close retreat,  
 Digested by the Sun's Ætherial heat,  
 As in a kindly Womb, began to breed:  
 Then swell'd, and quicken'd by the vital seed.  
 And some in less, and some in longer space,  
 Were ripen'd into form, and took a several face.  
 Thus when the Nile from Pharian Fields is fled,  
 And seeks with Ebbing Tides, his Ancient Bed,  
 The fat Manure, with Heavenly Fire is warm'd;  
 And crusted Creatures, as in Wombs are form'd;  
 These, when they turn the Glebe, the Peasants find;  
 Some rude; and yet unfinish'd in their Kind:  
 Short of their Limbs, a lame imperfect Birth;  
 One half alive; and one of lifeless Earth.

For heat and moisture, when in Bodies joyn'd,  
 The temper that results from either Kind  
 Conception makes; and fighting till they mix,  
 Their mingl'd Atoms in each other fix.  
 Thus Nature's hand, the Genial Bed prepares,  
 With Friendly Discord, and with fruitful Wars.

From hence the surface of the Ground, with Mud  
 And Slime besmear'd, (the faces of the Flood)  
 Receiv'd the Rays of Heav'n; and sucking in  
 The Seeds of Heat, new Creatures did begin:  
 Some were of sev'ral sorts produc'd before,  
 But of new Monsters, Earth created more.  
 Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light  
 Thee, *Python* too, the wondring World to fright,  
 And the new Nations, with so dire a sight:  
 So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space  
 Did his vast Body, and long Train embrace,  
 Whom *Phæbus* basking on a Bank espy'd;  
 E're now the God his Arrows had not try'd  
 But on the trembling Deer, or Mountain Goat;  
 At this new Quarry he prepares to shoot.  
 Though every Shaft took place, he spent the Store  
 Of his full Quiver; and 'twas long before  
 Th'expiring Serpent wallow'd in his Gore.  
 Then, to preserve the Fame of such a deed,  
 For *Python* slain, he *Pythian* Games decreed.



Where Noble Youths for Mastership shou'd strive,  
 To Quoit, to Run, and Steeds and Chariots drive;  
 The Prize was Fame: In witness of Renown  
 An Oaken Garland did the Victor Crown.  
 The Lawrel was not yet for Triumphs born;  
 But every Green, alike by *Phæbus* worn,  
 Did with promiscuous Grace, his flowing Locks adorn. }

## *The Transformation of Daphne into a Lawrel.*

The first and fairest of his Loves, was she  
 Whom not blind Fortune, but the dire decree  
 Of angry *Cupid* forc'd him to desire:  
*Daphne* her Name, and *Peneus* was her Sire.  
 Swell'd with the Pride, that new Success attends,  
 He sees the Stripling, while his Bow he bends,  
 And thus insults him; thou lascivious Boy,  
 Are Arms like these, for Children to employ?  
 Know such atchievements are my proper claim;  
 Due to my vigour, and unerring aim:  
 Resistless are my Shafts, and *Python* late  
 In such a feather'd Death, has found his fate.  
 Take up thy Torch, (and lay my Weapons by)  
 With that the feeble Souls of Lovers fry.  
 To whom the Son of *Venus* thus reply'd,  
*Phæbus* thy Shafts are sure on all beside,  
 But mine on *Phæbus*, mine the Fame shall be  
 Of all thy Conquests, when I conquer thee.

He said, and soaring, swiftly wing'd his flight:  
 Nor stopt but on *Parnassus* airy height.  
 Two different Shafts, he from his Quiver draws;  
 One to repel desire, and one to cause.  
 One Shaft is pointed with refulgent Gold;  
 To bribe the Love, and make the Lover bold:  
 One blunt, and tipt with Lead, whose base allay  
 Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.  
 The blunted bolt, against the Nymph he drest:  
 But with the sharp, transfixt *Apollo's* Breast.

The' enamour'd Deity, pursues the Chace;  
 The scornful Damsel shuns his loath'd Embrace:  
 In hunting Beasts of Prey, her Youth employs;  
 And *Phæbe* Rivals in her rural Joys.  
 With naked Neck she goes, and Shoulders bare;  
 And with a Fillet binds her flowing Hair.  
 By many Suitors sought, she mocks their pains,  
 And still her vow'd Virginity maintains.  
 Impatient of a Yoke, the name of Bride  
 She shuns, and hates the Joys she never try'd.  
 On Wilds and Woods she fixes her desire:  
 Nor knows what Youth and kindly Love inspire.  
 Her Father chides her oft; thou ow'st, says he,  
 A Husband to thy self, a Son to me.  
 She, like a Crime, abhors the Nuptial Bed:  
 She glows with blushes, and she hangs Head.  
 Then casting round his Neck her tender Arms,  
 Sooths him with blandishments, and filial Charms:



Give me, my Lord, she said, to live and die  
A spotless Maid, without the Marriage Tye.  
'Tis but a small Request; I beg no more  
Than what *Diana's* Father gave before.  
The good old Sire, was softn'd to consent;  
But said her Wish wou'd prove her Punishment:  
For so much Youth, and so much Beauty joyn'd  
Oppos'd the State, which her desires design'd.

The God of light, aspiring to her Bed  
Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies fed;  
And is, by his own Oracles mis-led.  
And as in empty Fields, the Stubble burns,  
Or nightly Travellers, when day returns,  
Their useless Torches, on dry Hedges throw,  
That catch the Flames, and kindle all the row,  
So burns the God, consuming in desire,  
And feeding in his Breast a fruitless Fire:  
Her well-turn'd Neck he view'd (her Neck was bare)  
And on her Shoulders her dishevel'd Hair,  
Oh were it comb'd, said he, with what a grace  
Wou'd every waving Curl, become her Face!  
He view'd her Eyes, like Heavenly Lamps that shone,  
He view'd her Lips, too sweet too view alone,  
Her taper Fingers, and her panting Breast;  
He praises all he sees, and for the rest  
Believes the Beauties yet unseen are best:  
Swift as the Wind, the Damsel fled away,  
Nor did for these alluring Speeches stay:  
Stay Nymph, he cry'd, I follow not a Foe.  
Thus from the Lyon, trips the trembling Doe;  
Thus from the Wolf the frightn'd Lamb removes,  
And, from pursuing Faulcons, fearful Doves,  
Thou shunn'st a God, and shunn'st a God that loves.  
Ah, lest some Thorn shou'd pierce thy tender foot,  
Or thou should'st fall in flying my pursuit!  
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;  
Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.  
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;  
Nor basely born, nor Shepherd's Swain am I.  
Perhaps thou know'st not my Superior State;  
And, from that ignorance, proceeds thy hate.  
Me *Claros*, *Delphos*, *Tenedos* obey,  
These Hands the *Pataremian* Scepter sway.  
The King of Gods begot me: What shall be  
Or is, or ever was, in Fate, I see.  
Mine is th' invention of the charming Lyre;  
Sweet notes, and Heavenly numbers I inspire.  
Sure is my Bow, unerring is my Dart;  
But ah more deadly his, who pierc'd my Heart.  
Med'cine is mine; what Herbs and Simples grow  
In Fields and Forrests, all their powers I know.  
And am the great Physician call'd, below.  
Alas that Fields and Forrests can afford  
No Remedies to heal their Love-sick Lord!  
To cure the pains of Love, no Plant avails:  
And his own Phylick; the Physician fails.

She heard not half; so furiously she flies  
And on her Ear, th' imperfect accent dies.



Fear gave her wings: and as she fled, the wind  
Increasing, spread her flowing Hair behind:  
And left her Legs and Thighs expos'd to view;  
Which made the God more eager to pursue.  
The God was young, and was too hotly bent  
To lose his time in empty Compliment.  
But led by Love, and fir'd with such a sight,  
Impetuously pursu'd his near delight.

As when th' impatient Greyhound slipt from far,  
Bounds o're the Glebe to course the fearful Hare,  
She in her speed, does all her safety lay;  
And he with double speed pursues the Prey;  
O're-runs her at the sitting turn, and licks  
His Chaps in vain, and blows upon the Flix,  
She scapes, and for the neighb'ring Covert strives,  
And gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives:  
If little things with great we may compare,  
Such was the God, and such the flying Fair.  
She urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly move;  
But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by Love.  
He gathers ground upon her in the chace:  
Now breaths upon her Hair, with nearer pace;  
And just is fast'ning on the wish'd Embrace.  
The Nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,  
Spent with the labour of so long a flight:  
And now despairing, cast a mournful look  
Upon the Streams of her Paternal Brook:  
Oh help, she cry'd, in this extreamest need,  
If Water Gods are Deities indeed:  
Gape Earth, and this unhappy Wretch intomb;  
Or change my form, whence all my sorrows come.  
Scarce had she finish'd, when her Feet she found  
Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the Ground:  
A filmy rind about her Body grows;  
Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms extend to Boughs:  
The Nymph is all into a Lawrel gone:  
The smoothness of her Skin, remains alone.  
Yet *Phæbus* loves her still, and casting round  
Her Bole, his Arms, some little warmth he found.  
The Tree still panted in th' unfinish'd part:  
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her Heart.  
He fixt his Lips upon the trembling Rind;  
It swerv'd aside, and his Embrace declin'd.  
To whom the God, because thou canst not be  
My Mistress, I espouse thee for my Tree:  
Be thou the prize of Honour and Renown;  
The deathless Poet, and the Poem crown.  
Thou shalt the *Roman* Festivals adorn,  
And, after Poets, be by Victors worn.  
Thou shalt returning *Cæsar's* Triumph grace;  
When Poms shall in a long Procession pass.  
Wreath'd on the Posts before his Palace wait;  
And be the sacred Guardian of the Gate.  
Secure from Thunder, and unharm'd by *Jove*,  
Unfading as th' immortal Pow'rs above:  
And as the locks of *Phæbus* are unshorn,  
So shall perpetual green thy Boughs adorn.



The grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he fed;  
And shook the shady Honours of her Head.

## *The Transformation of Io into a Heyfar.*

An ancient Forrest in *Thessalia* grows;  
Which *Tempe's* pleasing Valley does inclose:  
Through this the rapid *Penens* takes his course;  
From *Pindus* rowling with impetuous force:  
Mists from the Rivers mighty fall arise;  
And deadly damps inclose the cloudy Skies:  
Perpetual Fogs are hanging o're the Wood;  
And sounds of Waters deaf the Neighbourhood.  
Deep, in a Rocky Cave, he makes abode:  
(A Mansion proper for a mourning God.)  
Here he gives Audience; issuing out Decrees  
To Rivers, his dependant Deities.  
On this occasion hither they resort;  
To pay their homage and to make their Court.  
All doubtful, whether to congratulate  
His Daughter's Honour, or lament her Fate.  
*Spercheus*, crown'd with Poplar, first appears;  
Then old *Apidanus* came crown'd with years:  
*Enipeus* turbulent, *Amphrisos* tame;  
And *Æas*, last with lagging Waters came.  
Then, of his Kindred Brooks, a numerous throng,  
Condole his loss; and bring their Urns along.  
Not one was wanting of the watry Train,  
That fill'd his Flood, or mingl'd with the Main:  
But *Inachus*, who in his Cave, alone,  
Wept not anothers losses, but his own.  
For his dear *Io*, whether stray'd, or dead,  
To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.  
He sought her through the World; but sought in vain;  
And no where finding, rather fear'd her slain.

Her, just returning from her Father's Brook,  
*Jove* had beheld, with a desiring look:  
And oh fair Daughter of the Flood, he sed,  
Worthy alone of *Jove's* Imperial Bed;  
Happy whoever shall those Charms possess;  
The King of Gods, nor is thy Lover less,  
Invites thee to yon cooler Shades; to shun  
The scorching Rays of the Meridian Sun.  
Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the Grove  
Alone, without a Guide; thy Guide is *Jove*.  
No puny Pow'r, but he whose high Command  
Is unconfin'd, who rules the Seas and Land;  
And tempers Thunder in his awful hand.  
Oh fly not; (for she fled from his Embrace,)  
O're *Lerna's* Pastures, he Pursu'd the Chace:  
Along the Shades of the *Lyrnean* Plain;  
At length the God, who never asks in vain,  
Involv'd with Vapours, imitating Night,  
Both Air and Earth; and then suppress'd her flight  
And mingling force with Love enjoy'd the full delight.



Mean time the jealous *Juno*, from on high,  
 Survey'd the fruitful Fields of *Arcady*:  
 And wonder'd that the mist shou'd over-run  
 The face of Day-light, and obscure the Sun.  
 No Nat'ral cause she found, from Brooks, or Bogs,  
 Or marshy Lowlands, to produce the Fogs:  
 Then round the Skies she sought for *Jupiter*;  
 Her faithless Husband; but no *Jove* was there:  
 Suspecting now the worst, or I, she said,  
 Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.  
 With fury she precipitates her flight:  
 Dispels the shadows of dissembled Night;  
 And to the day restores his native light. }  
 Th' Almighty *Leacher*, careful to prevent  
 The consequence, foreseeing her descent,  
 Transforms his Mistress in a trice; and now  
 In *Io's* place appears a lovely Cow.  
 So slick her skin, so faultless was her make,  
 Ev'n *Juno* did unwilling pleasure take  
 To see so fair a Rival of her Love;  
 And what she was, and whence, enquir'd of *Jove*:  
 Of what fair Herd, and from what Pedigree?  
 The God, half caught, was forc'd upon a lye:  
 And said she sprung from Earth; she took the word,  
 And begg'd the beauteous Heyfar of her Lord.  
 What should he do; 'twas equal shame to *Jove*  
 Or to relinquish, or betray his Love:  
 Yet to refuse so slight a Gift, wou'd be  
 But more t' increase his Consort's Jealousie:  
 Thus fear and love, by turns his heart assail'd;  
 And stronger love had sure, at length prevail'd:  
 But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous Queen  
 Had not the Mistress through the Heyfar seen.  
 The cautious Goddess, of her Gift possess'd,  
 Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breast;  
 As she who knew the falshood of her *Jove*;  
 And justly fear'd some new relapse of Love.  
 Which to prevent, and to secure her care,  
 To trusty *Argus*, she commits the Fair.

The head of *Argus* (as with Stars the Skies)  
 Was compass'd round, and wore an hundred eyes.  
 But two by turns their lids in Slumber steep;  
 The rest on duty still their station keep;  
 Nor cou'd the total Constellation sleep. }  
 Thus, ever present, to his eyes and mind,  
 His Charge was still before him, tho' behind.  
 In Fields he suffer'd her to feed by Day,  
 But when the setting Sun, to Night gave way,  
 The Captive Cow he summon'd with a call;  
 And drove her back, and ty'd her to the Stall.  
 On leaves of Trees, and bitter Herbs she fed,  
 Heav'n was her Canopy, bare Earth her Bed:  
 So hardly lodg'd, and to digest her Food,  
 She drank from troubl'd Streams, defil'd with Mud,  
 Her woeful Story, fain she wou'd have told  
 With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold.  
 Her Head to her ungentle Keeper bow'd,  
 She strove to speak, she spoke not, but she low'd:



Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,  
And seem'd t' inquire the Author of the sound.

Once on the Banks where often she had play'd,  
(Her Father's Banks) she came, and there survey'd  
Her alter'd visage, and her branching head;  
And starting, from her self she wou'd have fled.  
Her fellow Nymphs, familiar to her eyes,  
Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise:  
Ev'n *Inachus* himself was ignorant;  
And in his Daughter, did his Daughter want.  
She follow'd where her Fellows went, as she  
Were still a Partner of the Company:  
They stroke her Neck, the gentle Heyfar stands,  
And her Neck offers to their stroaking Hands.  
Her Father gave her Grass; the Grass she took;  
And lick'd his Palms, and cast a Piteous look;  
And in the language of her eyes, she spoke. }  
She wou'd have told her name, and ask't relief,  
But wanting words, in tears she tells her grief.  
Which, with her foot she makes him understand;  
And prints the name of *Io* in the Sand.

Ah wretched me, her mournful Father cry'd,  
She, with a sigh, to wretched me reply'd;  
About her Milk-white neck, his arms he threw;  
And wept, and then these tender words ensue.  
And art thou she, whom I have sought around  
The World, and have at length so sadly found?  
So found is worse than lost: with mutual words  
Thou answer'st not, no voice thy tongue affords:  
But sighs are deeply drawn from out thy breast;  
And speech deny'd, by lowing is express'd.  
Unknowing I, prepar'd thy Bridal Bed;  
With empty hopes of happy Issue fed.  
But now the Husband of a Herd must be  
Thy Mate, and bell-wing Sons thy Progeny.  
Oh, were I mortal, Death might bring relief:  
But now my God-head, but extends my grief:  
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I see,  
And makes me curse my Immortality!  
More had he said, but, fearful of her stay,  
The Starry Guardian drove his Charge away,  
To some fresh Pasture; on a hilly height  
He fate himself, and kept her still in sight.

### *The Eyes of Argus Transform'd into a Peacock's Train.*

Now *Jove* no longer cou'd her sufferings bear;  
But call'd in haste his airy Messenger,  
The Son of *Maya*, with severe decree  
To kill the Keeper, and to set her free.  
With all his Harness soon the God was sped,  
His flying Hat was fastned on his Head,  
Wings on his Heels were hung, and in his Hand,  
He holds the Virtue of the Snaky Wand.  
The liquid Air, his moving Pinions wound,  
And, in a moment, shoot him on the ground,

Before



Before he came in sight, the crafty God  
 His Wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his Rod:  
 That Sleep procuring Wand, wise *Hermes* took,  
 But made it seem to fight, a Shepherd's Hook.  
 With this, he did a Herd of Goats controul;  
 Which by the way he met, and slyly stole.  
 Clad like a Country Swain, he Pip'd and Sung;  
 And playing drove his jolly Troop along.

With pleasure, *Argus* the Musician heeds;  
 But wonders much at those new vocal Reeds.  
 And whosoe'er thou art, my Friend, said he,  
 Up hither drive thy Goats, and play by me:  
 This hill has browz for them, and shade for thee;  
 The God, who was with ease induc'd to climb,  
 Began Discourse to pass away the time;  
 And still betwixt, his Tuneful Pipe he plyes;  
 And watch'd his Hour, to close the Keeper's Eyes.  
 With much ado, he partly kept awake;  
 Not suffering all his Eyes repose to take:  
 And ask'd the Stranger, who did Reeds invent,  
 And whence began so rare an Instrument?

### *The Transformation of Syrinx into Reeds.*

Then *Hermes* thus; a Nymph of late there was,  
 Whose Heav'nly Form, her Fellows did surpass.  
 The Pride and Joy of Fair *Arcadia's* plains,  
 Belov'd by Deities, Ador'd by Swains:  
*Syrinx* her Name, by *Sylvans* oft pursu'd,  
 As oft she did the Lustful Gods delude:  
 The Rural, and the Woodland Pow'rs disdain'd;  
 With *Cynthia* Hunted, and her Rites maintain'd:  
 Like *Phæbe* clad, even *Phæbe's* self she seems,  
 So Tall, so Streight, such well proportion'd Limbs:  
 The nicest Eye did no distinction know,  
 But that the Goddess bore a Golden Bow,  
 Distinguish'd thus, the sight she cheated too.  
 Descending from *Lycæus*, *Pan* admires  
 The Matchless Nymph, and burns with new Desires.  
 A Crown of Pine, upon his Head he wore;  
 And thus began her pity to implore.  
 But ere he thus began, she took her flight  
 So swift, she was already out of sight.  
 Nor stay'd to hear the Courtship of the God;  
 But bent her course to *Ladon's* gentle Flood:  
 There by the River stopt, and tyr'd before;  
 Relief from water Nymphs her Pray'rs implore.

Now while the Lustful God, with speedy pace,  
 Just thought to strain her in a strict Embrace,  
 He fill'd his Arms with Reeds, new rising on the place.  
 And while he sighs, his ill-success to find,  
 The tender Canes were shaken by the wind:  
 And breath'd a mournful Air, unheard before;  
 That much surprizing *Pan*, yet pleas'd him more.  
 Admiring this new Musick, thou, he sed  
 Who canst not be the Partner of my Bed,



At least shall be the Confort of my Mind:  
 And often, often to my Lips be joyn'd.  
 He form'd the Reeds, proportion'd as they are,  
 Unequal in their length, and wax'd with Care,  
 They still retain the Name of his Ungrateful Fair.

While *Hermes* pip'd and sung, and told his tale,  
 The Keeper's winking Eyes began to fail;  
 And drowsie slumber, on the lids to creep,  
 'Till all the Watchman was, at length, asleep.  
 Then soon the God, his Voice and Song suppress;  
 And with his pow'rful Rod, confirm'd his rest:  
 Without delay his crooked Faulchion, drew,  
 And at one fatal stroak, the Keeper slew.  
 Down from the Rock, fell the dissever'd head,  
 Opening its Eyes in Death; and falling bled:  
 And mark'd the passage with a crimson trail;  
 Thus *Argus* lies in pieces cold and pale:  
 And all his hundred Eyes, with all their light,  
 Are clos'd at once, in one perpetual night.  
 These *Juno* takes, that they no more may fail,  
 And spreads them in her Peacock's gaudy tail.

Impatient to revenge her injur'd Bed  
 She wreaks her anger, on her Rival's head;  
 With furies frights her, from her Native Home;  
 And drives her gadding, round the World to roam.  
 Nor ceas'd her madness and her flight, before  
 She touch'd the limits of the *Pharian* Shore.  
 At length, arriving on the Banks of *Nile*,  
 Weary'd with length of ways, and worn with toil,  
 She laid her down; and leaning on her Knees,  
 Invok'd the Cause of all her Miseries:  
 And cast her languishing regards above  
 For help from Heav'n and her ungrateful *Jove*.  
 She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd, 'twas all she cou'd;  
 And with unkindness seem'd to tax the God.  
 Last, with an humble Pray'r, she begg'd Repose,  
 Or Death at least, to finish all her Woos.  
*Jove* heard her Vows, and with a flatt'ring look,  
 In her behalf, to jealous *Juno* spoke.  
 He cast his Arms about her Neck, and sed,  
 Dame rest secure; no more thy Nuptial Bed  
 This Nymph shall violate; by *Styx* I swear,  
 And every Oath that binds the Thunderer.  
 The Goddess was appeas'd; and at the word  
 Was *Io* to her former shape restor'd.  
 The rugged Hair began to fall away;  
 The sweetness of her Eyes did only stay;  
 Tho' not so large; her crooked Horns decrease;  
 The wideness of her Jaws and Nostrils cease:  
 Her Hoofs to Hands return, in little space:  
 The five long taper Fingers take their place.  
 And nothing of the Heyfar now is seen,  
 Beside the native whiteness of the Skin.  
 Erected on her Feet she walks again;  
 And Two the duty of the Four sustain.  
 She tries her Tongue; her silence softly breaks,  
 And fears her former lowings when she speaks:



A Goddess now, through all th' *Ægyptian* State :  
And serv'd by Priests, who in white Linnen wait.

Her Son was *Epaphus*, at length believ'd :  
The Son of *Jove*, and as a God receiv'd :  
With Sacrifice ador'd, and publick Pray'rs,  
He common Temples with his Mother shares.  
Equal in years and Rival in Renown.  
With *Epaphus*, the youthful *Phaeton* }  
Like Honour claims ; and boasts his Sire the Sun. }  
His haughty Looks, and his assuming Air  
The Son of *Isis* cou'd no longer bear :  
Thou tak'st thy Mother's word, too far, said he,  
And hast usurp'd thy boasted Pedigree.  
Go base Pretender to a borrow'd Name.  
Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger, and with shame ;  
But shame repress'd his Rage : the daunted Youth  
Soon seeks his Mother, and enquires the truth :  
Mother, said he, this Infamy was thrown  
By *Epaphus* on you, and me your Son.  
He spoke in publick, told it to my Face ;  
Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace :  
Even I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,  
Restrain'd by shame, was forc'd to hold my Tongue.  
To hear an open Slander is a Curse ;  
But not to find an Answer, is a worse.  
If I am Heaven-begot, assert your Son  
By some sure Sign : and make my Father known, }  
To right my Honour, and redeem your own. }  
He said, and saying cast his Arms about  
Her Neck, and begg'd her to resolve the Doubt.

'Tis hard to judge if *Climenè* were mov'd  
More by his Pray'r, whom she so dearly lov'd,  
Or more with fury fir'd, to find her Name  
Traduc'd, and made the sport of common Fame.  
She stretch'd her Arms to Heav'n, and fix'd her Eyes  
On that fair Planet, that adorns the Skies ;  
Now by those Beams, said she, whose holy Fires  
Consume my Breast, and kindle my desires ;  
By him, who sees us both, and cheers our fight,  
By him the publick Minister of light,  
I swear that *Sun* begot thee ; if I lye  
Let him his chearful Influence deny :  
Let him no more this perjur'd Creature see ;  
And shine on all the World, but only me :  
If still you doubt your Mother's Innocence,  
His Eastern Mansion is not far from hence,  
With little pains you to his *Levè* go,  
And from himself, your Parentage may know.  
With joy, th' ambitious Youth, his Mother heard,  
And eager, for the Journey soon prepar'd.  
He longs the World beneath him to survey ;  
To guide the Chariot ; and to give the day.  
From *Meroe's* burning Sands, he bends his Course,  
Nor less in *India*, feels his Father's force :  
His Travel urging, till he came in sight ;  
And saw the Palace by the Purple light.



THE FABLE  
OF  
IPHIS and IANTHE,

From the  
Ninth Book of the Metamorphoses.

THE Fame of this, perhaps, through *Crete* had flown :  
 But *Crete* had newer Wonders of her own,  
 In *Iphis* chang'd : For, near the *Gnosſian* bounds,  
 (As loud Report the Miracle reſounds)  
 At *Phæstus* dwelt a Man of honeſt Blood :  
 But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good ;  
 Eſteem'd and lov'd by all the Neighbourhood.  
 Who to his Wife, before the time aſſign'd  
 For Child-birth came ; thus bluntly ſpoke his Mind.  
 If Heaven, ſaid *Lygdus*, will vouchſafe to hear ;  
 I have but two Petitions to prefer :  
 Short pains for thee ; for me a Son and Heir.  
 Girls coſt as many throws, in bringing forth :  
 Beſides when born, the Tits are little worth.  
 Weak puling things, unable to ſuſtain  
 Their ſhare of Labour, and their Bread to gain.  
 If, therefore, thou a Creature ſhalt produce  
 Of ſo great Charges, and ſo little Uſe,  
 (Bear witneſs Heav'n, with what reluctance,)  
 Her hapleſs Innocence I doom to dye.  
 He ſaid, and tears the common grief diſplay  
 Of him who bade, and her who muſt obey.  
 Yet *Telethusa* ſtill perſiſts to find,  
 Fit Arguments to move a Father's Mind :  
 T' extend his Wiſhes to a larger ſcope ;  
 And in one Veſſel not confine his hope.  
*Lygdus* continues hard : her time drew near,  
 And ſhe her heavy load cou'd ſcarcely bear :  
 When ſlumb'ring, in the latter ſhades of Night,  
 Before th' approaches of returning light,  
 She ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, before her Bed  
 A glorious Train, and *Iſis* at their Head :  
 Her Moony Horns were on her Forehead plac'd,  
 And yellow Sheaves her ſhining Temples grac'd :  
 A Mitre, for a Crown, ſhe wore on high :  
 The Dog and dappl'd Bull were waiting by ;  
*Oſyris*, fought along the Banks of *Nile* ;  
 The ſilent God ; the ſacred Crocodile :  
 And, laſt, a long proceſſion moving on,  
 With Timbrels, that aſſiſt the lab'ring Moon.  
 Her ſlumbers ſeem'd diſpell'd, and, broad awake,  
 She heard a Voice, that thus diſtinctly ſpake.  
 My Votary, thy Babe from Death defend ;  
 Nor fear to ſave whate're the Gods will ſend.

Delude



Delude with Art, thy Husband's dire Decree ;  
 When danger calls, repose thy trust on me :  
 And know thou hast not serv'd a thankless Deity.  
 This Promise made ; with Night the Goddess fled :  
 With joy the Woman wakes, and leaves her Bed :  
 Devoutly lifts her spotless hands on high ;  
 And prays the Pow'rs, their Gift to ratifie.

Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throws,  
 Till its own weight the burden did disclose.  
 'Twas of the beauteous Kind ; and brought to light  
 With secrecie, to shun the Father's sight.  
 Th' indulgent Mother did her Care employ ;  
 And pass'd it on her Husband for a Boy.  
 The Nurse was conscious of the Fact alone :  
 The Father paid his Vows as for a Son.  
 And call'd him *Iphis*, by a common Name  
 Which either Sex, with equal right may claim.  
*Iphis*, his Grandfire was ; the Wife was pleas'd,  
 Of half the fraud, by Fortune's favour eas'd :  
 The doubtful Name was us'd without deceit,  
 And Truth was cover'd with a pious Cheat.  
 The Habit shew'd a Boy, the beauteous Face  
 With manly fierceness mingl'd Female grace.

Now thirteen years of Age were swiftly run,  
 When the fond Father thought the time drew on  
 Of settling in the World, his only Son,  
*Ianthe* was his choice ; so wondrous fair  
 Her Form alone with *Iphis* cou'd compare ;  
 A Neighbour's Daughter of his own Degree ;  
 And not more blest with Fortune's Goods than he.

They soon espous'd ; for they with ease were joyn'd,  
 Who were before Contracted in the Mind.  
 Their Age the same, their Inclinations too :  
 And bred together, in one School they grew.  
 Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual fires,  
 They felt, before they knew, the same desires.  
 Equal their flame, unequal was their care ;  
 One lov'd with Hope, one languish'd in Despair.  
 The Maid accus'd the ling'ring days alone :  
 For whom she thought a Man, she thought her own.  
 But *Iphis* bends beneath a greater grief ;  
 As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.  
 Ev'n her Despair, adds fuel to her fire ;  
 A Maid with madness does a Maid desire.

And, scarce refraining tears, alas, said she,  
 What issue of my love remains for me !  
 How wild a Passion works within my Breast,  
 With what prodigious Flames am I possest !  
 Cou'd I the Care of Providence deserve,  
 Heav'n must destroy me, if it wou'd preserve,  
 And that's my Fate ; or sure it wou'd have sent  
 Some usual Evil for my Punishment :  
 Not this unkindly Curse ; to rage and burn  
 Where Nature shews no prospect of return.  
 Nor Cows for Cows consume with fruitless fire,  
 Nor Mares when hot, their fellow Mares desire :  
 The Father of the Fold supplies his Ewes ;  
 The Stag through secret Woods his Hind pursues :  
 And Birds for Mates, the Males of their own Species chuse.

Her



Her Females Nature guards from Female flame,  
 And joyns two Sexes to preserve the Game :  
 Wou'd I were nothing, or not what I am !  
 Crete fam'd for Monsters wanted of her Store ;  
 Till my new Love produc'd one Monster more.  
 The Daughter of the Sun a Bull desir'd,  
 And yet ev'n then, a Male, a Female fir'd ;  
 Her passion was extravagantly new ;  
 But mine is much the madder of the two.  
 To things impossible she was not bent ;  
 But found the Means to compass her Intent.  
 To cheat his Eyes, she took a different shape :  
 Yet still she gain'd a Lover, and a leap.  
 Shou'd all the Wit of all the World conspire,  
 Shou'd *Dædalus* assist my wild desire,  
 What Art can make me able to enjoy,  
 Or what can change *Ianthe* to a Boy ?  
 Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless Maid,  
 And recollect thy Reason for thy aid.  
 Know what thou art, and love as Maidens ought ;  
 And drive these Golden Wishes from thy thought.  
 Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to gain ;  
 Where Hope is wanting, Wishes are in vain.

And yet no Guards, against our Joys conspire ;  
 No jealous Husband, hinders our desire :  
 My Parents are propitious to my Wish,  
 And she her self consenting to the blifs.  
 All things concur, to prosper our Design :  
 All things to prosper any Love but mine.  
 And yet I never can enjoy the Fair :  
 'Tis past the Pow'r of Heaven to grant my Pray'r.  
 Heaven has been kind, as far as Heaven can be ;  
 Our Parents with our own desires agree,  
 But Nature, stronger than the Gods above,  
 Refuses her assistance to my Love.  
 She sets the Bar, that causes all my pain :  
 One Gift refus'd, makes all their Bounty vain.  
 And now the happy day is just at hand,  
 To bind our Hearts in *Hymen's* Holy Band :  
 Our Hearts, but not our Bodies : thus, accurs'd,  
 In midst of water, I complain of thirst.  
 Why com'st thou, *Juno*, to these barren Rites,  
 To bless a Bed, defrauded of delights ?  
 Or why shou'd *Hymen* lift his Torch on high,  
 To see two Brides in cold Embraces lye ?

Thus love-sick *Iphis* her vain Passion mourns :  
 With equal ardour fair *Ianthe* burns :  
 Invoking *Hymen's* Name and *Juno's* Pow'r  
 To speed the work, and haste the happy hour.

She hopes, while *Telethusa* fears the day ;  
 And strives to interpose some new delay :  
 Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright  
 For this bad Omen, or that boding sight.  
 But having done what're she cou'd devise,  
 And empty'd all her Magazine of lies,  
 The time approach'd : the next ensuing day  
 The Fatal Secret must to light betray.  
 Then *Telethusa* had recourse to Pray'r,  
 She and her Daughter with dishevell'd hair :

Trembling



Trembling with fear, great *Isis* they ador'd ;  
Embrac'd her Altar, and her aid implor'd.

Fair Queen, who dost on fruitful *Egypt* smile,  
Who sway'st the Sceptre of the *Pharian* Isle,  
And seven-fold falls of disimbogueing *Nile* ;  
Relieve, in this our last distress, she said,  
A suppliant Mother, and a mournful Maid.  
Thou Goddess, thou wert present to my sight ;  
Reveal'd I saw thee, by thy own fair light :  
I saw thee in my Dream, as now I see  
With all thy marks of awful Majesty :  
The Glorious Train, that compass'd thee around ;  
And heard the hollow Timbrels holy sound.  
Thy Words I noted, which I still retain ;  
Let not thy Sacred Oracles be vain.

That *Iphis* lives, that I my self am free  
From Shame and Punishment, I owe to thee.  
On thy Protection, all our hopes depend :  
Thy Counsel sav'd us, let thy Power defend.

Her Tears pursu'd her Words ; and while she spoke  
The Goddess nodded, and her Altar shook :  
The Temple doors, as with a blast of Wind,  
Were heard to clap ; the Lunar Horns that bind  
The brows of *Isis*, cast a blaze around ;  
The trembling Timbrel, made a murmur'ing sound.

Some hopes these happy Omens did impart ;  
Forth went the Mother with a beating Heart :  
Not much in fear, nor fully satisfied ;  
But *Iphis* follow'd with a larger stride :

The whiteness of her Skin forsook her Face ;  
Her looks emboldn'd, with an awful Grace ;  
Her Features and her Strength together grew ;  
And her long Hair, to curling Locks withdrew.  
Her sparkling Eyes, with Manly Vigour shone,  
Big was her Voice, Audacious was her Tone.  
The latent Parts, at length reveal'd, began  
To shoot, and spread, and burnish into Man.  
The Maid becomes a Youth ; no more delay  
Your Vows, but look, and confidently pay.

Their Gifts, the Parents to the Temple bear :  
The Votive Tables, this Inscription wear ;  
*Iphis* the Man, has to the Goddess paid,  
The Vows that *Iphis* offer'd, when a Maid.

Now, when the Star of Day had shewn his Face,  
*Venus* and *Juno* with their presence Grace  
The Nuptial Rites, and *Hymen* from above  
Descending to compleat their happy Love :  
The Gods of Marriage, lend their mutual Aid ;  
And the warm Youth enjoys the lovely Maid.



THE FABLE  
OF  
ACIS,  
POLYPHEMUS,  
AND  
GALATEA,

From the  
Thirteenth Book of the Metamorphoses,

GALATEA relates the Story.

ACIS, the Lovely Youth, whose loss I mourn,  
From *Faunus* and the Nymph *Symethis* born,  
Was both his Parents pleasure: but, to me  
Was all that Love cou'd make a Lover be.  
The Gods our Minds in mutual Bands did joyn;  
I was his only Joy, as he was mine.  
Now sixteen Summers the sweet Youth had seen;  
And doubtful Down, began to shade his Chin:  
When *Polyphemus* first disturb'd our Joy;  
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the Boy.  
Ask not which passion in my Soul was high'r,  
My last Aversion, or my first Desire:  
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less:  
Both were alike; for both were in excess:  
Thee, *Venus*, thee, both Heav'n and Earth obey;  
Immense thy Pow'r, and boundless is thy Sway.  
The *Cyclops*, who des'd th' Ætherial Throne,  
And thought no Thunder louder than his own,  
The terour of the Woods, and wilder far  
Than Wolves in Plains, or Bears in Forrests are,  
Th' Inhumane Host, who made his bloody Feasts  
On mangl'd Members, of his butcher'd Guests,  
Yet felt the force of Love, and fierce Desire,  
And burnt for me, with unrelenting Fire.  
Forgot his Caverns, and his woolly care,  
Assum'd the softness of a Lover's Air;  
And comb'd, with Teeth of Rakes, his rugged hair.  
Now with a crooked Sythe his Beard he flecks;  
And mows the stubborn Stubble of his Cheeks:  
Now, in the Crystal Stream he looks, to try  
His Simagres, and rowls his glaring eye.  
His Cruelty and thirst of Blood are lost;  
And ships securely sail along the Coast.

The Prophet *Telemus* (arriv'd by chance  
Where *Ætna's* Summer's to the Seas advance,  
Who mark'd the Tracts of every Bird that flew,  
And sure Presages from their flying drew,)

Foretold



Foretold the *Cyclops*, that *Ulysses* hand  
 In his broad eye, shou'd thrust a flaming Brand.  
 The Giant, with a scornful grin reply'd,  
 Vain Augur, thou hast fall'st Propheci'd;  
 Already Love, his flaming Brand has tost;  
 Looking on two fair Eyes, my sight I lost.  
 Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking pace he strode,  
 And stamp'd the Margine of the briny Flood,  
 With heavy steps: and weary, sought agen,  
 The cool Retirement of his gloomy Den.

A Promontory sharp'ning by degrees,  
 Ends in a Wedge, and overlooks the Seas:  
 On either side, below, the water flows;  
 This airy walk, the Giant Lover chose.  
 Here, on the midst he sate: his Flocks, unled,  
 Their Shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.  
 A Pine so burly, and of length so vast,  
 That sailing Ships requir'd it for a Mast,  
 He weilded for a Staff; his steps to guide:  
 But laid it by, his Whistle while he try'd.  
 A hundred Reeds, of a prodigious growth,  
 Scarce made a Pipe, proportion'd to his mouth:  
 Which, when he gave it wind, the Rocks around,  
 And watry Plains, the dreadful hiss resound.  
 I heard the Russian Shepherd rudely blow,  
 Where, in a hollow Cave, I sat below;  
 On *Acis* bosom I my head reclin'd:  
 And still preserve the Poem in my mind.

Oh lovely *Galatea*, whiter far  
 Than falling Snows, and rising Lillies are;  
 More flowry than the Meads, as Crystal bright,  
 Erect as Alders, and of equal height:  
 More wanton than a Kid, more sleek thy Skin  
 Than Orient Shells, that on the Shores are seen.  
 Than Apples fairer, when the boughs they lade,  
 Pleasing as Winter Suns or Summer Shade:  
 More grateful to the sight, than goodly Planes;  
 And softer to the touch, than down of Swans;  
 Or Curds new turn'd: and sweeter to the taste  
 Than swelling Grapes, that to the Vintage haste:  
 More clear than Ice, or running Streams, that stray  
 Through Garden Plots, but ah more swift than they.

Yet, *Galatea*, harder to be broke,  
 Than Bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the Yoke,  
 And far more stubborn, than the knotted Oak:  
 Like sliding Streams, impossible to hold;  
 Like them fallacious, like their Fountains cold.  
 More warping than the Willow, to decline  
 My warm Embrace, more brittle than the Vine;  
 Immoveable and fixt in thy disdain;  
 Rough as these Rocks, and of a harder grain.  
 More violent than is the rising Flood;  
 And the prais'd Peacock is not half so proud.  
 Fierce as the Fire, and sharp as Thistles are,  
 And more outrageous than a Mother-Bear:  
 Deaf as the Billows to the Vows I make;  
 And more revengeful, than a trodden Snake.



In swiftness fleeten, than the flying Hind;  
Or driven Tempests, or the driving Wind.  
All other faults, with patience I can bear;  
But swiftness is the Vice I only fear.

Yet if you knew me well, you wou'd not shun  
My Love, but to my wish'd Embraces run:  
Wou'd languish in your turn, and court my stay;  
And much repent of your unwise delay.

My Palace, in the living Rock, is made  
By Nature's hand, a spacious pleasing Shade:  
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade,  
My Garden fill'd with Fruits you may behold,  
And Grapes in clusters, imitating Gold;  
Some blushing Bunches of a purple hue;  
And these and those, are all reserv'd for you.  
Red Strawberries, in shades, expecting stand,  
Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand.

Autumnal Cornels, latter Fruit provide;  
And Plumbs to tempt you, turn their glossy side:  
Not those of common kinds; but such alone  
As in *Phæacian* Orchards might have grown:  
Nor Chestnuts shall be wanting to your Food,  
Nor Garden-fruits, nor Wildings of the Wood;  
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;  
And yours shall be the product of the Year.

The Flocks you see, are all my own; beside  
The rest that Woods, and winding Vallies hide;  
And those that folded in the Caves abide.  
Ask not the numbers of my growing Store;  
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.  
Nor will I praise my Cattel, trust not me;  
But Judge your self, and pass your own decree:  
Behold their swelling Dugs; the sweepy weight  
Of Ews that sink beneath the Milky freight;  
In the warm Folds, their tender Lambkins lye;  
Apart from Kids, that call with humane cry.  
New Milk in Nutbrown Bowls, is duely serv'd  
For daily Drink; the rest for Cheese reserv'd.  
Nor are these House-hold Dainties all my Store:  
The Fields and Forrests will afford us more;  
The Deer, the Hare, the Goat, the Salvage Boar.  
All sorts of Ven'son; and of Birds the best;  
A pair of Turtles taken from the Nest.  
I walk'd the Mountains, and two Cubs I found,  
(Whose Dam had left 'em on the naked ground,  
So like, that no distinction could be seen;  
So pretty, they were presents for a Queen;  
And so they shall; I took 'em both away;  
And keep, to be Companions of your Play.

Oh raise, fair Nymph, your Beauteous Face above  
The Waves; nor scorn my Presents, and my Love.  
Come, *Galatea*, come, and view my face;  
I late beheld it in the watry Glafs;  
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.  
Survey my towring Stature, and my Size:  
Not *Jove*, the *Jove* you dream that rules the Skies  
Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread:  
My Locks, (the plenteous Harvest of my head)



Hang o're my Manly Face ; and dangling down  
 As with a shady Grove, my Shoulders Crown.  
 Nor think, because my Limbs and Body bear  
 A thick set underwood of bristling Hair,  
 My shape deform'd ; what fouler sight can be  
 Than the bald Branches of a leafless Tree ?  
 Foul is the Steed, without a flowing Main :  
 And Birds without their Feathers and their Train.  
 Wool decks the Sheep ; and Man receives a Grace  
 From bushy Limbs, and from a bearded Face.  
 My forehead, with a single Eye is fill'd,  
 Round as a Ball, and ample as a Shield.  
 The Glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Radiant Sun  
 Is Nature's Eye ; and is content with one.  
 Add, that my Father sways your Seas, and I  
 Like you am of the watry Family.  
 I make you his, in making you my own ;  
 You I adore ; and kneel to you alone :  
 Jove, with his Fabled Thunder I despise,  
 And only fear the lightning of your Eyes.  
 Frown not, fair Nymph ; yet I cou'd bear to be  
 Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.  
 But to repulse the *Cyclops*, and prefer  
 The Love of *Acis*, (Heavens) I cannot bear.  
 But let the Stripling please himself ; nay more,  
 Please you, tho' that's the thing I most abhor,  
 The Boy shall find, if e're we cope in Fight,  
 These Giant Limbs, endu'd with Giant Might.  
 His living Bowels, from his Belly torn,  
 And scatter'd Limbs, shall on the Flood be born :  
 Thy Flood, ungrateful Nymph, and fate shall find  
 That way for thee, and *Acis* to be joyn'd.  
 For oh I burn with Love, and thy Disdain  
 Augments at once my Passion, and my pain.  
 Translated *Ætna* flames within my Heart,  
 And thou, Inhumane, wilt not ease my smart.

Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode  
 With furious paces to the Neighb'ring Wood :  
 Restless his feet, distracted was his walk ;  
 Mad were his Motions, and confus'd his talk.  
 Mad as the vanquish'd Bull, when forc'd to yield  
 His lovely Mistress, and forsake the Field.

Thus far unseen I saw : when fatal chance  
 His looks directing, with a sudden glance,  
*Acis* and I, were to his sight betray'd ;  
 Where nought suspecting we securely play'd.  
 From his wide mouth, a bellowing cry he cast  
 I see, I see ; but this shall be your last :  
 A roar so loud made *Ætna* to rebound ;  
 And all the *Cyclops* labour'd in the sound.  
 Affrighted with his Monstrous Voice, I fled,  
 And in the Neighb'ring Ocean, plung'd my Head.  
 Poor *Acis* turn'd his back, and help, he cry'd ;  
 Help, *Galatea*, help, my Parent Gods,  
 And take me dying, to your deep Abodes.  
 The *Cyclops* follow'd : but he sent before  
 A Rib, which from the living Rock he tore,

Though



Though but an Angle reach'd him of the Stone,  
 The mighty Fragment was enough alone  
 To crush all *Acis*; 'twas too late to save,  
 But what the Fates allow'd to give, I gave :  
 That *Acis* to his Lineage should return ;  
 And rowl, among the River Gods, his Urn.  
 Straight issu'd from the Stone, a Stream of Blood ;  
 Which lost the Purple, mingling with the Flood.  
 Then, like a troubl'd Torrent, it appear'd :  
 The Torrent too, in little space was clear'd.  
 The Stone was cleft, and through the yawning chink,  
 New Reeds arose on the new River's brink.  
 The Rock, from out its hollow Womb, disclos'd  
 A sound like Water in its Course oppos'd.  
 When, (wondrous to behold,) full in the Flood,  
 Up starts a Youth, and Navel high he stood.  
 Horns from his Temples rise ; and either Horn  
 Thick Wreaths of Reeds, (his Native growth) adorn.  
 Were not his Stature taller than before,  
 His bulk augmented, and his beauty more :  
 His colour blue, for *Acis* he might pass :  
 And *Acis* chang'd into a Stream he was.  
 But mine no more ; he rowls along the Plains,  
 With rapid Motion, and his Name retains.

ELEONO-



272  
THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE  

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ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL  

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POEM:

Dedicated to the

MEMORY

Of the Late

COUNTESS

OF

ABINGDON.  

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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE  
Earl of Abingdon, &c.

MY LORD,

**T**HE Commands, with which You honour'd me some Months ago, are now perform'd: They had been sooner; but betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forc'd to deferr them till this time. Ovid, going to his Banishment, and Writing from on Shipbord to his Friends, excus'd the Faults of his Poetry by his Misfortunes; and told them, that good Verses never flow, but from a serene and compos'd Spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with Wings fasten'd to his Head and Heels, can fly but slowly, in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to Obey You late, than ill: if at least I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy Your Perusal and Your Patronage. I cannot say that I have escap'd from a Shipwreck; but have only gain'd a Rock by hard swimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath: For the Doctors give me a sad assurance, that my Disease never took its leave of any man, but with a purpose to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the Interval, and manag'd the small Stock which Age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my Ladies Memory. We, who are Priests of Apollo, have not the Inspiration when we please; but must wait till the God comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to resist: which gives us double strength while the Fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my Lord; for I have really felt it on this Occasion; and prophecy'd beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believ'd, that the Excellency of the Subject contributed much to the Happiness of the Execution: And that the weight of thirty Years was taken off me, while I was writing. I swam with the Tyde, and the Water under me was buoyant. The Reader will easily observe, that I was transported, by the multitude and variety of my Similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant Fancy; and the wantonness of Wit. Had I call'd in my Judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrench'd many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of Critiques: For the whole Poem, though written in that which they call Heroique Verse, is of the Pindarique nature, as well in the Thought as the Expression; and as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as Your Lordship sees in the Title, not for an Elegie; but a Panegyrique. A kind of Apotheosis, indeed; if a Heathen Word may be applyed to a Christian use. And on all Occasions of Praise, if we take the Ancients for our Patterns, we are bound by Prescription to employ the magnificence of Words, and the force of Figures, to adorn the sublimity of Thoughts. Ilocrates amongst the Grecian Orators, and Cicero, and the younger Pliny, amongst the Romans, have left us their Precedents for our security: For I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these Pinnions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another World.

This at least, my Lord, I may justly plead, that if I have not perform'd so well as I think I have, yet I have us'd my best endeavours to excel my self. One Disadvantage I have had, which is, never to have known, or seen my Lady: And to draw the Lineaments of her Mind, from the Description which I have receiv'd from others, is for a Painter to set himself at work without the living Original before him. Which the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive; when he has only a relation given him, of such and such Features by an Acquaintance or a Friend; without the Nice Touches which give the best Resemblance, and make the Graces of the Picture. Every Artist is apt enough to flatter himself, (and I amongst the rest) that their own ocular Observations, would have discover'd more perfections, at least others, than have been deliver'd to them: Though I have receiv'd mine from the best hands, that is, from Persons who neither want a just Understanding of my Lady's Worth, nor a due Veneration for her Memory.

Defto



Doctor Donn the greatest Wit, though not the greatest Poet of our Nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries; I have had the same fortune; though I have not succeeded to the same Genius. However, I have follow'd his footsteps in the Design of his Panegyrick, which was to raise an Emulation in the living, to Copy out the Example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have call'd this Poem, the Pattern: And though on a second consideration, I chang'd the Title into the Name of that Illustrious Person, yet the Design continues, and Eleonora is still the Pattern of Charity, Devotion, and Humility; of the best Wife, the best Mother, and the best of Friends.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavour'd to answer Your Commands, yet I cou'd not answer it to the World, nor to my Conscience, if I gave not Your Lordship my Testimony of being the best Husband now living: I say my Testimony only: For the praise of it, is given You by Your self. They who despise the Rules of Virtue both in their Practice and their Morals, will think this a very trivial Commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon, to have been so truly lov'd by you, while she was living, and so gratefully honor'd, after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or cou'd have such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their Love and Constancy beyond the Grave. The exteriours of Mourning, a decent Funeral, and black Habits, are the usual stints of Common Husbands: and perhaps their Wives deserve no better than to be mourn'd with Hypocrisie, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguish'd your self from ordinary Lovers, by a real, and lasting grief for the Deceas'd. And by endeavouring to raise for her, the most durable Monument, which is that of Verse. And so it would have prov'd, if the Workman had been equal to the Work; and your Choice of the Artificer, as happy as Your Design. Yet, as Phidias when he had made the Statue of Minerva, cou'd not forbear to ingrave his own Name, as Author of the Piece: so give me leave to hope, that by subscribing mine to this Poem, I may live by the Goddess, and transmit my name to Posterity by the memory of Hers. 'Tis no flattery, to assure Your Lordship, that she is remember'd in the present Age, by all who have had the Honour of her Conversation and Acquaintance. And that I have never been in any Company since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extol'd her Virtues; and even spoken the same things of her in Prose, which I have done in Verse.

I therefore think my self oblig'd to thank Your Lordship for the Commission which You have given me: How I have acquitted my self of it, must be left to the Opinion of the World, in spite of any Protestation, which I can enter against the present Age, as Incompetent, or corrupt Judges. For my Comfort they are but Englishmen, and as such, If they Think ill of me to Day, they are inconstant enough, to Think well of me to Morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my Fortune that I was born amongst them. The Good of both Sexes are so few, in England, that they stand like Exceptions against General Rules: And though one of them has deserv'd a greater Commendation, than I cou'd give her, they have taken care, that I shou'd not tire my Pen, with frequent exercise on the like Subjects; that Praises, like Taxes, shou'd be appropriated; and left almost as Individual as the Person. They say my Talent is Satyr; if it be so, 'tis a fruitful Age; and there is an extraordinary Crop to gather. But a single Hand is insufficient for such a Harvest: They have sown the Dragons Teeth themselves; and 'tis but just they should reap each other in Lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the Character of Honour, though 'tis not my Happiness to know You, may stand aside, with the small Remainders of the English Nobility, truly such, and unhurt your selves, behold the mad Combat. If I have pleas'd you, and some few others, I have obtain'd my end. You see, I have disabled my self, like an Elected Speaker of the House; yet like him I have undertaken the Charge; and find the Burden sufficiently recompenc'd by the Honour. Be pleas'd to accept of these my Unworthy Labours, this Paper Monument; and let her Poins Memory, which I am sure is Sacred to You, not only Plead the Pardon of my many Faults, but gain me Your Protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

ELEONORA:



## ELEONORA:

A

Panegyrical Poem, Dedicated to the Memory of the Late COUNTESS of ABINGDON.

*The introduction.*

AS, when some Great and Gracious Monarch dies,  
Soft whispers, first, and mournful Murmurs rise  
Among the sad Attendants; then, the sound  
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,  
Through Town and Country, till the dreadful blast  
Is blown to distant Colonies at last;  
Who, then perhaps, were off'ring Vows in vain,  
For his long Life, and for his happy Reign:  
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame  
Did Matchless *Eleonora's* fate proclaim,  
Till publick as the loss, the news became.

*of her Charity.*

The Nation felt it, in th' extreamest parts;  
With Eyes o'reflowing, and with bleeding hearts:  
But most the Poor, whom daily she supply'd;  
Beginning to be such, but when she dy'd.  
For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace, by night;  
Secure of bread, as of returning light;  
And, with such firm dependance on the Day,  
That need grew pamper'd; and forgot to pray:  
So sure the Dole, so ready at their call,  
They stood prepar'd to see the Manna fall.

Such Multitudes she fed, she cloath'd, she nurs'd,  
That she, her self, might fear her wanting first.  
Of her five Talents, other five she made;  
Heaven, that had largely giv'n, was largely pay'd:  
And, in few lives, in wondrous few, we find  
A Fortune, better fitted to the Mind.  
Nor did her Alms from Ostentation fall,  
Or proud desire of Praise; the Soul gave all:  
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,  
No less than Heaven; to heap huge Treasures, there.

Want pass'd for Merit, at her open door,  
Heaven saw, he safely might increase his Poor.  
And trust their Sustenance with her so well,  
As not to be at charge of Miracle.  
None cou'd be needy, whom she saw, or knew;  
All, in the Compass of her Sphear, she drew:  
He who cou'd touch her Garment, was as sure,  
As the first Christians of th' Apostle's cure.  
The distant heard, by Fame, her pious Deeds;  
And laid her up, for their extremest needs;  
A future Cordial, for a fainting Mind;  
For, what was ne're refus'd, all hop'd to find;  
Each in his turn: The Rich might freely come,  
As to a Friend; but to the Poor, 'twas Home.



As to some Holy House th' Afflicted came ;  
The Hunger-starv'd, the Naked, and the Lame ;  
Want and Diseases fled before her Name.  
For zeal like hers, her Servants were too slow ;  
She was the first where need requir'd, to go ;  
Her self the Foundress, and Attendant too.

Sure she had Guests sometimes to entertain,  
Guests in disguise, of her Great Master's Train :  
Her Lord himself might come, for ought we know ;  
Since in a Servant's form he liv'd below :  
Beneath her Roof, he might be pleas'd to stay :  
Or some benighted Angel, in his way  
Might ease his Wings ; and seeing Heav'n appear  
In its best work of Mercy, think it there,  
Where all the Deeds of Charity and Love  
Were in as constant Method, as above :  
All carry'd on ; all of a piece with theirs ;  
As free her Alms, as diligent her Cares ;  
As loud her Praises, and as warm her Pray'rs.

Yet was she not profuse ; but fear'd to waste,  
And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last ;  
That all might be supply'd ; and she not grieve  
When Clouds appear'd, she had not to relieve.  
Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store ;  
Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more :  
So *Pharaoh*, or some Greater King than he,  
Provided for the seventh Necessity :  
Taught from above, his Magazines to frame ;  
That Famine was prevent'd ere it came.  
Thus Heaven, though All-sufficient, shows a thrift  
In his Oeconomy, and bounds his gift :  
Creating for our Day, one single Light ;  
And his Reflection too supplies the Night :  
Perhaps a thousand other Worlds, that lye  
Remote from us, and latent in the Sky,  
Are lighten'd by his Beams, and kindly nurs'd ;  
Of which our Earthly Dunghil is the worst.

Now, as all Virtues keep the middle Line,  
Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,  
Such was her Soul ; abhorring Avarice,  
Bounteous, but, almost bounteous to a Vice :  
Had she giv'n more, it had Profusion been,  
And turn'd th' excess of Goodness, into Sin.

These Virtues rais'd her Fabrick to the Sky ;  
For that which is next Heav'n, is Charity.  
But, as high Turrets, for their Ay'ry steep  
Require Foundations, in proportion deep :  
And lofty Cedars, as far upward shoot,  
As to the neather Heavens they drive the root ;  
So low did her secure Foundation lye,  
She was not Humble, but Humility.  
Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,  
Or wise, beyond what other Women are,  
Or, which is better, knew ; but never durst compare.  
For to be conscious of what all admire,  
And not be vain, advances Virtue high'r :  
But still she found, or rather thought she found,  
Her own worth wanting, others to abound :

Of her prudent  
Management.

Of her Humility.



Ascrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,  
Unjust and scanty to her self alone.

*of her  
Piety.*

Such her Devotion was, as might give rules  
Of Speculation, to disputing Schools ;  
And teach us equally the Scales to hold  
Betwixt the two Extreames of hot and cold ;  
That pious heat may mod'rately prevail,  
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with zeal.  
Business might shorten, not disturb her Pray'r ;  
Heaven had the best, if not the greater share.  
An active Life, long Oraisons forbids ;  
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by Deeds.

Her ev'ry day was Sabbath : Only free  
From hours of Pray'r, for hours of Charity.  
Such as the Jews from servile toil releas't ;  
Where works of Mercy were a part of rest :  
Such as blest Angels exercise above,  
Vary'd with Sacred Hymns, and Acts of Love ;  
Such Sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,  
Ev'n that perpetual one, which she employs,  
(For such vicissitudes in Heav'n there are)  
In Praise alternate, and alternate Pray'r.  
All this she practis'd here ; that when she sprung  
Amidst the Quires, at the first sight she sung.  
Sung, and was sung her self, in Angels Lays ;  
For praising her, they did her Maker praise.  
All Offices of Heav'n so well she knew,  
Before she came, that nothing there was new.  
And she was so familiarly receiv'd,  
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

*Of her va-  
rious Vir-  
tues.*

Muse, down again precipitate thy flight ;  
For how can Mortal Eyes sustain Immortal Light !  
But as the Sun in Water we can bear,  
Yet not the Sun, but his Reflection there,  
So let us view her here, in what she was ;  
And take her Image, in this watry Glass :  
Yet look not ev'ry Lineament to see ;  
Some will be cast in shades ; and some will be  
So lamely drawn, you scarcely know, 'tis she. }  
For where such various Virtues we recite, }  
'Tis like the Milky-Way, all over bright, }  
But sown so thick with Stars, 'tis undistinguish'd Light. }

Her Virtue, not her Virtues let us call,  
For one Heroick comprehends 'em all :  
One, as a Constellation is but one ;  
Though 'tis a Train of Stars, that, rolling on, }  
Rise in their turn, and in the Zodiack run. }  
Ever in Motion ; now 'tis Faith ascends, }  
Now Hope, now Charity, that upward tends, }  
And downwards with diffusive Good, descends. }

As in Perfumes compos'd with Art and Cost,  
'Tis hard to say what Scent is uppermost ;  
Nor this part Musk or Civet can we call,  
Or Amber, but a rich Result of all ;  
So, she was all a Sweet ; whose ev'ry part,  
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's Art.  
No single Virtue we cou'd most commend ;  
Whether the Wife, the Mother, or the Friend ;

For



For she was all, in that supreme degree,  
That, as no one prevail'd, so all was she.  
The sev'ral parts lay hidden in the Piece;  
Th' Occasion but exerted that, or this.

A Wife as tender, and as true withal,  
As the first Woman was, before her fall:  
Made for the Man, of whom she was a part;  
Made, to attract his Eyes, and keep his Heart.  
A second *Eve*, but by no Crime accurst;  
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.  
Had she been first, still Paradise had bin,  
And Death had found no entrance by her sin.  
So she not only had preserv'd from ill  
Her Sex and ours, but liv'd their Pattern still.

Love and obedience to her Lord she bore,  
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more.  
Not aw'd to Duty by superior sway;  
But taught by his Indulgence to obey.  
Thus we love God as Author of our good;  
So Subjects love just Kings, or so they shou'd.  
Nor was it with Ingratitude return'd;  
In equal Fires the blissful Couple burn'd:  
One joy possess'd 'em both, and in one Grief they mourn'd.  
His Passion still improv'd: he lov'd so fast  
As if he fear'd each day wou'd be her last.  
Too true a Prophet to foresee the Fate  
That shou'd so soon divide their happy State:  
When he to Heav'n entirely must restore  
That Love, that Heart, where he went halves before.  
Yet as the Soul is all in ev'ry part,  
So God and He, might each have all her Heart.

So had her Children too; for Charity  
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she:  
Each under other by degrees they grew;  
A goodly Perspective of distant view:  
*Anchises* look'd not with so pleas'd a Face  
In numbring o'er his future *Roman* Race,  
And Marshalling the Heroes of his name  
As, in their Order, next to light they came;  
Nor *Cybele* with half so kind an Eye,  
Survey'd her Sons and Daughters of the Skie.  
Proud, shall I say, of her immortal Fruit,  
As far as Pride with Heav'nly Minds may suit.

Her pious love excell'd to all she bore;  
New Objects only multiply'd it more.  
And as the Chosen found the perly Grain  
As much as ev'ry Vessel cou'd contain;  
As in the Blissful Vision each shall share,  
As much of Glory, as his Soul can bear;  
So did she love, and so dispense her Care.  
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best;  
As longer cultivated than the rest:  
The Babe had all that Infant care beguiles,  
And early knew his Mother in her smiles:  
But when dilated Organs let in day  
To the young Soul, and gave it room to play,  
At his first aptness, the Maternal Love  
Those Rudiments of Reason did improve:

Of her Con-  
jugal Vir-  
tues.

Of her love  
to her Chil-  
dren.

Her care of  
their Edu-  
cation.

The



The tender Age was pliant to command;  
 Like Wax it yielded to the forming hand:  
 True to th' Artificer, the labour'd Mind  
 With ease was pious, generous, just and kind;  
 Soft for Impression from the first, prepar'd,  
 Till Virtue, with long exercise, grew hard;  
 With ev'ry Act confirm'd; and made, at last  
 So durable, as not to be effac'd,  
 It turn'd to Habit; and, from Vices free,  
 Goodness resolv'd into Necessity.

Thus fix'd the Virtue's Image, that's her own,  
 Till the whole Mother in the Children shone;  
 For that was their Perfection: she was such,  
 They never cou'd express her Mind too much.  
 So unexhausted her Perfections were,  
 That, for more Children, she had more to spare:  
 For Souls unborn, whom her untimely death  
 Depriv'd of Bodies, and of mortal breath;  
 And (cou'd they take th' Impressions of her Mind)  
 Enough still left to sanctifie her Kind.

*Of her  
 Friendship.*

Then wonder not to see this Soul extend  
 The bounds, and seek some other self, a Friend:  
 As swelling Seas to gentle Rivers glide,  
 To seek repose, and empty out the Tyde;  
 So this full Soul, in narrow limits pent,  
 Unable to contain her, sought a vent,  
 To issue out, and in some friendly breast  
 Discharge her Treasures, and securely rest.  
 T' unbosom all the secrets of her Heart,  
 Take good advice, but better to impart.  
 For 'tis the bliss of Friendship's holy state  
 To mix their Minds, and to communicate;  
 Though Bodies cannot, Souls can penetrate.  
 Fixt to her choice; inviolably true;  
 And wisely chusing, for she chose but few.  
 Some she must have; but in no one cou'd find  
 A Tally fitted for so large a Mind.

The Souls of Friends, like Kings in progress are;  
 Still in their own, though from the Pallace far:  
 Thus her friend's Heart her Country Dwelling was,  
 A sweet Retirement to a courser place:  
 Where Pomp and Ceremonies enter'd not;  
 Where Greatness was shut out, and Bus'ness well forgot.

This is th' imperfect draught; but short as far  
 As the true height and bigness of a Star  
 Exceeds the Measures of th' Astronomer.  
 She shines above we know, but in what place,  
 How near the Throne, and Heav'n's Imperial Face,  
 By our weak Opticks is but vainly ghest;  
 Distance and Altitude conceal the rest.

*Reflections  
 on the short-  
 ness of her  
 life.*

Tho all these rare Endowments of the Mind  
 Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,  
 The Figure was with full Perfection crown'd;  
 Though not so large an Orb, as truly round.

As when in glory, through the publick place,  
 The Spoils of conquer'd Nations were to pass,  
 And but one day for Triumph was allow'd,  
 The Consul was constrain'd his Pomp to crow'd;

And



And so the swift Procession hurry'd on,  
That all, though not distinctly, might be shown;  
So, in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd,  
She gave but glimpses of her glorious Mind:  
And multitudes of Virtues pass'd along;  
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng;  
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room,  
For greater Multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no Minute slipt away;  
Moments were precious in so short a stay.  
The haste of Heav'n to have her was so great,  
That some were single Acts, though each compleat;  
But ev'ry Act stood ready to repeat.

Her fellow Saints with busie care, will look  
For her blest Name, in Fate's eternal Book;  
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will see  
Numberless Virtues, endless Charity;  
But more will wonder at so short an Age;  
To find a Blank beyond the thirti'th Page;  
And with a Pious fear begin to doubt  
The Piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.  
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, cou'd there be  
A Copy near th' Original, 'twas she.

*She dy'd in  
her thirty  
third year.*

As precious Gums are not for lasting fire,  
They but Perfume the Temple, and expire.  
So was she soon exhal'd; and vanish'd hence;  
A short sweet Odour, of a vast expence.  
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd;  
For but a Now, did Heav'n and Earth divide:  
She pass'd serenely with a single breath,  
This Moment perfect health, the next was death:  
One sigh, did her eternal Bliss assure;  
So little Penance needs, when Souls are almost pure.  
As gentle Dreams our waking Thoughts pursue;  
Or, one Dream pass'd, we slide into a new;  
(So close they follow, such wild Order keep,  
We think our selves awake, and are asleep:)  
So softly death, succeeded life, in her;  
She did but dream of Heav'n, and she was there.

*The manner  
of her death.*

No Pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with Noise;  
Her Soul was whisper'd out, with God's still Voice;  
As an old Friend is beckon'd to a Feast,  
And treated like a long familiar Guest;  
He took her as he found; but found her so,  
As one in hourly readiness to go.  
Ev'n on that day, in all her Trim prepar'd;  
As early notice she from Heav'n had heard,  
And some descending Courtier, from above  
Had giv'n her timely warning to remove:  
Or counsel'd her to dress the nuptial Room;  
For on that Night the Bridegroom was to come.  
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay  
Cloath'd all in white, the Liv'ry of the Day:  
Scarce had she sinn'd, in Thought, or Word, or Act;  
Unless Omissions were to pass for fact:  
That hardly Death a Consequence cou'd draw,  
To make her liable to Nature's Law.

*Her prepara-  
rements to  
die.*

*She dy'd on  
Whitsunday  
night.*

And



And that she dy'd, we only have to show,  
The mortal part of her she left below :  
The rest (so smooth, so suddenly she went)  
Look'd like Translation, through the Firmament ;  
Or like the fiery Carr, on the third Errand sent.

*Apostrophe  
her Soul.*

O happy Soul ! if thou canst view from high,  
Where thou art all Intelligence, all Eye,  
If looking up to God, or down to us,  
Thou find'st, that any way be pervious,  
Survey the ruines of thy House, and see  
Thy widow'd, and thy Orphan Family ;  
Look on thy tender Pledges left behind :  
And, if thou canst a vacant Minute find  
From Heavenly Joys, that Interval afford  
To thy sad Children, and thy mourning Lord.  
See how they grieve, mistaken in their love,  
And shed a beam of Comfort from above ;  
Give 'em, as much as mortal Eyes can bear,  
A transient view of thy full glories there ;  
That they with mod'rate sorrow may sustain  
And mollifie their Losses, in thy Gain.  
Or else divide the grief, for such thou wert,  
That shou'd not all Relations bear a part,  
It were enough to break a single Heart.

*Epiphone-  
ma: or close  
of the Poem.*

Let this suffice: Nor thou, great Saint, refuse  
This humble Tribute of no vulgar Muse :  
Who, not by Cares, or Wants, or Age deprest,  
Stems a wild Deluge with a dauntless Brest :  
And dares to sing thy Praises, in a Clime  
Where Vice Triumphs, and Virtue is a Crime :  
Where ev'n to draw the Picture of thy Mind,  
Is Satyr on the most of Humane Kind :  
Take it, while yet 'tis Praise ; before my Rage  
Unsafely just, break loose on this bad Age ;  
So bad, that thou thy self had'st no defence,  
From Vice, but barely by departing hence.

Be what, and where thou art : To wish thy place,  
Were in the best, Presumption, more than Grace.  
Thy Reliques (such thy Works of Mercy are)  
Have, in this Poem, been my holy care.  
As Earth thy Body keeps, thy Soul the Sky,  
So shall this Verse preserve thy Memory ;  
For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee.

AN



An E P I T A P H  
ON THE  
Lady W H I T M O R E.

F Air, Kind, and True, a Treasure each alone;  
A Wife, a Mistress, and a Friend in one;  
Rest in this Tomb, rais'd at thy Husband's cost,  
Here sadly summing, what he had, and lost.  
Come Virgins, e're in equal Bands you join,  
Come first and offer at her Sacred Shrine;  
Pray but for half the Virtues of this Wife,  
Compound for all the rest, with longer Life,  
And wish your Vows like hers may be return'd,  
So Lov'd when Living, and when Dead so Mourn'd.

A N  
E P I T A P H,  
ON  
Sir Palmes Fairbone's T O M B  
I N  
Westminster-Abby.

Sacred

To the Immortal Memory of Sir Palmes Fairbone, Knight, Governor of *Tangier*; in execution of which Command, he was mortally wounded by a Shot from the *Moors*, then Besieging the Town, in the 46th year of his Age. *October 24th. 1680.*

Y E Sacred Relicks which your Marble keep,  
Here undisturb'd by Wars in quiet sleep:  
Discharge the trust which when it was below  
Fairbone's undaunted Soul did undergo, }  
And be the Towns Palladium from the Foe. }  
Alive and dead these Walls he will defend,  
Great Actions great Examples must attend.  
The Candian Siege his early Valour knew,  
Where Turkish Blood did his young hands imbrew.  
From thence returning with deserv'd Applause, }  
Against the Moors his well-flesh'd Sword he draws; }  
The same the Courage, and the same the Cause. }  
His Youth and Age, his Life and Death combine, }  
As in some great and regular design, }  
All of a Piece throughout, and all Divine.

D d

Still



*Still nearer Heaven his Virtues shone more bright,  
 Like rising flames expanding in their height,  
 The Martyr's Glory Crown'd the Soldiers Fight.  
 More bravely Brittish General never felt,  
 Nor General's Death was e're reveng'd so well,  
 Which his pleas'd Eyes beheld before their close,  
 Follow'd by thousand Victims of his Foes.  
 To his lamented loss for time to come,  
 His pious Widow Consecrates this Tomb.*

## R O N D E L A Y.

1.  
**C**HLOE found *Amyntas* lying  
 All in Tears, upon the Plain;  
 Sighing to himself, and crying,  
 Wretched I, to love in vain!  
 Kifs me, Dear, before my dying;  
 Kifs me once, and ease my pain!

2  
 Sighing to himself, and crying  
 Wretched I, to love in vain:  
 Ever scorning and denying  
 To reward your faithful Swain:  
 Kifs me, Dear, before my dying:  
 Kifs me once, and ease my pain!

3.  
 Ever scorning, and denying  
 To reward your faithful Swain;  
*Chloe*, laughing at his crying,  
 Told him that he lov'd in vain:  
 Kifs me, Dear, before my dying:  
 Kifs me once, and ease my pain!

4.  
*Chloe*, laughing at his crying,  
 Told him that he lov'd in vain:  
 But repenting, and complying,  
 When he kifs'd, she kifs'd again:  
 Kifs'd him up, before his dying;  
 Kifs'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

To the Pious Memory of the Accomplish'd Young Lady Mrs. ANN  
 KILLIGREW. Excellent in the two Sister Arts of  
 Poesie, and Painting. An ODE.

1.  
**T**Hou youngest Virgin-Daughter of the Skies,  
 Made in the last Promotion of the Blest;  
 Whose Palms, new pluckt from Paradise,  
 In spreading Branches more sublimely rise,  
 Rich with Immortal Green above the rest:

Whether,



Whether, adopted to some Neighbouring Star,  
 Thou rol'st above us, in thy wand'ring Race,  
 Or, in Proceſſion fixt and regular,  
 Mov'd with the Heav'n's Majestick Pace;  
 Or, call'd to more Superiour *Bliss*,  
 Thou tread'st, with Seraphims, the vast *Abyss*.  
 What ever happy Region is thy place,  
 Cease thy Celestial Song a little space;  
 (Thou wilt have time enough for Hymns Divine,  
 Since Heav'n's Eternal Year is thine.)  
 Here then a Mortal Muse thy Praise rehearse,  
 In no ignoble Verse;  
 But such as thy own Voice did practise here,  
 When thy first Fruits of Poëſie were giv'n;  
 To make thy self a welcome Inmate there:  
 While yet a young Probationer,  
 And Candidate of Heav'n.

## 2.

If by Traduction came thy Mind,  
 Our Wonder is the less to find  
 A Soul so charming from a Stock so good;  
 Thy Father was transfus'd into thy *Blood*:  
 So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,  
 (An early, rich, and inexhausted Vein.)  
 But if thy Præexiſting Soul  
 Was form'd, at first, with Myriads more,  
 It did through all the Mighty Poets roul,  
 Who *Greek* or *Latine* Laurels wore.  
 And was that *Sappho* last, which once it was before.  
 If so, then cease thy flight, O *Heaven-born Mind*!  
 Thou haſt no *Droſs* to purge from thy Rich Ore:  
 Nor can thy Soul a fairer Mansion find,  
 Than was the *Beauteous* Frame ſhe left behind:  
 Return, to fill or mend the Quire, of thy Celestial kind.

## 3.

May we presume to ſay, that at thy *Birth*,  
 New joy was ſprung in *Heav'n*, as well as here on *Earth*.  
 For ſure the Milder Planets did combine  
 On thy *Auspicious* Horoscope to ſhine,  
 And ev'n the moſt Malicious were in Trine.  
 Thy *Brother-Angels* at thy *Birth*  
 Strung each his Lyre, and tun'd it high,  
 That all the People of the Skie  
 Might know a Poetess was born on Earth.  
 And then if ever, Mortal Ears  
 Had heard the Muſick of the Spheres!  
 And if no cluſt'ring Swarm of *Bees*  
 On thy ſweet Mouth diſtill'd their golden Dew:  
 'Twas that, ſuch vulgar Miracles,  
 Heav'n had not Leaſure to renew:  
 For all the *Bleſt* Fraternity of Love  
 Solemniz'd there thy *Birth*, and kept thy Holy day above.

## 4.

O Gracious God! How far have we  
 Prophan'd thy Heav'nly Gift of Poëſy?  
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muſe,  
 Debas'd to each obſcene and impious uſe,



Whose Harmony was first ordain'd Above  
 For Tongues of *Angels*, and for *Hymns* of Love?  
 O wretched We! why were we hurry'd down  
 This lubrique and adult'rate Age,  
 (Nay added fat Pollutions of our own)  
 T'increase the steaming Ordures of the Stage?  
 What can we say t'excuse our *Second Fall*?  
 Let this thy *Vestal*, Heaven, attone for all?  
 Her *Arethusan* Stream remains unsoil'd,  
 Unmixt with Forreign Filth, and undefil'd,  
 Her Wit was more than Man, her Innocence a Child!

## 5.

Art she had none, yet wanted none:  
 For Nature did that Want supply,  
 So rich in Treasures of her Own,  
 She might our boasted *Stores* defy:  
 Such Noble Vigour did her Verse adorn,  
 That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.  
 Her Morals too were in her *Bosom* bred,  
 By great Examples daily fed,  
 What in the best of *Books*, her Father's Life, she read.  
 And to be read her self she need not fear,  
 Each Test, and ev'ry Light, her Muse will bear,  
 Though *Epictetus* with his Lamp were there.  
 Ev'n Love (for Love sometimes her Muse exprest)  
 Was but a *Lambent-flame* which play'd about her *Breast*:  
 Light as the Vapours of a Morning Dream,  
 So cold her self, whilst she such Warmth exprest,  
 'Twas *Cupid* bathing in *Diana's* Stream.

## 6.

Born to the Spacious Empire of the *Nine*,  
 One wou'd have thought, she shou'd have been content  
 To manage well that Mighty Government;  
 But what can young ambitious Souls confine?  
 To the next Realm she stretcht her Sway  
 For *Painture* near adjoyning lay,  
 A plenteous Province, and alluring Prey.  
 A *Chamber of Dependences* was fram'd,  
 (As Conquerors will never want Pretence,  
 When arm'd, to justify th' Offence)  
 And the whole Fief, in right of Poetry she claim'd.  
 The Country open lay without Defence:  
 For Poets frequent In-rides there had made,  
 And perfectly cou'd represent  
 The Shape, the Face, with ev'ry Lineament;  
 And all the large Demains which the *Dumb-sister* sway'd,  
 All bow'd beneath her Government,  
 Receiv'd in Triumph wheresoe'er she went.  
 Her Pencil drew, what e're her Soul design'd,  
 And of the happy *Draught* surpass'd the *Image* in her *Mind*.  
 The *Sylvan* Scenes of Herds and Flocks,  
 And fruitful Plains and barren Rocks,  
 Of shallow *Brooks* that flow'd so clear,  
 The bottom did the top appear;  
 Of deeper too and ampler Floods,  
 Which as in Mirrors, shew'd the Woods;  
 Of lofty Trees, with Sacred Shades,  
 And Perspectives of pleasant Glades,

Where



Where Nymphs of brightest Form appear,  
 And shaggy Satyrs standing near,  
 Which them at once admire and fear.  
 The Ruines too of some Majestick Piece,  
 Boasting the Pow'r of ancient *Rome* or *Greece*.  
 Whose Statues, Freezes, Columns broken lie,  
 And tho' defac'd, the Wonder of the Eye,  
 What *Nature*, *Art*, bold *Fiction* e're durst frame,  
 Her forming Hand gave Feature to the Name.  
 So strange a Concourse ne're was seen before,  
 But when the peopl'd *Ark* the whole Creation bore.

7.

The Scene then chang'd, with bold Erected Look  
 Our Martial King the fight with Reverence strook :  
 For not content t'express his Outward Part,  
 Her Hand call'd out the Image of his Heart,  
 His Warlike Mind, his Soul devoid of Fear,  
 His High-designing *Thoughts*, were figur'd there,  
 As when, by Magick, Ghosts are made appear.

Our Phenix Queen was portrai'd too so bright,  
*Beauty* alone cou'd *Beauty* take so right:  
 Her Dress, her Shape, her matchless Grace,  
 Were all observ'd, as well as Heavenly Face.  
 With such a Peerless Majesty she stands,  
 As in that Day she took the Crown from Sacred Hands :  
 Before a Train of Heroins was seen,  
 In *Beauty* foremost, as in Rank, the Queen !

Thus nothing to her *Genius* was deny'd,  
 But like a *Ball* of Fire the further thrown,  
 Still with a greater *Blaze* she shone,  
 And her bright Soul broke out on ev'ry side.  
 What next she had design'd, Heaven only knows,  
 To such Immod'rate Growth her Conquest rose,  
 That Fate alone its Progress cou'd oppose.

8.

Now all those Charms, that blooming Grace,  
 The well-proportion'd Shape, and beauteous Face,  
 Shall never more be seen by Mortal Eyes ;  
 In Earth the much lamented Virgin lies !

Not Wit, nor Piety cou'd Fate prevent ;  
 Nor was the cruel *Destiny* content  
 To finish all the Murder at a blow,  
 To sweep at once her *Life*, and *Beauty* too ;  
 But, like a hardn'd Fellow, took a pride  
 To work more Mischievously slow,  
 And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.

O double Sacrilege on things Divine,  
 To rob the Relique, and deface the Shrine !

But thus *Orinda* dy'd :

Heaven, by the same Disease, did both translate,  
 As equal were their Souls, so equal was their Fate.

9.

Mean time her *Warlike Brother* on the Seas  
 His waving Streams to the Winds displays,  
 And vows for his Return, with vain Devotion, pays,  
 Ah, Generous Youth, that Wish forbear,  
 The Winds too soon will waft thee here !



Slack all thy Sails, and fear to come,  
 Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!  
 No more shalt thou behold thy Sister's Face,  
 Thou hast already had her last Embrace.  
 But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,  
 Among the *Pleiad's* a New-kindl'd Star,  
 If any Sparkles, than the rest, more bright,  
 'Tis she that shines in that propitious Light.

IO.

When in mid-Air, the Golden Trump shall sound,  
 To raise the Nations under Ground;  
 When in the Valley of *Jehosaphat*,  
 The Judging God shall close the Book of Fate;  
 And there the last *Assizes* keep,  
 For those who Wake, and those who Sleep;  
 When rattling *Bones* together fly,  
 From the four Corners of the Skie,  
 When Sinews o're the Skeletons are spread,  
 Those cloath'd with Flesh, and Life inspires the Dead;  
 The Sacred Poets first shall hear the Sound,  
 And formost from the Tomb shall bound:  
 For they are cover'd with the lightest Ground,  
 And streight, with in-born Vigour, on the Wing  
 Like mounting Larks, to the New Morning sing.  
 There *Thou*, sweet Saint, before the Quire shalt go,  
 As Harbinger of Heaven, the Way to show,  
 The Way which thou so well hast learnt below.

## SONG.

*Sylvia* the fair, in the bloom of Fifteen,  
 Felt an innocent warmth, as she lay on the Green;  
 She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guest  
 By the towzing and tumbling and touching her Breast;  
 She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,  
 What they meant by their fighting, and kissing so close;  
 By their praying and whining  
 And clasping and twining,  
 And panting and wishing,  
 And fighting and kissing  
 And fighting and kissing so close.

II.

Ah she cry'd, ah for a languishing Maid  
 In a Country of Christians to die without aid!  
 Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,  
 Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,  
 To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a loss  
 What they meant by their fighting, and kissing so close!  
 By their praying and whining  
 And clasping and twining,  
 And panting and wishing,  
 And fighting and kissing  
 And fighting and kissing so close.

III. *Cupid*



## III.

*Cupid* in Shape of a Swain did appear,  
 He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near,  
 Then show'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,  
 For the pain was no more than a Maiden may bear;  
 When the balm was infus'd she was not at a loss,  
 What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close;  
     By their praying and whining,  
     And clasping and twining,  
     And panting and wishing,  
     And sighing and kissing,  
     And sighing and kissing so close.

## S O N G.

**G**O tell *Amynta* gentle Swain;  
 I wou'd not die nor dare complain,  
 Thy tuneful Voice with numbers joyn,  
 Thy words will more prevail than mine;  
 To Souls oppress'd and dumb with grief,  
 The Gods ordain this kind relief,  
 That Musick shou'd in sounds convey,  
 What dying Lovers dare not say.

## II.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'll give,  
 But Love on Pity cannot live.  
 Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,  
 And Love with Love is only paid.  
 Tell her my pains so fast encrease,  
 That soon they will be past redress;  
 But ah! the Wretch that speechless lyes,  
 Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

## T O T H E

## Lady C A S T L E M A I N,

*Upon her encouraging his first Play.*

**A**S *Seamen*, Shipwrack'd on some happy Shore,  
 Discover Wealth in Lands unknown before;  
 And, what their *Art* had labour'd long in vain,  
 By their Misfortunes happily obtain;  
 So my much envy'd Muse, by Storms long tost,  
 Is thrown upon your hospitable Coast,  
 And finds more favour by her ill success,  
 Than she cou'd hope for by her Happiness.  
 Once *Cato's* Virtue did the Gods oppose;  
 While they the Victor, He the Vanquish'd chose:  
 But you have done what *Cato* cou'd not do,  
 To chuse the Vanquish'd, and restore him too.  
 Let others still Triumph, and gain their Cause  
 By their Deserts, or by the *World's* Applause;  
 Let Merit Crowns, and Justice Lawrels give,  
 But let me happy by your Pity live.

True



True Poets empty Fame, and Praise despise,  
 Fame is the Trumpet, but your Smile the Prize :  
 You sit above, and see vain Men below  
 Contend, for what you only can bestow :  
 But those great Actions, others do by chance,  
 Are, like your *Beauty*, your *Inheritance* :  
 So great a Soul, such sweetness join'd in one,  
 Cou'd only spring from Noble *Grandison* :  
 You, like the Stars, not by Reflection bright,  
 Are born to your own Heaven, and your own light ;  
 Like them are good, but from a *Nobler Cause*,  
 From your own Knowledge, not from *Nature's Laws*.  
 Your Pow'r you never use, but for Defence,  
 To guard your own, or others Innocence :  
 Your Foes are such, as they, not you, have made,  
 And Virtue may repel, tho' not invade.  
 Such Courage did the *Ancient Heroes* show,  
 Who, when they might prevent, wou'd wait the blow :  
 With such assurance as they meant to say,  
 We will o'come, but scorn the safest way.  
 What further fear of danger can there be,  
*Beauty*, which captives all things, sets me free ?  
 Posterity will judge by my success,  
 I had the *Grecian Poet's* happiness,  
 Who, waving Plots, found out a better way,  
 Some God descended, and preserv'd the Play.  
 When first the Triumphs of your Sex were sung  
 By those old Poets, *Beauty* was but young,  
 And few admir'd the native Red and White,  
 Till Poets drest them up, to charm the fight ;  
 So *Beauty* took on trust, and did engage  
 For Sums of Praises, till she came to Age.  
 But this long growing Debt to Poetry  
 You justly (Madam) have discharg'd to me,  
 When your *Applause* and *Favour* did infuse  
 New Life to my condemn'd and dying Muse.

## P R O L O G U E

### TO THE UNIVERSITY of OXFORD, 1681.

**T**HE fam'd *Italian Muse*, whose Rhymes advance  
*Orlando*, and the *Paladins of France*,  
 Records, that when our Wit and Sense is flown,  
 'Tis lodg'd within the Circle of the Moon  
 In Earthen Jars, which one, who thither soar'd,  
 Set to his Nose, snufft up, and was restor'd.  
 What e're the Story be, the Moral's true,  
 The Wit we lost in Town, we find in you.  
 Our Poets their fled Parts may draw from hence,  
 And fill their windy Heads with sober Sense.  
 When *London Votes* with *Southwark's* disagree,  
 Here may they find their long lost Loyalty.

Here



Here busie Senates, to th' old Cause inclin'd,  
 May snuff the Votes their fellows left behind:  
 Your Country Neighbours, when their Grain grows dear,  
 May come and find their *last Provision* here:  
 Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,  
 Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one Cross;  
 We look'd what Representatives wou'd bring,  
 But they help'd us, just as they did the King.  
 Yet we despair not, for we now lay forth  
 The *Sybill's* Books, to those who know their worth:  
 And tho the first was Sacrific'd before,  
 These Volumes doubly will the price restore.  
 Our Poet bade us hope this Grace to find,  
 To whom by long Prescription you are kind.  
 He, whose undaunted Muse, with Loyal Rage,  
 Has never spar'd the Vices of the Age,  
 Here finding nothing that his Spleen can raise,  
 Is forc'd to turn his Satyr into Praise.

## A

## P R O L O G U E.

G Allants, a bashful Poet bids me say  
 He's come to lose his Maidenhead to day.  
 Be not too fierce, for he's but green of Age;  
 And ne're, till now, debauch'd upon the Stage:  
 He wants the suffring part of Resolution;  
 And comes with blushes to his Execution.  
 E're you deflow'r his Muse, he hopes the Pit  
 Will make some settlement upon his Wit.  
 Promise him well, before the Play begin;  
 For he wou'd fain be cozen'd into Sin.  
 'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;  
 But, if you leave him after being frail,  
 He'll have, at least, a fair pretence to rail;  
 To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill,  
 And put you in the new Deserters Bill:  
 Lord, what a Troop of perjur'd Men we see;  
 Enow to fill another Mercury!  
 But this the Ladies may with patience brook:  
 Theirs are not the first Colours you forlook!  
 He wou'd be loath the *Beauties* to offend;  
 But, if he shou'd, he's not too old to mend.  
 He's a young Plant, in his first Year of bearing,  
 But his Friend swears, he will be worth the reering:  
 His gloss is still upon him: tho 'tis true  
 He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.  
 You think an *Apricot* half green is best;  
 There's sweet and sour: and one side good at least:  
 Mango's and Limes, whose nourishment is little,  
 Tho' not for Food, are yet preserv'd for Pickle:  
 So this green Writer, may pretend, at least,  
 To whet your Stomachs for a better Feast.



He makes this difference in the Sexes too,  
 He sells to Men, he gives himself to you.  
 To both, he wou'd contribute some delight;  
 A mere Poetical Hermaphrodite.  
 Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd, and woo;  
 With *Arms* offensive, and defensive too;  
 'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

# S O N G

T O A

*Fair, Young LADY, Going out of the Town in the  
 S P R I N G.*

1.

ASK not the Cause, why fullen Spring  
 So long delays her Flow'rs to bear;  
 Why warbling Birds forget to sing,  
 And Winter Storms invert the Year?  
*Chloris* is gone; and Fate provides  
 To make it Spring, where she resides.

2.

*Chloris* is gone, the Cruel Fair;  
 She cast not back a pitying Eye:  
 But left her Lover in Despair;  
 To sigh, to languish, and to die:  
 Ah, how can those fair Eyes endure  
 To give the Wounds they will not cure!

3.

Great God of Love, why hast thou made  
 A Face that can all Hearts command,  
 That all Religions can invade,  
 And change the Laws of every Land?  
 Where thou hadst plac'd such Power before,  
 Thou shoud'st have made her Mercy more.

4.

When *Chloris* to the Temple comes,  
 Adoring Crowds before her fall;  
 She can restore the Dead from Tombs,  
 And every Life but mine recall.  
 I only am by Love design'd  
 To be the Victim for Mankind.

*To the Dutcheß, on her Return from Scotland, in  
 the Year 1682.*

WHEN Factious Rage to cruel Exile, drove  
 The Queen of *Beauty*, and the Court of Love;  
 The Muses droop'd, with their forsaken Arts,  
 And the sad *Cupids* broke their useless Darts.  
 Our fruitful Plains to Wilds and Desarts turn'd,  
 Like *Edens* Face when banish'd Man it mourn'd:

Love



Love was no more when Loyalty was gone,  
 The great Supporter of his awful Throne.  
 Love could no longer after *Beauty* stay,  
 But wander'd Northward to the verge of day,  
 As if the Sun and He had lost their way.  
 But now th' Illustrious Nymph return'd again,  
 Brings every Grace Triumphant in her Train:  
 The wondring *Nereids*, tho' they rais'd no storm,  
 Foreflow'd her passage to behold her form:  
 Some cry'd a *Venis*, some a *Thetis* past:  
 But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.  
 Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife and Pride:  
 And envy did but look on her, and dy'd.  
 What e're we suffer'd from our sullen Fate,  
 Her sight is purchas'd at an easie rate:  
 Three gloomy Years against this day were set:  
 But this one mighty Sum has clear'd the Debt.  
 Like *Joseph's* Dream, but with a better doom;  
 The Famine past, the Plenty still to come.  
 For her the weeping Heav'ns become serene,  
 For her the Ground is clad in cheerful green;  
 For her the Nightingales are taught to sing,  
 And Nature has for her delay'd the Spring.  
 The Muse resumes her long-forgotten Lays,  
 And love, restor'd, his Ancient Realm surveys;  
 Recalls our *Beauties*, and revives our Plays.  
 His Wast Dominions peoples once again,  
 And from Her Presence dates his second Reign.  
 But awful Charms on her fair Forehead sit,  
 Dispensing what she never will admit.  
 Pleasing, yet cold, like *Cynthia's* silver Beam,  
 The Peoples Wonder, and the Poet's Theam.  
 Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,  
 No more shall vex the Church, and tear the State;  
 No more shall Faction civil Discords move,  
 Or only Discords of too tender Love:  
 Discord like that of Musick's various parts,  
 Discord that makes the harmony of Hearts,  
 Discord that only this dispute shall bring,  
 Who best shall love the Duke, and serve the King.

## A S O N G

F O R

St. CECILIA's Day, 1687.

F Rom Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony  
 This Universal Frame began.  
 When Nature underneath a heap  
 Of jarring Atoms lay,  
 And cou'd not heave her Head,  
 The tuneful Voice was heard from high,  
 Arise ye more than dead.  
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,  
 In order to their stations leap,  
 And MUSICK's Power obey:

E e 2

From



From Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony  
 This Universal Frame began :  
 From Harmony to Harmony  
 Through all the compass of the Notes it ran,  
 The Diapason closing full in Man.

2.  
 That Passion cannot **MUSICK** raise and quell!  
 When *Jubal* struck the corded Shell,  
 His list'ning Brethren stood around  
 And wondring, on their Faces fell  
 To worship that Celestial Sound.  
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell  
 Within the hollow of that Shell  
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
 What Passion cannot **MUSICK** raise and quell!

3.  
 The **TRUMPETS** loud Clangor,  
 Excites us to Arms  
 With shrill Notes of Anger  
 And mortal Alarms.  
 The double double double beat  
 Of the thundring **DRUM**  
 Cries, heark the Foes come ;  
 Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

4.  
 The soft complaining **FLUTE**  
 In dying Notes discovers  
 The Woes of hopeless Lovers,  
 Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling **LUTE**.

5.  
 Sharp **VIOLINS** proclaim  
 Their jealous Pangs, and Desperation,  
 Fury, frantick Indignation,  
 Depth of Pains, and height of Passion,  
 For the fair, disdainful Dame.

6.  
 But oh ! what Art can teach  
 What human Voice can reach  
 The sacred **ORGANS** praise ?  
 Notes inspiring holy Love,  
 Notes that wing their Heavenly ways  
 To mend the Choires above.

7.  
*Orpheus* cou'd lead the savage race ;  
 And Trees unrooted left their place ;  
 Sequacious of the Lyre :  
 But bright **CECILIA** rais'd the wonder high'r ;  
 When to her **ORGAN**, vocal Breath was giv'n  
 An Angel heard, and straight appear'd  
 Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

#### Grand CHORUS.

*As from the pow'r of Sacred Lays  
 The Spheres began to move,  
 And sung the great Creator's praise  
 To all the blest above ;*



*So when the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,  
The TRUMPET shall be heard on high,  
The Dead shall live, the Living die,  
And MUSICK shall untune the Sky.*

## *Veni Creator Spiritus,*

Translated in

### P A R A P H R A S E.

**C**reator Spirit, by whose aid  
The World's Foundations first were laid,  
Come visit ev'ry pious Mind ;  
Come pour thy Joys on Humane Kind :  
From Sin, and Sorrow set us free ;  
And make thy Temples worthy Thee.

O, Source of uncreated Light,  
The Father's promis'd *Paraclete* !  
Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,  
Our Hearts with Heavenly Love inspire ;  
Come, and thy Sacred Unction bring  
To Sanctifie us, while we sing !

Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy sev'n-fold Energy !  
Thou strength of his Almighty Hand,  
Whose Pow'r does Heaven and Earth Command :  
Proceeding, Spirit our Defence,  
Who do'st the Gift of Tongues dispence,  
And crown'st thy Gift, with Eloquence !

Refine and purge our Earthy Parts ;  
But, oh, inflame and fire our Hearts !  
Our Frailties help, our Vice controul ;  
Submit the Senses to the Soul ;  
And when Rebellious they are grown,  
Then, lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.

Chace from our Minds the infernal Foe ;  
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow :  
And, lest our Feet shou'd step astray,  
Protect, and guide us in the way.

Make us Eternal Truths receive,  
And practise, all that we believe :  
Give us thy self, that we may see  
The Father and the Son, by thee.

Immortal Honour, endless Fame  
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name :  
The Saviour Son, be glorify'd,  
Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd :  
And equal Adoration be  
Eternal *Paraclete*, to thee.



THE  
**Last Parting**  
 OF  
**HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.**  
 FROM  
 THE SIXTH BOOK  
 OF  
*Homer's Iliads.*

A R G U M E N T.

*Hector, returning from the Field of Battel, to visit Helen his Sister-in-Law, and his Brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand to hand, with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own Palace to see his Wife Andromache, and his Infant Son Astyanax. The description of that Interview, is the Subject of this Translation.*

**T**HUS having said, brave *Hector* went to see  
 His Virtuous Wife, the fair *Andromache*.  
 He found her not at home ; for she was gone  
 (Attended by her Maid and Infant Son,) }  
 To climb the steepy Tow'r of *Ilion*.  
 From whence with heavy Heart she might survey  
 The bloody business of the dreadful Day.  
 Her mournful Eyes she cast around the Plain,  
 And sought the Lord of her Desires in vain.  
 But he, who thought his peopled Palace bare,  
 When she, his only Comfort, was not there ;  
 Stood in the Gate, and ask'd of ev'ry one,  
 Which way she took, and whither she was gone :  
 If to the Court, or with his Mother's Train,  
 In long Procession to *Minerva's* Fane ?  
 The Servants answer'd, neither to the Court  
 Where *Priam's* Sons and Daughters did resort,  
 Nor to the Temple was she gone, to move  
 With Prayers the blew-ey'd Progeny of *Jove* ;  
 But, more solicitous for him alone,  
 Than all their safety, to the Tow'r was gone,  
 There to survey the Labours of the Field ;  
 Where the *Greeks* conquer, and the *Trojans* yield.  
 Swiftly she pass'd, with Fear and Fury wild,  
 The Nurse went lagging after with the Child.

This heard, the Noble *Hector* made no stay ;  
 Th' admiring Throng divide, to give him way :  
 He pass'd through every Street, by which he came,  
 And at the Gate he met the mournful Dame.

His Wife beheld him, and with eager pace,  
 Flew to his Arms, to meet a dear Embrace :

His



His Wife, who brought in Dow'r *Cilicia's* Crown :  
 And, in her self, a greater Dow'r alone :  
*Aetion's* Heyr, who on the Woody Plain  
 Of *Hippoplacus* did in *Thebe* reign  
 Breathless she flew, with Joy and Passion wild,  
 The Nurse came lagging after with her Child.

The *Royal Babe* upon her *Breast* was laid ;  
 Who, like the Morning Star, his Beams display'd.  
*Scamandrius* was his Name which *Hector* gave,  
 From that fair Flood which *Ilion's* Wall did lave :  
 But him *Astyanax* the *Trojans* call,  
 From his great Father who defends the Wall.

*Hector* beheld him with a silent Smile,  
 His tender Wife stood weeping by, the while :  
 Prest in her own, his Warlike hand she took,  
 Then sigh'd, and thus Prophetically spoke.

Thy dauntless Heart (which I foresee too late,)  
 Too daring Man, will urge thee to thy Fate :  
 Not dost thou pity, with a Parent's Mind,  
 This helpless Orphan whom thou leav'st behind ;  
 Nor me, th' unhappy Partner of thy *Bed* ;  
 Who must in Triumph by the *Greeks* be led :  
 They seek thy Life ; and in unequal Fight,  
 With many will oppress thy single Might :  
 Better it were for miserable me  
 To die before the Fate which I foresee.  
 For ah what Comfort can the World bequeath  
 To *Hector's* Widow, after *Hector's* Death !

Eternal Sorrow and perpetual Tears  
 Began my Youth, and will conclude my Years :  
 I have no Parents, Friends, nor Brothers left ;  
 By stern *Achilles* all of Life bereft.  
 Then when the Walls of *Thebes* he o'rethrew,  
 His fatal Hand my Royal Father slew ;  
 He slew *Aetion*, but despoil'd him not ;  
 Nor in his hate the Funeral Rites forgot ;  
 Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below ;  
 And Reverenc'd thus the Manes of his Foe :  
 A Tomb he rais'd ; the Mountain Nymphs around,  
 Enclos'd with planted Elms the Holy Ground.

My sev'n brave *Brothers* in one fatal Day  
 To Death's dark Mansions took the mournful way :  
 Slain by the same *Achilles*, while they keep  
 The bellowing Oxen and the bleating Sheep.  
 My Mother, who the Royal Scepter sway'd,  
 Was Captive to the cruel Victor made :  
 And hither led : but hence redeem'd with Gold,  
 Her Native Country did again behold.  
 And but beheld : for soon *Diana's* Dart  
 In an unhappy Chace transfixt her Heart.

But thou, my *Hector*, art thy self alone,  
 My Parents, Brothers, and my Lord in one :  
 O kill not all my Kindred o're again,  
 Nor tempt the Dangers of the dusty Plain ;  
 But in this Tow'r, for our Defence, remain.  
 Thy Wife and Son are in thy Ruin lost :  
 This is a Husband's and a Father's Post.



The *Scean* Gate Commands the Plains below ;  
 Here Marshal all thy Souldiers as they go ;  
 And hence, with other Hands, repel the Foe.  
 By yon wild Fig-tree lies their chief ascent,  
 And thither all their Pow'rs are daily bent :  
 The two *Ajaces* have I often seen,  
 And the wrong'd Husband of the *Spartan* Queen :  
 With him his greater *Brother* ; and with these  
 Fierce *Diomede* and bold *Meriones* :  
 Uncertain if by *Augury*, or chance,  
 But by this easie rise they all advance ;  
 Guard well that Pass, secure of all beside.  
 To whom the Noble *Heſtor* thus reply'd.

That and the rest are in my daily care ;  
 But shou'd I shun the Dangers of the War,  
 With scorn the *Trojans* wou'd reward my pains,  
 And their proud Ladies with their sweeping Trains.  
 The *Grecian* Swords and Lances I can bear :  
 But loss of Honour is my only Fear.  
 Shall *Heſtor*, born to War, his *Birth-right* yield,  
 Belie his Courage and forsake the Field ?  
 Early in rugged *Arms* I took delight ;  
 And still have been the foremost in the Fight :  
 With dangers dearly have I bought Renown,  
 And am the Champion of my Father's Crown.

And yet my mind forebodes, with sure presage,  
 That *Troy* shall perish by the *Grecian* Rage.  
 The fatal Day draws on, when I must fall ;  
 And Universal Ruine cover all.  
 Not *Troy* it self, tho' built by Hands Divine,  
 Nor *Priam*, nor his People, nor his Line,  
 My Mother, nor my *Brothers* of Renown,  
 Whose Valour yet defends the unhappy Town,  
 Not these, nor all their Fates which I foresee,  
 Are half of that concern I have for thee.  
 I see, I see thee in that fatal Hour,  
 Subjected to the Victor's cruel Pow'r :  
 Led hence a Slave to some insulting Sword :  
 Forlorn and trembling at a Foreign Lord.  
 A spectacle in *Argos*, at the Loom,  
 Gracing with *Trojan* Fights, a *Grecian* Room ;  
 Or from deep Wells, the living Stream to take,  
 And on thy weary Shoulders bring it back.  
 While, groaning under this laborious Life,  
 They insolently call thee *Heſtor's* Wife.  
 Upbraid thy *Bondage* with thy Husband's Name ;  
 And from my Glory propagate thy Shame.  
 This when they say, thy Sorrows will encrease  
 With anxious thoughts of former Happiness ;  
 That he is Dead who cou'd thy wrongs redress.  
 But I oppress'd with Iron Sleep before,  
 Shall hear thy unavailing Cries no more.

He said.

Then, holding forth his *Arms*, he took his Boy,  
 (The Pledge of Love, and other hope of *Troy* ;)   
 The fearful Infant turn'd his Head away ;  
 And on his Nurse's Neck reclining lay,  
 His unknown Father shunning with affright,  
 And looking back on so uncouth a sight.

Daunted



Daunted to see a Face with Steel o're-spread,  
 And his high Plume, that nodded o're his Head:  
 His Sire and Mother smil'd with silent Joy;  
 And *Hector* hasten'd to relieve his Boy;  
 Dismiss'd his burnish'd Helm, that shone afar,  
 (The Pride of Warriours, and the Pomp of War:)  
 Th' *Illustrious Babe*, thus reconcil'd, he took:  
 Hugg'd in his *Arms*, and kiss'd, and thus he spoke.

Parent of Gods, and Men, propitious *Jove*,  
 And you bright Synod of the Pow'rs above;  
 On this my Son your Gracious Gifts bestow;  
 Grant him to live, and great in *Arms* to grow:  
 To Reign in *Troy*; to Govern with Renown:  
 To shield the People, and assert the Crown:  
 That, when hereafter he from War shall come,  
 And bring his *Trojans* Peace and Triumph home,  
 Some aged Man, who lives this Act to see,  
 And who in former times remember'd me,  
 May say the Son in Fortitude and Fame  
 Out-goes the Mark; and drowns his Father's Name:  
 That at these words his Mother may rejoyce:  
 And add her Suffrage to the publick Voice.

Thus having said,  
 He first with suppliant Hands the Gods ador'd:  
 Then to the Mother's *Arms* the Child restor'd:  
 With Tears and Smiles she took her Son, and press'd  
 Th' *Illustrious Infant* to her fragrant *Breast*.  
 He wiping her fair Eyes, indulg'd her Grief,  
 And eas'd her Sorrows with his last Relief.

My Wife and Mistress, drive thy fears away;  
 Nor give so bad an Omen to the Day:  
 Think not it lies in any *Grecian's* Pow'r,  
 To take my Life before the fatal Hour.  
 When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly  
 Th' irrevocable Doom of Destiny.  
 Return, and to divert thy thoughts at home,  
 There task thy Maids, and exercise the Loom,  
 Employ'd in Works that Womankind become.  
 The Toils of War, and Feats of Chivalry  
 Belong to Men, and most of all to me.

At this, for new replies he did not stay,  
 But lac'd his Crested Helm, and strode away:  
 His lovely Consort to her House return'd:  
 And looking often back in silence mourn'd:  
 Home when she came, her secret Woe she vents,  
 And fills the Palace with her loud Laments:  
 Those loud Laments her echoing Maids restore,  
 And *Hector*, yet alive, as dead deplore.



*The Tears of Amynta, for the Death of Damon.*

A S O N G.

ON a Bank, beside a Willow,  
Heav'n her Cov'ring, Earth her Pillow,  
Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone:  
From the chearless Dawn of Morning  
Till the Dew's of Night returning  
Singing thus she made her mone;

Hope is banish'd  
Joys are vanish'd,  
*Damon*, my Belov'd is gone!

2.

Time, I dare thee to discover  
Such a Youth, and such a Lover,  
Oh so true, so kind was he!  
*Damon* was the Pride of Nature,  
Charming in his every Feature,  
*Damon* liv'd alone for me:

Melting Kisses  
Murmuring Blisses,  
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

3.

Never shall we curse the Morning,  
Never bless the Night returning,  
Sweet Embraces to restore:  
Never shall we both lye dying  
Nature failing, Love supplying  
All the Joys he drain'd before:

Death come end me  
To befriend me;  
Love and *Damon* are no more.

A M A R Y L L I S;

Or, the Third *Idyllium* of *THEOCRITUS*,  
Paraphras'd.

TO *Amaryllis* Love compels my way,  
My browsing Goats upon the Mountains stray:  
O *Tytirus*, tend them well, and see them fed  
In Pastures fresh, and to their wat'ring led;  
And w'are the Ridgling with his butting head.  
Ah beauteous Nymph, can you forget your Love,  
The conscious *Grottos*, and the shady Grove;  
Where stretcht at ease your tender Limbs were laid,  
Your nameless Beauties nakedly display'd?  
Then I was call'd your darling, your desire,  
With kisses such as set my Soul on fire:  
But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same,  
My heart maintains for both a double Flame.

Griev'd,



Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your scorn,  
 So faithful I, and you so much forsworn!  
 I dye, and Death will finish all my pain,  
 Yet e'er I dye, behold me once again:  
 Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late?  
 What partial Judges are our Love and Hate!  
 Ten Wildings have I gather'd for my Dear,  
 How ruddy like your Lips their streaks appear!  
 Far off you view'd them with a longing Eye  
 Upon the topmost branch (the Tree was high;)  
 Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd;  
 And for to Morrow have Ten more reserv'd.  
 Look on me kindly and some pity shew,  
 Or give me leave at least to look on you.  
 Some God transform me by his Heavenly pow'r  
 Ev'n to a *Bee* to buzz within your Bow'r,  
 The winding Ivy-chaplet to invade,  
 And folded Fern that your fair Forehead shade.  
 Now to my cost the force of Love I find;  
 The heavy hand he bears on humane kind!  
 The Milk of *Tygers* was his infant food,  
 Taught from his tender years the taste of blood;  
 His Brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.  
 Ah Nymph, train'd up in his Tyrannick Court,  
 To make the suff'rings of your Slaves your sport!  
 Unheeded Ruine! treacherous delight!  
 O polish'd hardness soften'd to the sight!  
 Whose radiant Eyes your Ebon Brows adorn,  
 Like Midnight those, and these like break of Morn!  
 Smile once again, revive me with your Charms;  
 And let me dye contented in your Arms.  
 I would not ask to live another Day,  
 Might I but sweetly Kiss my Soul away!  
 Ah, why am I from empty Joys debarr'd,  
 For Kisses are but empty, when compar'd!  
 I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear  
 The Garland which I wove for you to wear,  
 Of Parsley with a wreath of Ivy bound;  
 And border'd with a Rosie edging round:  
 What pangs I feel, unpity'd, and unheard!  
 Since I must dye, why is my Fate deferr'd!  
 I strip my Body of my Shepherds Frock,  
 Behold that dreadful downfall of a Rock,  
 Where yon old *Fisher* views the Waves from high!  
 'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.  
 You would be pleas'd, to see me plunge to shoar,  
 But better pleas'd if I should rise no more.  
 I might have read my Fortune long ago,  
 When, seeking my success in love to know,  
 I try'd th' infallible Prophetick way,  
 A Poppy leaf upon my palm to lay;  
 I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow,  
 Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow.  
 And which was worse, if any worse cou'd prove,  
 The with'ring leaf foreshew'd your with'ring Love.  
 Yet farther (Ah, how far a Lover dares!)  
 My last recourse I had to Seive and Sheers;



And told the Witch *Agreo* my Disease,  
 (*Agreo* that in Harvest us'd to lease;  
 But Harvest done, to Chare-work did aspire;  
 Meat, Drink, and Two-pence was her daily hire :)  
 To work she went, her Charms she mutter'd o'er,  
 And yet the resty Seive wagg'd ne're the more;  
 I wept for Woe, the testy Beldame swore.  
 And foaming with her God, foretold my Fate;  
 That I was doom'd to Love, and you to Hate.  
 A Milk-white Goat for you I did provide;  
 Two Milk-white Kids run frisking by her side,  
 For which the Nut-brown Lads, *Erithacis*,  
 Full often offer'd many a savoury Kifs;  
 Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price,  
 What madman would o'erstand his Market twice?  
 My right Eye itches, some good luck is near,  
 Perhaps my *Amaryllis* may appear,  
 I'll set up such a Note as she shall hear.  
 What Nymph but my melodious Voice would move?  
 She must be Flint, if she refuse my Love.  
*Hippomenes*, who ran with Noble strife  
 To win his Lady, or to lose his Life,  
 (What shift some men will make to get a Wife?)  
 Threw down a Golden Apple in her way,  
 For all her haste she could not chuse but stay:  
 Renown said run, the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd hold,  
 The Man might have been hang'd but for his Gold.  
 Yet some suppose 'twas Love (some few indeed,)  
 That stopt the fatal fury of her Speed:  
 She saw, she sigh'd; her nimble Feet refuse  
 Their wonted Speed, and she took pains to lose.  
 A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,  
 (No matter which, so neither of them lye.)  
 From steepy *Othrys* top, to *Pylus* drove  
 His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his Love:  
 If such another Wager shou'd be laid,  
 I'll find the Man, if you can find the Maid,  
 Why name I Men, when Love extended finds  
 His Pow'r on high, and in Celestial Minds?  
*Venus* the Shepherd's homely habit took,  
 And manag'd something else besides the Crook.  
 Nay, when *Adonis* dy'd, was heard to roar,  
 And never from her heart forgave the Boar.  
 How blest is fair *Endymion* with his Moon,  
 Who sleeps on *Latmos* top from Night to Noon!  
 What *Jason* from *Medea's* Love possest,  
 You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest,  
 My aking Head can scarce support the pain;  
 This cursed love will surely turn my Brain:  
 Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no Pity,  
 Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful Ditty.  
 A clammy Sweat does o're my Temples creep;  
 My heavy Eyes are urg'd with Iron sleep:  
 I lay me down to gasp my latest Breath,  
 The Wolves will get a Breakfast by my Death;  
 Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,  
 For Love has made me Carrion e'er I dye.



# P R O L O G U E,

To the University of Oxon.

*Spoken by Mr. Hart, at the Acting of the  
Silent Woman.*

**W**HAT Greece, when learning flourish'd, only knew,  
 (*Athenian Judges,*) you this day renew.  
 Here too are Annual Rites to *Pallas* done,  
 And here Poetique prizes lost or won.  
 Methinks I see you, crown'd with Olives fit,  
 And strike a sacred Horrour from the Pit.  
 A Day of Doom is this of your Decree,  
 Where even the Best are but by Mercy free :  
 A Day which none but *Johnson* durst have wish'd to see. }  
 Here they who long have known the useful Stage,  
 Come to be taught themselves to teach the Age.  
 As your Commissioners our Poets go,  
 To cultivate the Virtue which you sow :  
 In your *Lycaum*, first themselves refin'd,  
 And delegated thence to Humane kind.  
 But as Embassadors, when long from home,  
 For new Instructions to their Princes come ;  
 So Poets who your Precepts have forgot,  
 Return, and beg they may be better taught :  
 Follies and Faults else-where by them are shown,  
 But by your Manners they correct their own.  
 Th' illiterate Writer, Emperique like, applies  
 To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance Remedies :  
 The Learn'd in Schools, where knowledge first began,  
 Studies with Care th' Anatomy of Man ;  
 Sees Virtue, Vice, and Passions in their Cause,  
 And Fame from Science, not from Fortune draws :  
 So Poetry, which is in *Oxford* made  
 An Art, in *London* only is a Trade.  
 There haughty Dunces whose unlearned Pen  
 Could ne'er spell Grammar, would be reading Men.  
 Such build their Poems the *Lucretian* way,  
 So many Huddled Atoms make a Play,  
 And if they hit in Order by some Chance,  
 They call that Nature, which is Ignorance.  
 To such a Fame let mere Town-Wits aspire,  
 And their gay Nonsense their own Cits admire.  
 Our Poet, could he find Forgiveness here  
 Would wish it rather than a *Plaudit* there.  
 He owns no Crown from those *Prætorian* bands,  
 But knows that Right is in the Senates hands.  
 Not impudent enough to hope your Praise,  
 Low at the Muses feet, his Wreath he lays, }  
 And where he took it up resigns his Bays.  
 Kings make their Poets whom themselves think fit,  
 But 'tis your Suffrage makes Authentique Wit.



## E P I L O G U E,

*Spoken by the same.*

**N**O poor *Dutch* Peasant, wing'd with all his Fear,  
 Flies with more haste, when the *French* arms draw near,  
 Than we with our Poetick Train come down  
 For refuge hither, from th' infected Town;  
 Heaven for our Sins this Summer has thought fit  
 To visit us with all the Plagues of Wit.

A *French* Troop first swept all things in its way;  
 But those hot *Monsieurs* were too quick to stay;  
 Yet, to our Cost in that short time, we find  
 They left their Itch of Novelty behind.

Th' *Italian* Merry-Andrews took their place,  
 And quite debauch'd the Stage with lew'd Grimace;  
 Instead of Wit, and Humours, your Delight  
 Was there to see two Hobby-horses fight,  
 Stout *Scaramoucha* with Rush Lance rode in,  
 And ran a Tilt at Centaure *Arlequin*.

For Love you heard how amorous Asses bray'd,  
 And Cats in Gutters gave their Serenade.

Nature was out of Countenance, and each Day  
 Some new born Monster shewn you for a Play.

But when all fail'd, to strike the Stage quite dumb,  
 Those wicked Engines call'd Machines are come.  
 Thunder and Lightning now for Wit are play'd,  
 And shortly Scenes in *Lapland* will be lay'd:

Art Magick is for Poetry profess'd,  
 And Cats and Dogs, and each obscener Beast

To which *Aegyptian* Dotards once did bow,  
 Upon our *English* Stage are worship'd now.

Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to Renown  
*Mackbeth*, the *Simon Magus* of the Town.

*Fletcher's* despis'd, your *Johnson* out of Fashion,  
 And Wit the only Drug in all the Nation.

In this low Ebb our Wares to you are shown,  
 By you those Staple Authors worth is known,  
 For Wit's a Manufacture of your own. }

When you, who only can, their Scenes have prais'd,  
 We'll boldly back, and say their Price is rais'd.

## P R O L O G U E,

*To the University of Oxford, 1674. Spoken by Mr. Hart.*

**P**Oets, your Subjects, have their Parts assign'd  
 T' unbend, and to divert their Sovereign's mind:  
 When tyr'd with following Nature, you think fit  
 To seek repose in the cool shades of Wit,  
 And from the sweet Retreat, with Joy survey  
 What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.  
 Here free your selves, from Envy, Care and Strife,  
 You view the various turns of humane Life:



Safe in our Scene, through dangerous Courts you go,  
 And undebauch'd, the Vice of Cities know.  
 Your Theories are here to Practice brought,  
 As in Mechanick operations wrought;  
 And Man the Little World before you set,  
 As once the Sphere of Chrystal, shew'd the Great:  
 Blest sure are you above all Mortal kind,  
 If to your Fortunes you can suit your Mind:  
 Content to see, and shun, those Ills we show,  
 And Crimes, on Theatres alone, to know:  
 With joy we bring what our dead Authors writ,  
 And beg from you the value of their Wit.  
 That *Shakespear's*, *Fletcher's*, and great *Johnson's* claim  
 May be renew'd from those who gave them fame.  
 None of our living Poets dare appear,  
 For Muses so severe are worshipt here;  
 That conscious of their Faluts they shun the Eye,  
 And as Prophane, from Sacred places fly,  
 Rather than see th' offended God, and dye. }  
 We bring no Imperfections, but our own,  
 Such Faults as made, are by the Makers shown.  
 And you have been so kind, that we may boast,  
 The greatest Judges still can pardon most.  
 Poets must stoop, when they would please our Pit,  
 Debas'd even to the Level of their Wit.  
 Disdaining that, which yet they know, will Take,  
 Hating themselves, what their Applause must make:  
 But when to praise from you they would aspire,  
 Though they like Eagles mount, your *Jove* is high'r.  
 So far your Knowledge, all their Pow'r transcends,  
 As what *should* be, beyond what *Is*, extends.

---

EPILOGUE *spoken at Oxford by Mrs Marshall.*

OFT has our Poet wisht, this happy Seat  
 Might prove his fading Muses last retreat?  
 I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find  
 He sought for quiet, and content of mind;  
 Which noiseful Towns, and Courts can never know,  
 And only in the shades like Laurels grow.  
 Youth, e'er it sees the World, here studies rest,  
 And Age returning thence concludes it best.  
 What wonder if we court that happiness  
 Yearly to share, which hourly you possess,  
 Teaching ev'n you, (while the vext World we show,)  
 Your Peace to value more, and better know?  
 'Tis all we can return for favours past,  
 Whose holy Memory shall ever last,  
 For Patronage from him whose care presides  
 O'er every noble Art, and every Science guides:  
*Bathurst*, a name the learn'd with reverence know,  
 And scarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe.  
 Whose Age enjoys but what his Youth deserv'd,  
 To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd:  
 His Learning, and untainted Manners too  
 We find (*Athenians*) are deriv'd to you;

Such



Such Ancient Hospitality there rests,  
 In yours, as dwelt in the first *Grecian* Breasts,  
 Whose kindness was Religion to their Guests.  
 Such Modesty did to our Sex appear,  
 As had there been no Laws we need not fear,  
 Since each of you was our Protector here.  
 Converse so chaste, and so strict Virtue shown,  
 As might *Apollo* with the Muses own.  
 Till our return we must despair to find  
 Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

## P R O L O G U E

*To the University of Oxford.*

**D**iscord, and Plots, which have undone our Age,  
 With the same ruine have o'er-whelm'd the Stage.  
 Our House has suffer'd in the common Woe,  
 We have been troubl'd with *Scotch* Rebels too;  
 Our Brethren, are from *Thames* to *Tweed* departed,  
 And of our Sisters, all the kinder hearted,  
 To *Edenborough* gone, or Coacht, or Carted.  
 With bonny Blewcap there they act all Night  
 For *Scotch* half Crown, in *English* Three-pence hight.  
 One Nymph, to whom fat Sir *John Falstaff's* lean,  
 There with her single Person fills the Scene.  
 Another, with long use, and Age decay'd,  
 Div'd here old Woman, and rose there a Maid.  
 Our Trusty Door-keepers of former time,  
 There strut and swagger in Heroick rhyme:  
 Tack but a Copper-lace to Drugget sute,  
 And there's a Heroe made without dispute.  
 And that which was a Capons tayl before,  
 Becomes a plume for *Indian* Emperour.  
 But all his Subjects, to express the care  
 Of Imitation, go, like *Indians*, bare;  
 Lac'd Linen there would be a dangerous thing,  
 It might perhaps a new Rebellion bring,  
 The *Scot* who wore it, wou'd be chosen King.  
 But why shou'd I these Renegades describe,  
 When you your selves have seen a lewder Tribe.  
*Teag* has been here, and to this learned Pit,  
 With *Irish* Action slander'd *English* Wit.  
 You have beheld such barb'rous *Mac's* appear,  
 As merited a second Massacre.  
 Such as like *Cain* were branded with disgrace,  
 And had their Country stamp't upon their Face:  
 When Stroulers durst presume to pick your purse,  
 We humbly thought our broken Troop not worse;  
 How ill foe'er our Action may deserve,  
*Oxford's* a place, where Wit can never starve.



# P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

University of O X F O R D.

**T**H O' Actors cannot much of Learning boast,  
 Of all who want it, we admire it most.  
 We love the Praises of a Learned Pit,  
 As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.  
 We speak our Poet's Wit, and Trade in Ore,  
 Like those who touch upon the Golden Shore:  
 Betwixt our Judges can distinction make,  
 Discern how much, and why, our Poems take.  
 Mark if the Fools, or Men of Sense, rejoyce,  
 Whether th' <sup>m</sup>pplause be only Sound or Voice.  
 When our Fop Gallants, or our City Folly  
 Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:  
 We doubt that Scene which does their wonder raise,  
 And, for their Ignorance condemn their Praise.  
 Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,  
 Shou'd not be proud of giving you delight.  
*London* likes grossly, but this nicer Pit  
 Examines, fathoms all the Depths of Wit:  
 The ready Finger lays on every Blot,  
 Knows what shou'd justly please, and what shou'd not.  
 Nature her self lies open to your view,  
 You judge by her what draught of her is true,  
 Where out-lines false, and Colours seem too faint,  
 Where Bunglers dawb, and where true Poets paint.  
 But by the sacred Genius of this Place,  
 By every Muse, by each Domestick Grace,  
 Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,  
 And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.  
 Our Poets hither for Adoption come,  
 As Nations su'd to be made free of *Rome*.  
 Not in the suffragating Tribes to stand,  
 But in your utmost, last, Provincial Band.  
 If his Ambition may those Hopes pursue,  
 Who with Religion loves your Arts and You,  
*Oxford* to him a dearer Name shall be,  
 Than his own Mother University.  
*Thebes* did his green, unknowing Youth ingage,  
 He chuses *Athens* in his riper Age.

The Prologue at O X F O R D, 1680.

Spoken by Mrs. Cook.

**T***Hespis*, the first Professor of our Art,  
 At Country Wakes, Sung Ballads from a Cart:  
 To prove this true, if Latin be no Trespass,  
*Dicitur & Plaustris, vexisse Poemata Thespis.*



But *Escalus*, says *Horace* in some Page,  
 Was the first Mountebank that trod the Stage:  
 Yet *Athens* never knew your Learned Sport,  
 Of Tossing Poets in a *Tennis-Court*;  
 But 'tis the Talent of our *English* Nation,  
 Still to be plotting some new Reformation:  
 And few years hence, if Anarchy goes on,  
*Jack Presbyter* shall here erect his Throne.  
 Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a day,  
 And every Prayer be longer than a Play.  
 Then all you Heathen Wits shall go to pot,  
 For disbelieving of a Popish-plot:  
 Your Poets shall be us'd like Infidels,  
 And worst the Author of the *Oxford Bells*:  
 Nor shou'd we scape the Sentence, to depart,  
 Ev'n in our first Original, a Cart.  
 No Zealous Brother there wou'd want a Stone,  
 To maul Us Cardinals, and pelt Pope *Joan*:  
 Religion, Learning, Wit, wou'd be suppress'd,  
 Rags of the Whore, and Trappings of the Beast:  
*Scot*, *Swarez*, *Tom of Aquin*, must go down,  
 As chief Supporters of the Triple Crown;  
 And *Aristotle's* for destruction ripe,  
 Some say he call'd the Soul an Organ-pipe,  
 Which by some little help of Derivation,  
 Shall then be prov'd a Pipe of Inspiration.

### *The Prologue to Albumazar.*

**T**O say this Comedy pleas'd long ago,  
 Is not enough to make it pass you now.  
 Yet, Gentlemen, your Ancestors had Wit;  
 When few Men censur'd, and when fewer writ.  
 And *Johnson* (of those few the best) chose this  
 As the best model of his Master-piece:  
 Subtle was got by our *Albumazar*,  
 That Alchymist by this Astrologer;  
 Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose,  
 He lik'd the Fashion well, who wore the Cloaths.  
 But *Ben* made Nobly his, what he did mould,  
 What was another's Lead, becomes his Gold:  
 Like an unrighteous Conqueror he Reigns,  
 Yet rules that well, which he unjustly gains.  
 But this our Age such Authors does offord,  
 As make whole Plays, and yet scarce write one Word:  
 Who in this Anarchy of Wit, rob all;  
 And what's their Plunder, their Possession call.  
 Who, like bold Padders, scorn by Night to prey,  
 But rob by Sun-shine, in the Face of Day.  
 Nay scarce the common Ceremony use,  
 Of stand Sir, and deliver up your Muse;  
 But knock the Poet down, and, with a Grace,  
 Mount *Pegasus* before the Owner's Face.  
 Faith, if you have such Country *Toms* abroad,  
 'Tis time for all true Men to leave that Road.

Yet



Yet it were modest, could it but be said  
 They strip the Living, but these rob the Dead:  
 Dare with the Mummies of the Muses Play,  
 And make Love to them the *Ægyptian* way:  
 Or as a Rhiming Author would have said,  
 Joyn the Dead Living to the Living Dead.  
 Such Men in Poetry may claim some Part,  
 They have the License, tho' they want the Art.  
 And might, where Theft was prais'd, for Lawreates stand  
 Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand.  
 They make the Benefits of others studying,  
 Much like the Meals of Politick *Jack-Pudding*.  
 Whose dish to challenge, no man has the Courage,  
 'Tis all his own when once h' has spit i' th' Porridge.  
 But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,  
 You are in fault for what they do amiss.  
 For they their Thefts still undiscover'd think,  
 And durst not steal, unless you please to wink.  
 Perhaps, you may award by your Decree,  
 They shoud refund, but that can never be.  
 For should you Letters of Reprisal seal,  
 These Men write that which no Man else would steal.

P R O L O G U E to *Aviragus Reviv'd*: Spoken by  
 Mr. Hart.

**W**ith sickly Actors and an old House too,  
 We're match'd with glorious Theatres and new,  
 And with our Ale-house Scenes, and Cloaths bare worn,  
 Can neither raise old Plays, nor new adorn.  
 If all these ills could not undoe us quite,  
 A Brisk *French* Troop is grown your dear delight.  
 Who with broad bloody Bills call you each day,  
 To laugh and break your Buttons at their Play.  
 Or see some serious Piece, which we presume  
 Is fal'n from some incomparable plume;  
 And therefore, *Messieurs*, if you'll do us Grace,  
 Send Lacquies early to preserve your Place.  
 We dare not on your Priviledge intrench,  
 Or ask you why you like 'em? They are *French*.  
 Therefore some go with Courtesie exceeding,  
 Neither to hear nor see but show their Breeding.  
 Each Lady striving to out-laugh the rest;  
 To make it seem they understood the Jest:  
 Their Countrymen come in, and nothing pay,  
 To teach us *English* were to clap the Play:  
 Civil *Igad*: Our Hospitable Land,  
 Bears all the charge for them to understand:  
 Mean time we languish, and neglected lye,  
 Like Wives, while you keep better Company;  
 And with for our own sakes, without a Satyr,  
 You'd less good Breeding or had more good Nature.



*P R O L O G U E spoken the first day of the King's House  
Acting after the Fire.*

SO shipwrackt Passengers escape to Land,  
So look they, when on the bare beach they stand  
Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er,  
Expecting Famine on a Defart shore.  
From that hard Climate we must wait for Bread,  
Whence ev'n the Natives, forc'd by hunger, fled:  
Our Stage does humane chance present to view,  
But ne're before was seen so sadly true.  
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to see,  
Is but a Nobler Name for Charity.  
Your own Provisions furnish out our Feasts,  
While you the Founders make your selves the guests.  
Of all Mankind beside Fate had some Care,  
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare, }  
'Tis left a Rent Charge to the Brave and Fair. }  
You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,  
Which blind unmanner'd Zealots make their scorn,  
Who think that Fire a Judgment on the Stage,  
Which spar'd not Temples in its furious Rage.  
But as our new built City rises higher, }  
So from old Theatres may new aspire, }  
Since Fate contrives Magnificence by Fire. }  
Our Great Metropolis does far surpass  
What e'er is now, and equals all that was:  
Our Wit as far does Foreign Wit excel,  
And, like a King, shou'd in a Palace dwell.  
But we with Golden Hopes are vainly fed,  
Talk high, and entertain you in a shed:  
Your presence here (for which we humbly sue)  
Will grace Old Theatres, and build up New.

*P R O L O G U E for the Women, when they Acted at the  
Old Theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

WERE none of you Gallants e'er driven so hard;  
As when the poor kind Soul was under guard,  
And could not do't at home, in some By-street  
To take a Lodging, and in private meet?  
Such is our Case, We can't appoint our House,  
The Lovers old and wanted Rendezvous.  
But hither to this trusty Nook remove,  
The worse the Lodging is, the more the Love.  
For much good Pastime, many a dear sweet hug  
Is stol'n in Garrets on the humble Rug.  
Here's good Accommodation in the Pit,  
The Grave demurely in the midst may sit.  
And so the hot *Burgundian* on the Side,  
Ply Vizard Masque, and o'er the Benches stride:

Here



Here are convenient upper Boxes too,  
 For those that make the most triumphant show,  
 All that keep Coaches must not sit below.  
 There Gallants, you betixt the Acts retire,  
 And at dull Plays have something to admire:  
 We who look up, can your Addresses mark;  
 And see the Creatures coupled in the Ark:  
 So we expect the *Lovers*, *Braves*, and *Wits*;  
 The gaudy House with Scenes, will serve for *Cits*.

## A P R O L O G U E

*Spoken at the opening of the New House, March 26. 1674.*

A Plain built House after so long a stay,  
 Will send you half unsatisfi'd away;  
 When, fall'n from your expected Pomp, you find  
 A bare convenience only is design'd.  
 You who each Day can Theatres behold,  
 Like Nero's Palace, shining all with Gold,  
 Our mean ungilded Stage will scorn, we fear,  
 And for the homely Room, disdain the Chear.  
 Yet now cheap Druggets to a Mode are grown,  
 And a plain Sute (since we can make but one)  
 Is better than to be by tarnisht gawdry known.  
 They who are by your Favours wealthy made,  
 With mighty Summs may carry on the Trade:  
 We, broken Banquers, half destroy'd by Fire,  
 With our small Stock to humble Roofs retire,  
 Pity our Loss, while you their Pomp admire.  
 For Fame and Honour we no longer strive,  
 We yield in both, and only beg to live.  
 Unable to support their vast Expence,  
 Who Build, and Treat with such Magnificence;  
 That like th' Ambitious Monarchs of the Age,  
 They give the Law to our Provincial Stage:  
 Great Neighbours enviously promote Excess,  
 While they impose their Splendor on the less.  
 But only Fools, and they of vast Estate,  
 Th' extremity of Modes will imitate,  
 The dangling Knee-Fringe, and the Bib-Cravat.  
 Yet if some Pride with want may be allow'd,  
 We in our plainness may be justly proud:  
 Our Royal Master will'd it should be so,  
 What e'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no show:  
 That sacred Name gives Ornament and Grace,  
 And, like his stamp, makes basest Mettals pass.  
 'Twere Folly now a stately Pile to raise,  
 To build a Play-House while yon throw down Plays.  
 Whilst Scenes, Machines, and empty Opera's reign,  
 And for the Pencil you the Pen disdain.  
 While Troops of famisht *Frenchmen* hither drive,  
 And laugh at those upon whose Alms they live:  
 Old *English* Authors vanish, and give place  
 To these new Conqu'rors of the *Norman* Race;

More



More tamely, than your Fathers you submit,  
 You're now grown Vassals to 'em in your Wit :  
 Mark, when they play, how our fine Fops advance  
 The mighty Merits of these Men of *France*,  
 Keep Time, cry *Bien*, and humour the Cadence :  
 Well, please your selves, but sure 'tis understood,  
 That *French* Machines have ne're done *England* good :  
 I wou'd not prophesie our House's Fate :  
 But while vain Shows and Scenes you over-rate,  
 'Tis to be fear'd ———  
 That as a Fire the former House o'erthrew,  
 Machines and Tempests will destroy the new.

## E P I L O G U E.

**T**Hough what our Prologue said was sadly true,  
 Yet, Gentlemen, our homely House is new,  
 A Charm that seldom fails with, wicked, you.  
 A Country Lip may have the Velvet touch,  
 Tho' she's no Lady, you may think her such,  
 A strong Imagination may do much.  
 But you, loud Sirs, who tho' your Curls look big,  
 Criticks in plume and white vallancy Wig,  
 Who lolling on our foremost Benches sit,  
 And still charge first, (the true forlorn of Wit)  
 Whose favours, like the Sun, warm where you roul,  
 Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor Soul ;  
 So may your Hats your Foretops never press,  
 Untouch'd your Ribbons, sacred be your dress ;  
 So may you slowly to Old Age advance,  
 And have the Excuse of Youth for Ignorance.  
 So may Fop corner full of Noise remain,  
 And drive far off the dull attentive Train ;  
 So may your Midnight Scowrings happy prove,  
 And Morning Batt'ries force your way to love ;  
 So may not *France* your Warlike Hands recall,  
 But leave you by each others Swords to fall :  
 As you come here to ruffle Vizard Punk,  
 When sober, rail and roar when you are drunk.  
 But to the Wits we can some Merit plead,  
 And urge what by themselves has oft been said :  
 Our House relieves the Ladies from the frights  
 Of ill-pav'd Streets, and long dark Winter Nights ;  
 The *Flanders* Horses from a cold bleak Road,  
 Where Bears in Furs dare scarcely look abroad.  
 The Audience from worn Plays and Fustian Stuff  
 Of Rhime, more nauseous than three Boys in Buff.  
 Though in their House the Poets Heads appear,  
 We hope we may presume their Wits are here.  
 The best which they reserv'd they now will play,  
 For, like kind Cuckolds, tho' w' have not the way  
 To please, we'll find you abler Men who may.  
 If they shou'd fail, for last recruits we breed  
 A Troop of frisking Monsieurs to succeed :  
 (You know the *French* sure Cards at time of need.)



## An EPILOGUE.

**W**ERE you but half so wise as y' are severe,  
 Our youthful Poet shou'd not need to fear :  
 To his green Years your Censures you would suit,  
 Not blast the Blossom, but expect the Fruit.  
 The Sex that best does pleasure understand,  
 Will always chuse to err on t' other hand.  
 They check not him that's awkward in delight,  
 But clap the young Rogues Cheek, and set him right.  
 Thus heart'nd well and flesh'd upon his prey,  
 The Youth may prove a Man another day.  
 Your *Ben* and *Fletcher* in their first young flight,  
 Did no *Volpone*, no *Arbaces* write.  
 But hopp'd about, and short Excursions made  
 From Bough to Bough, as if they were afraid,  
 And each were guilty of some *sighted Maid*.  
*Shakespear's* own Muse her *Pericles* first bore,  
 The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moor* :  
 'Tis miracle to see a first good Play,  
 All Hawthorns do not bloom on *Christmas-day*.  
 A slender Poet must have time to grow,  
 And spread and burnish as his Brothers do.  
 Who still looks lean, sure with some Pox is curst,  
 But no Man can be *Falstaff* fat at first.  
 Then damn not, but indulge his stew'd Essays,  
 Encourage him, and bloat him up with Praise.  
 That he may get more bulk before he dies,  
 He's not yet fed enough for Sacrifice.  
 Perhaps if now your Grace you will not grudge,  
 He may grow up to write, and you to Judge.

### *An Epilogue for the King's House.*

**W**E A&t by fits and starts, like drowning Men,  
 But just peep up, and then dop down again.  
 Let those who call us wicked, change their Sense,  
 For never Men liv'd more on Providence.  
 Nor Lott'ry Cavaliers are half so poor,  
 Nor broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore,  
 Nor Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents  
 Of the three last ungiving Parliaments.  
 So wretched, that if *Pharoah* cou'd Divine,  
 He might have spar'd his Dream of seven lean Kine,  
 And chang'd his Vision for the Muses Nine.  
 The *Comet*, that they say portends a Dearth,  
 Was but a Vapour drawn from *Play-House* Earth.  
 Pent there since our last Fire, and *Lilly* says,  
 Foreshews our change of State, and thin *Third-days*.  
 'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor,  
 For then the Printer's Press would suffer more.  
 Their Pamphleteers each Day their Venom spit,  
 They thrive by Treason, and we starve by Wit.

Confess



Confess the truth, which of you has not laid  
 Four farthings out to buy the *Hatfield* Maid?  
 Or which is duller yet, and more wou'd spite us,  
*Democritus* his Wars with *Heraclitus*,  
 Such are the Authors who have run us down,  
 And exercis'd you Criticks of the Town.  
 Yet these are Pearls to your *Lampooning* Rhimes,  
 Y' abuse your selves more dully than the Times.  
 Scandal the Glory of the *English* Nation,  
 Is worn to Rags, and scribb'l'd out of fashion.  
 Such harmless Thrusts, as if, like Fencers wife,  
 They had agreed their Play before their Prize:  
 Faith, they may hang their Harps upon the Willows,  
 'Tis just like Children when they box with Pillows.  
 Then put an end to Civil Wars for shame,  
 Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame,  
 Throw down his Pen, and give her as he can,  
 The satisfaction of a Gentleman.

Looking  
 above.

## Prologue to the Princess of CLEVES.

L Adies! (I hope there's none behind to hear,)  
 I long to whisper something in your Ear:  
 A Secret, which does much my Mind perplex,  
 There's Treason in the Play against our Sex.  
 A Man that's false to Love, that vows and cheats,  
 And kisses every living thing he meets!  
 A Rogue in Mode, I dare not speak too broad,  
 One that does something to the very Bawd.  
 Out on him, Traytor, for a filthy Beast,  
 Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest;  
 None of 'em stick at mark: They all deceive,  
 Some *Jew* has chang'd the Text, I half believe,  
 There *Adam* cozen'd our poor Grandame *Eve*.  
 To hide their faults they rap out Oaths and tear:  
 Now tho' we lye, we're too well bred to swear.  
 So we compound for half the Sin we owe,  
 But men are dipt for Soul and Body too.  
 And when found out, excuse themselves, Pox cant 'em,  
 With Latin stuff, *perjuria ridet Amantum*.  
 I'm not Book Learn'd, to know that word in vogue,  
 But I suspect 'tis Latin for a Rogue.  
 I'm sure I never heard that Schritch-owl hollow'd  
 In my poor Ears, but Separation follow'd.  
 How can such perjurd Villains e're be saved,  
*Achitophel's* not half so false to *David*.  
 With Vows and soft Expressions to allure:  
 They stand like Foremen of a Shop, demure,  
 No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,  
 And for the next new Face ride out a padding.  
 Yet, by their favour when they have been kissing,  
 We can perceive the ready Mony missing:  
 Well! we may rail, but 'tis as good e'en wink,  
 Something we find, and something they will sink.  
 But since they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts,  
 To trump their Diamonds, and they trump our Hearts.

Epilogue



# EPILOGUE

to the Princess of CLEVES.

A Qualm of Conscience brings me back agen  
To make amends to you bespatter'd Men !  
We Women love like Cats, that hide their Joys,  
By growling, squaling, and a hideous noise.  
I rail'd at wild young Sparks, but without lying,  
Never was Man worse thought on for high-flying ;  
The prodigal of Love gives each her part,  
And squandring shows, at least, a noble Heart.  
I've heard of Men, who in some lewd Lampoon,  
Have hir'd a Friend, to make their Valour known.  
That Accusation straight, this question brings,  
What is the Man that does such naughty things ?  
The Spaniel Lover, like a sneaking Fop,  
Lies at our Feet. He's scarce worth taking up ;  
'Tis true, such Hero's in a Play go far,  
But Chamber practice is not like the Bar.  
When Men such vile, such faint Petitions make,  
We fear to give, because they fear to take ;  
Since Modesty's the Virtue of our kind,  
Pray let it be to our own Sex confin'd.  
When Men usurp it from the Female Nation,  
'Tis but a Work of Supererogation. —  
We shou'd a Princess in the Play. 'Tis true,  
Who gave her *Cæsar* more than all is due.  
Told her own Faults, but I shou'd much abhor,  
To choose a Husband for my Confessor.  
You see what Fate follow'd the Saint-like Fool,  
For telling Tales from out the Nuptial School.  
Our Play a merry Comedy had prov'd,  
Had she confess'd as much to him she lov'd.  
True *Presbyterian*-Wives, the *means* wou'd try,  
But damn'd Confessing is flat Popery.

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H h CANACE



## CANACE to MACAREUS.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Macareus and Canace Son and Daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, lov'd each other Incestuously : Canace was delivered of a Son, and committed him to her Nurse, to be secretly convey'd away. The Infant crying out, by that means was discovered to Æolus, who inrag'd at the wickedness of his Children, commanded the Babe to be exposed to Wild Beasts on the Mountains : And withal, sent a Sword to Canace, with this Message, That her Crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this Sword she slew her self : But before she died, she writ the following Letter to her Brother Macareus, who had taken Sanctuary in the Temple of Apollo.*

**I**F streaming Blood my fatal Letter stain,  
 Imagine, e're you read, the Writer slain :  
 One hand the Sword, and one the Pen employs,  
 And in my Lap the ready Paper lies.  
 Think in this posture thou behold'st me write :  
 In this my cruel Father wou'd delight.  
 O were he present, that his eys and hands  
 Might see and urge the death which he commands,  
 Than all the raging Winds more dreadful, he  
 Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds wou'd see.  
 Jove justly plac'd him on a stormy Throne,  
 His Peoples temper is so like his own.  
 The North and South, and each contending blast  
 Are underneath his wide Dominion cast :  
 Those he can rule ; but his Tempestuous Mind  
 Is, like his airy Kingdom, unconfin'd.  
 Ah ! what avail my kindred Gods above,  
 That in their number I can reckon Jove !  
 What help will all my heav'nly friends afford,  
 When to my breast I lift the pointed Sword ?  
 That hour which joyn'd us came before its time,  
 In death we had been one without a crime :  
 Why did thy flames beyond a Brother's move ?  
 Why lov'd I thee with more than Sister's love ?  
 For I lov'd too ; and knowing not my wound,  
 A secret pleasure in thy Kisses found :  
 My Cheeks no longer did their colour boast,  
 My Food grew loathsome, and my strength I lost :  
 Still e're I spoke, a sigh wou'd stop my Tongue ;  
 Short were my slumbers, and my nights were long.  
 I knew not from my love these griefs did grow,  
 Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.  
 My wily Nurse by long experience found,  
 And first discover'd to my Soul its wound.  
 'Tis Love, said she ; and then my down-cast eyes,  
 And guilty dumbness, witness'd my surprize.  
 Forc'd at the last, my shameful pain I tell :  
 And, oh, what follow'd ! we both know too well !  
 " When half denying, more than half content,  
 " Embraces warm'd me to a full consent :

"Then



"Then with tumultuous Joys my Heart did beat,  
 "And guilt that made them anxious made them great.  
 But now my swelling womb heav'd up my Breast,  
 And rising weight my sinking Limbs oppress.  
 What Herbs, what Plants, did not my Nurse produce,  
 To make Abortion by their powerful Juice?  
 What Medicines try'd we not, to thee unknown?  
 Our first Crime common; this was mine alone.  
 But the strong Child, secure in his dark Cell,  
 With Nature's vigour, did our Arts repel.  
 And now the pale-fac'd Empress of the Night,  
 Nine times had fill'd her Orb with borrow'd light:  
 Not knowing 'twas my Labour, I complain  
 Of sudden shootings, and of grinding pain:  
 My throes came thicker, and my cries increas'd,  
 Which with her hand the conscious Nurse suppress.  
 To that unhappy fortune was I come,  
 Pain urg'd my clamours; but fear kept me dumb.  
 With inward struggling I restrain'd my cries,  
 And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.  
 Death was in sight, *Lucina* gave no aid;  
 And even my dying had my guilt betray'd.  
 Thou cam'st; and in thy Countenance fate Despair:  
 Rent were thy Garments all, and torn thy Hair:  
 Yet, feigning comfort which thou could'st not give,  
 (Prest in thy Arms, and whisp'ring me to live:)  
 For both our sakes, (said'st thou) preserve thy life;  
 Live, my dear Sister, and my dearer Wife.  
 Rais'd by that name, with my last pangs, I strove:  
 Such pow'r have words, when spoke by those we love.  
 The *Babe*, as if he heard what thou hadst sworn,  
 With hasty joy sprung forward to be born.  
 What helps it to have weather'd out one Storm?  
 Fear of our *Father* does another form.  
 High in his Hall, rock'd in a Chair of State,  
 The King with his tempestuous Council fate:  
 Through this large Room our only passage lay,  
 By which we cou'd the new-born *Babe* convey.  
 Swath'd in her Lap, the bold Nurse bore him out;  
 With Olive Branches cover'd round about;  
 And, mutt'ring Pray'rs, as holy Rites she meant,  
 Through the divided Crowd, unquestion'd went.  
 Just at the door th' unhappy Infant cry'd:  
 The Grandfire heard him, and the theft he spy'd.  
 Swift as a Whirl-wind to the Nurse he flies;  
 And deafs his stormy Subjects with his cries.  
 With one fierce puff, he blows the leaves away:  
 Expos'd, the self-discover'd Infant lay.  
 The noise reach'd me, and my presaging mind  
 Too soon its own approaching Woes divin'd.  
 Not Ships at Sea with Winds are shaken more,  
 Nor Seas themselves, when angry Tempests roar,  
 Than I, when my loud Father's voice I hear:  
 The *Bed* beneath me trembled with my fear.  
 He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my stain;  
 Scarce from my Murther cou'd his hands refrain.  
 I only answer'd him with silent Tears;  
 They flow'd; my Tongue was frozen up with fears.



His little Grand-child he commands away,  
 To Mountain Wolves, and every Bird of prey.  
 The Babe cry'd out, as if he understood,  
 And begg'd his pardon with what voice he cou'd.  
 By what expressions can my grief be shown?  
 (Yet you may guess my anguish by your own)  
 To see my bowels, and what yet was worse,  
 Your bowels too, condemn'd to such a Curse!  
 Out went the King; my voice its freedom found,  
 My breast I beat, my blubber'd Cheeks I wound.  
 And now appear'd the Messenger of death,  
 Sad were his Looks, and scarce he drew his Breath,  
 To say, *Your father sends you*—(with that word  
 His trembling hands presented me a Sword:)  
*Your Father sends you this; and lets you know,*  
*That your own Crimes the use of it will show.*  
 Too well I know the sense those words impart:  
 His *Present* shall be treasur'd in my heart.  
 Are these the Nuptial Gifts a Bride receives?  
 And this the fatal Dow'r a Father gives?  
 Thou God of Marriage shun thy own disgrace;  
 And take thy Torch from this detested place:  
 Instead of that, let Furies light their brands;  
 And fire my pile with their infernal hands.  
 With happier fortune may my Sisters wed;  
 Warn'd by the dire Example of the dead.  
 For thee, poor Babe, what Crime cou'd they pretend?  
 How cou'd thy Infant innocence offend?  
 A guilt there was; but Oh that guilt was mine!  
 Thou suffer'st for a sin that was not thine:  
 Thy Mothers grief and crime! but just enjoy'd,  
 Shewn to my sight, and born to be destroy'd!  
 Unhappy Off-spring of my seeming Womb!  
 Drag'd head-long from thy Cradle to thy Tomb!  
 Thy un-offending life I could not save,  
 Nor weeping cou'd I follow to thy Grave!  
 Nor on thy Tomb could offer my thorn Hair;  
 Nor shew the grief which tender Mothers bear.  
 Yet long thou shalt not from my Arms be lost,  
 For soon I will o'ertake thy Infant Ghost.  
 But thou, my Love, and now my Love's Despair,  
 Perform his Funerals with paternal care.  
 His scatter'd Limbs with my dead body burn;  
 And once more joyn us in the pious Urn.  
 If on my wounded breast thou drop'st a tear,  
 Think for whose sake my breast that wound did bear;  
 And faithfully my last desires fulfil,  
 As I perform my cruel Father's will.

DIDO



# DIDO to ÆNEAS.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Æneas, the Son of Venus and Anchises, having at the Destruction of Troy, saved his Gods, his Father, and Son Ascanius from the Fire, put to Sea with twenty Sail of Ships, and having been long tost with Tempests, was at last cast upon the Shore of Lybia, where Queen Dido, (flying from the Cruelty of Pygmalion her Brother, who had killed her Husband Sichæus,) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his Fleet with great civility, fell passionately in Love with him, and in the end denied him not the last Favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a Kingdom promised to him by the Gods,) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain try'd all other means to ingage him to stay, at last in Despair, writes to him as follows.*

**S**O, on *Meander's* banks, when Death is nigh,  
The mournful *Swan* sings her own Elegy.  
Not that I hope, (for oh, that hope were vain!)  
By words your lost affections to regain;  
But having lost what e're was worth my care,  
Why shoud I fear to lose a dying pray'r?  
'Tis then resolv'd poor *Dido* must be left,  
Of Life, of Honour, and of Love bereft!  
While you, with loosen'd Sails, and Vows, prepare  
To seek a Land that flies the Searcher's care.  
Nor can my rising Tow'rs your flight restrain,  
Nor my new Empire, offer'd you in vain.  
Built Walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that Land  
Is yet to Conquer; but you this Command.  
Suppose you Landed where your wish design'd,  
Think what Reception Foreigners would find.  
What People is so void of common Sense,  
To Vote Succession from a Native Prince?  
Yet there new Scepters and new Loves you seek;  
New Vows to plight, and plighted Vows to break.  
When will your Tow'rs the height of *Carthage* know?  
Or when, your Eyes discern such crowds below?  
If such a Town, and Subjects you cou'd see,  
Still wou'd you want a Wife who lov'd like me!  
For, oh, I burn, like fires with Incense bright;  
Not holy Tapers flame with purer light:  
*Æneas* is my thoughts perpetual Theme:  
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream,  
Yet he ungrateful and obdurate still:  
Fool that I am to place my heart so ill!  
My self I cannot to my self restore:  
Still I complain, and still I love him more.  
Have pity, *Cupid*, on my bleeding heart,  
And pierce thy Brothers with an equal dart.  
I rave: nor canst thou *Venus* offspring be,  
Love's Mother cou'd not bear a Son like thee.  
From harden'd Oak, or from a Rock's cold womb,  
At least thou art from some fierce *Tygres* come,  
Or,



Or, on rough Seas, from their foundation torn,  
 Got by the winds, and in a Tempest born:  
 Like that which now thy trembling Sailors fear:  
 Like that, whose rage should still detain thee here.  
 behold how high the Foamy Billows ride!  
 The winds and waves are on the juster side.  
 To winter weather and a stormy Sea,  
 I'll owe what rather I wou'd owe to thee.  
 Death thou deserv'st from Heav'n's avenging Laws;  
 But I'm unwilling to become the cause.  
 To shun my Love, if thou wilt seek thy Fate,  
 'Tis a dear purchase and a costly hate.  
 Stay but a little, till the Tempest cease,  
 And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.  
 May all thy rage, like theirs unconstant prove!  
 And so it will, if there be pow'r in Love.  
 Know'st thou not yet what dangers Ships sustain,  
 So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the Main?  
 Which, were it smooth, were every wave asleep,  
 Ten thousand forms of death are in the deep.  
 In that abyss the Gods their vengeance store,  
 For broken Vows of those who falsly swore.  
 Their winged storms on Sea-born *Venus* wait,  
 To vindicate the Justice of her State.  
 Thus, I to thee the means of safety show:  
 And lost my self, would still preserve my Foe.  
 False as thou art, I not thy death design:  
 O rather live to be the cause of mine!  
 Shou'd some avenging storm thy Vessel tear,  
 (But Heav'n forbid my words shou'd Omen bear,)  
 Then, in thy face thy perjur'd Vows would fly;  
 And my wrong'd Ghost be present to thy eye.  
 With threatening looks, think thou behold'st me stare,  
 Gasping my mouth, and clotted all my hair,  
 Then shou'd fork'd Lightning and red Thunder fall;  
 What could'st thou say, but I deserv'd 'em all?  
 Lest this should happen, make not haste away,  
 To shun the danger will be worth thy stay.  
 Have pity on thy Son, if not on me:  
 My death alone is guilt enough for thee.  
 What has his Youth, what have thy Gods deserv'd,  
 To sink in Seas, who were from fires preserv'd?  
 But neither Gods nor Parent didst thou bear,  
 (Smooth Stories all, to please a Woman's ear,)  
 False was the tale of thy Romantick life;  
 Nor yet am I thy first deluded Wife.  
 Left to pursuing Foes *Crensa* stay'd,  
 By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.  
 This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender heart,  
 That such requital follow'd such desert.  
 Nor doubt I but the Gods, for Crimes like these,  
 Sev'n Winters kept thee wandering on the Seas.  
 Thy starv'd Companions, cast a-Shore, I fed,  
 Thy self admitted to my Crown and Bed.  
 To harbour Strangers, succour the distressed,  
 Was kind enough; but oh too kind the rest!  
 Curst be the Cave which first my ruin brought:  
 Where, from the storm, we common shelter sought!



A dreadful howliag eccho'd round the place,  
 The Mountain Nymphs, thought I, my Nuptials grace.  
 I thought so then, but now too late I know  
 The Furies yell'd my Funerals from below.  
 O Chastity and violated Fame,  
 Exact your dues to my dead Husband's name!  
 By death redeem my reputation lost;  
 And to his Arms restore my guilty Ghost.  
 Close by my Palace, in a Gloomy Grove,  
 Is rais'd a Chappel to my Murder'd Love.  
 There, wreath'd with boughs and wool his Statue stands,  
 The Pious Monument of Artful hands:  
 Last night, methought he call'd me from the dome,  
 And thrice with hollow voice, cry'd, *Dido*, come.  
 She comes; thy Wife thy lawful summons hears;  
 But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious fears.  
 Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed,  
 Strong were his Charms, who my weak faith misled.  
 His Goddess's Mother, and his aged Sire,  
 Born on his back, did to my fall conspire.  
 O such he was, and is, that were he true,  
 Without a blush I might his Love pursue.  
 But cruel Stars my Birth-day did attend:  
 And as my Fortune open'd, it must end.  
 My plighted Lord was at the Altar slain,  
 Whose wealth was made my bloody Brother's gain:  
 Friendless, and follow'd by the Murd'ers hate,  
 To foreign Countries I remov'd my Fate;  
 And here, a suppliant, from the Natives hands,  
 I bought the ground on which my City stands.  
 With all the Coast that stretches to the Sea;  
 Ev'n to the friendly Port that shelter'd thee:  
 Then rais'd these Walls, which mount into the Air,  
 At once my Neighbours wonder, and their fear.  
 For now they Arm; and round me Leagues are made,  
 My scarce Establish'd Empire to invade.  
 To Man my new built Walls I must prepare,  
 An helpless Woman, and unskill'd in War.  
 Yet thousand Rivals to my Love pretend;  
 And for my Person, would my Crown defend:  
 Whose jaring Votes in one complaint agree,  
 That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.  
 To proud *Hyarbas* give me up a prey;  
 (For that must follow, if thou go'st away.)  
 Or to my Husband's Murd'rer leave my life;  
 That to the Husband he may add the Wife.  
 Go then; since no complaints can move thy mind:  
 Go perjur'd Man, but leave thy Gods behind.  
 Touch not those Gods by whom thou art forsworn;  
 Who will in impious hands no more be born.  
 Thy Sacrilegious worship they disdain,  
 And rather wou'd the *Grecian* fires sustain.  
 Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come;  
 And part of thee lies hid within my Womb.  
 The Babe unborn must perish by thy hate,  
 And Perish guiltless in his Mother's fate.  
 Some God, thou say'st, thy Voyage does command;  
 Wou'd the same God had barr'd thee from my Land.

The



The same, I doubt not, thy departure steers,  
 Who kept thee out at Sea so many years.  
 Where thy long labours were a price so great,  
 As thou to purchase *Troy* wouldst not repeat.  
 But *Tyber* now thou seek'st ; to be at best,  
 When there arriv'd, a poor precarious Guest.  
 Yet it deludes thy search : Perhaps it will  
 To thy Old Age lie undiscover'd still.  
 A ready Crown and Wealth in Dow'r I bring,  
 And without conqu'ring, here thou art a King.  
 Here thou to *Carthage* may'st transfer thy *Troy* ;  
 Here young *Ascanius* may his Arms imploy :  
 And, while we live secure in soft repose,  
 Bring many Laurels home from Conquer'd Foes.  
 By *Cupid's* Arrows, I adjure thee stay ;  
 By all the Gods, Companions of thy way.  
 So may thy *Trojans*, who are yet alive,  
 Live still, and with no future Fortune strive :  
 So may thy Youthful Son Old Age attain,  
 And thy dead Father's Bones in peace remain,  
 As thou hast pity on unhappy me,  
 Who know no Crime, but too much Love of thee.  
 I am not born from fierce *Achilles* Line :  
 Nor did my Parents against *Troy* combine,  
 To be thy Wife, if I unworthy prove,  
 By some inferior name admit my Love.  
 To be secur'd of still possessing thee,  
 What wou'd I do, and what wou'd I not be.  
 Our *Lybian* Coasts their certain Seasons know,  
 When free from Tempests Passengers may go.  
 But now with Northern Blasts the Billows roar,  
 And drive the floating Sea-weed to the Shore.  
 Leave to my care the time to Sail away ;  
 When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.  
 Thy weary Men wou'd be with ease content ;  
 Their Sails are tatter'd, and their Masts are spent :  
 If by no merit I thy Mind can move,  
 What thou deny'st my merit, give my Love.  
 Stay, till I learn my loss to undergo ;  
 And give me time to struggle with my woe.  
 If not : know this, I will not suffer long,  
 My life's too loathsome, and my love too strong.  
 Death holds my Pen, and dictates what I say,  
 While cross my Lap thy *Trojan* Sword I lay.  
 My tears flow down ; the sharp edge cuts their flood,  
 And drinks my sorrows, that must drink my blood.  
 How well thy gift does with my Fate agree !  
 My Funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.  
 To no new wounds my bosom I display :  
 The Sword but enters where Love made the way.  
 But thou, dear Sister, and yet dearer Friend,  
 Shalt my cold ashes to their Urn attend.  
*Sichæus* Wife, let not the Marble boast,  
 I lost that Title when my Fame I lost.  
 This short Inscription only let it bear,  
 " Unhappy *Dido* lies in quiet here.  
 " The cause of death, and Sword by which she dy'd,  
 " *Æneas* gave : the rest her arm supply'd.



To my Dear Friend

# Mr. Congreve,

On his COMEDY, call'd,

## The DOUBLE-DEALER.

**W**ELL then; the promis'd hour is come at last;  
 The present Age of Wit obscures the past:  
 Strong were our Syres; and as they Fought they Writ,  
 Conqu'ring with force of Arms, and dint of Wit;  
 Theirs was the Gyant Race, before the Flood;  
 And thus, when Charles Return'd, our Empire stood.  
 Like Janus he the stubborn Soil manur'd,  
 With Rules of Husbandry the rankness cur'd:  
 Tam'd us to manners, when the Stage was rude;  
 And boistrous English Wit, with Art indu'd.  
 Our Age was cultivated thus at length;  
 But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.  
 Our Builders were, with want of Genius, curst;  
 The second Temple was not like the first:  
 Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length;  
 Our Beauties equal; but excel our strength.  
 Firm Dorique Pillars found Your solid Base;  
 The Fair Corinthian Crowns the higher Space;  
 Thus all below is Strength, and all above is Grace.  
 In easie Dialogue is Fletcher's Praise:  
 He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raise.  
 Great Johnson did by strength of Judgment please:  
 Yet doubling Fletcher's Force, he wants his Ease.  
 In differing Talents both adorn'd their Age;  
 One for the Study, t' other for the Stage.  
 But both to Congreve justly shall submit,  
 One match'd in Judgment, both o'er-match'd in Wit.  
 In him all Beauties of this Age we see;  
 Etherege his Courtship, Southern's Purity;  
 The Satire, Wit, and Strength of Manly Witcherly.  
 All this in blooming Youth you have Atchiev'd;  
 Now are your foil'd Contemporaries griev'd;  
 So much the sweetness of your manners move,  
 We cannot envy you because we Love.  
 Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw  
 A Beardless Consul made against the Law,  
 And joyn his Suffrage to the Votes of Rome;  
 Though He with Hannibal was overcome.  
 Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphel's Fame;  
 And Scholar to the Youth he taught, became.  
 Oh that your Brows my Lawrel had sustain'd,  
 Well had I been Depos'd, if you had reign'd!  
 The Father had descended for the Son;  
 For only You are lineal to the Throne.



Thus when the State one Edward did depose;  
 A Greater Edward in his room arose.  
 But now, not I, but Poetry is curs'd;  
 For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.  
 But let 'em not mistake my Patron's part;  
 Nor call his Charity their own desert.  
 Yet this I Prophecy; Thou shalt be seen,  
 (Tho' with some short Parenthesis between:)  
 High on the Throne of Wit; and seated there,  
 Not mine (that's little) but thy Laurel wear.  
 Thy first attempt an early promise made;  
 That early promise this has more than paid.  
 So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,  
 That Your least Praise, is to be Regular.  
 Time, Place, and Action, may with pains be wrought,  
 But Genius must be born; and never can be taught.  
 This is your Portion; this Your Native Store;  
 Heav'n that but once was Prodigal before,  
 To Shakespeare gave as much; she cou'd not give him more.  
 Maintain your Post: That's all the Fame You need;  
 For 'tis impossible you shou'd proceed.  
 Already I am worn with Cares and Age;  
 And just abandoning th' Ungrateful Stage:  
 Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's expence,  
 I live a Rent-charge on his Providence:  
 But You, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace adorn,  
 Whom I foresee to better Fortune born,  
 Be kind to my Remains; and oh defend,  
 Against Your Judgment Your departed Friend!  
 Let not the Insulting Foe my Fame pursue;  
 But shade those Laurels which descend to You:  
 And take for Tribute what these Lines express:  
 You merit more; nor cou'd my Love do less.



T O

## Sir Godfrey Kneller;

*Principal Painter to His Majesty.*

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her Kind ;  
 (And still the sweet Idea charms my Mind : )  
 True she was dumb ; for Nature gaz'd so long,  
 Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her Tongue :  
 But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the Prize ;  
 I only have transferr'd it to her Eyes.  
 Such are thy Pictures, *Kneller* : Such thy Skill,  
 That Nature seems obedient to thy Will :  
 Comes out, and meets thy Pencil in the draught :  
 Lives there, and wants but words to speak her thought.  
 At least thy Pictures look a Voice ; and we  
 Imagine sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,  
 We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.

Shadows are but privations of the Light,  
 Yet when we walk, they shoot before the Sight ;  
 With us approach, retire, arise, and fall ;  
 Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.  
 Such are thy Pieces ; imitating Life  
 So near, they almost conquer'd in the strife ;  
 And from their animated Canvass came,  
 Demanding Souls ; and loosen'd from the Frame.

*Prometheus*, were he here, wou'd cast away  
 His *Adam*, and refuse a Soul to Clay :  
 And either wou'd thy Noble Work Inspire ;  
 Or think it warm enough, without his Fire.

But vulgar Hands, may vulgar Likeness raise,  
 This is the least Attendant on thy Praise :  
 From hence the Rudiments of Art began ;  
 A Coal, or Chalk, first imitated Man :  
 Perhaps, the Shadow, taken on a Wall,  
 Gave out-lines to the rude Original :  
 Ere Canvass yet was strain'd : before the Grace  
 Of blended Colours found their use and place :  
 Or Cypress Tablets, first receiv'd a Face.

By slow degrees, the Godlike Art advanc'd ;  
 As Man grew polish'd, Picture was inhanc'd :  
 Greece added posture, shade, and perspective ;  
 And then the *Mimick* Piece began to Live.  
 Yet perspective was lame ; no distance true ;  
 But all came forward in one common view :  
 No point of Light was known, no bounds of Art ;  
 When Light was there, it knew not to depart :  
 But glaring on remoter Objects play'd ;  
 Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not Art, but barely kept alive ;  
 And with Old Greece, unequally did strive :  
 Till *Goths* and *Vandals*, a rude *Northern* Race,  
 Did all the matchless Monuments deface.



Then all the Muses in one ruine lye;  
 And Rhyme began t' enervate Poetry.  
 Thus in a stupid Military State,  
 The Pen and Pencil find an equal Fate,  
 Flat Faces, such as wou'd disgrace a Skreen,  
 Such as in *Bantam's* Embassy were seen,  
 Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight  
 Of Brutal Nations, only born to Fight.

Long time the Sister Arts, in Iron sleep,  
 A heavy Sabbath did supinely keep;  
 At length, in *Raphael's* Age, at once they rise;  
 Stretch all their Limbs, and open all their Eyes.

Thence rose the *Roman*, and the *Lombard* Line:  
 One colour'd best, and one did best design.  
*Raphael's*, like *Homer's*, was the Nobler part;  
 But *Titian's* Painting, look'd like *Virgil's* Art.

Thy Genius gives thee both; where true design,  
 Postures unforc'd, and lively Colours joyn.  
 Likeness is ever there; but still the best,  
 Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language drest.  
 Where Light to Shades descending, plays, not strives;  
 Dyes by degrees, and by degrees revives.  
 Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:  
 Thy Pictures think, and we Divine their Thought.

\* Shake-  
 spear's Pi-  
 cture drawn  
 by Sir God-  
 frey Knel-  
 ler, and pre-  
 sented to the  
 Author.

\* *Shakespear* thy Gift, I place before my sight;  
 With awe, I ask his Blessing e're I write;  
 With Reverence look on his Majestick Face;  
 Proud to be less; but of his Godlike Race.  
 His Soul Inspires me, while thy Praise I write,  
 And I like *Tencher*, under *Ajax* Fight;  
 Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntless breast  
 Contemn the bad, and Emulate the best.  
 Like his, thy Criticks in th' attempt are lost;  
 When most they rail, know then, they envy most.  
 In vain they snarl a-loof; a noisy Crow'd,  
 Like Womens Anger, impotent and loud.  
 While they their barren Industry deplore,  
 Pass on secure; and mind the Goal before:  
 Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind;  
 Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.  
 Our Arts are Sisters; though not Twins in Birth;  
 For Hymns were sung in *Edens* happy Earth:  
 But oh, the Painter Muse, though last in place,  
 Has seiz'd the Blessing first, like *Jacob's* Race.  
*Apelles* Art, an *Alexander* found;  
 And *Raphael* did with *Leo's* Gold abound;  
 But *Homer*, was with barren Lawrel Crown'd.  
 Thou hadst thy *Charles* a while, and so had I;  
 But pass we that unpleasing Image by.  
 Rich in thy self; and of thy self Divine,  
 All Pilgrims come and offer at thy Shrine.  
 A graceful truth thy Pencil can Command;  
 The fair themselves go mended from thy hand:  
 Likeness appears in every Lineament;  
 But Likeness in thy Work is Eloquent:  
 Though Nature, there, her true resemblance bears,  
 A nobler Beauty in thy Piece appears.



So warm thy Work, so glows the gen'rous frame.  
 Flesh looks less living in the Lovely Dame.  
 Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,  
 When on wild Nature we ingraft our skill:  
 Yet not creating Beauties at our Will.

But Poets are confin'd in Narr'wer space;  
 To speak the Language of their Native Place:  
 The Painter widely stretches his command:  
 Thy Pencil speaks the Tongue of ev'ry Land.  
 From hence, my Friend, all Climates are your own;  
 Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.  
 All Nations, all Immunities will give  
 To make you theirs; where e're you please to live;  
 And not seven Cities; but the World wou'd strive.

Sure some propitious Planet then did Smile,  
 When first you were conducted to this Isle:  
 (Our Genius brought you here, t' enlarge our Fame)  
 (For your good Stars are ev'ry where the same)  
 Thy matchless hand, of ev'ry Region free,  
 Adopts our Climate; not our Climate thee.

\* Great Rome and Venice early did impart  
 To thee th' Examples of their wondrous Art.  
 Those Masters then but seen, not understood,  
 With generous Emulation fir'd thy Blood:  
 For what in Nature's Dawn the Child admir'd,  
 The Youth endeavour'd, and the Man acquir'd.

If yet thou hast not reach'd their high Degree  
 'Tis only wanting to this Age, not thee?  
 Thy Genius, bounded by the Times, like mine,  
 Drudges on petty Draughts, nor dare design  
 A more Exalted Work, and more Divine.  
 For what a Song, or senseless Opera  
 Is to the Living Labour of a Play;  
 Or, what a Play to Virgil's Work wou'd be,  
 Such is a single Piece to History.

But we who Life bestow, our selves must live;  
 Kings cannot Reign, unless their Subjects give.  
 And they who pay the Taxes, bear the Rule:  
 Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a Fool:  
 But so his Follies in thy Posture sink,  
 The senseless Idiot seems at least to think.

(Good Heaven! that Sots and Knaves shou'd be so vain,  
 To wish their vile Resemblance may remain!  
 And stand recorded, at their own request,  
 To future-Days, a Libel or a Jeast.)

Else shou'd we see, your noble Pencil trace  
 Our Unities of Action, Time, and Place.  
 A whole compos'd of parts; and those the best;  
 With every various Character exprest.  
 Heroes at large; and at a nearer view;  
 Less, and at distance, an Ignobler Crew.  
 While all the Figures in one Action joyn,  
 As tending to Compleat the main Design.

More cannot be by Mortal Art exprest;  
 But venerable Age shall add the rest.  
 For Time shall with his ready Pencil stand:  
 Retouch your Figures, with his ripening Hand,

\* He tra-  
 vel'd very  
 young into  
 Italy.



Mellow your Colours, and imbrown the Teint;  
 Add every Grace, which Time alone can grant:  
 To future Ages shall your Fame convey;  
 And give more Beauties, than he takes away.

T O T H E  
 E A R L of ROSCOMON,  
 O N H I S  
 Excellent Essay on Translated Verse.

Whether the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian Shore,  
 The seeds of Arts and Infant Science bore,  
 'Tis sure the noble Plant, translated first,  
 Advanc'd its head in Grecian Gardens nurst.  
 The Grecians added Verse, their tuneful Tongue  
 Made Nature first, and Nature's God their Song.  
 Nor stopt Translation here: For conquering Rome  
 With Grecian Spoils, brought Grecian Numbers home;  
 Enrich'd by those Athenian Muses more,  
 Than all the vanquish'd World cou'd yield before.  
 'Till barb'rous Nations and more barb'rous Times  
 Debas'd the Majesty of Verse to Rhimes;  
 Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling Prose:  
 That limp'd along, and trinckl'd in the close:  
 But Italy reviving from the trance  
 Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,  
 With pauses, cadence, and well vowell'd words,  
 And all the Graces a good Ear affords,  
 Made Rhyme an Art, and Dante's polish'd page  
 Restor'd a Silver, not a Golden Age:  
 Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see,  
 What Rhyme improv'd in all its height can be;  
 At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity: }  
 The French pursu'd their steps; and Brittain, last  
 In Manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.  
 The Wit of Greece, the Gravity of Rome  
 Appear exalted in the British Loom; }  
 The Muses Empire is restor'd agen,  
 In Charles his Reign, and by Roscomon's Pen.  
 Yet modestly he does his Work survey,  
 And calls a finish'd Poem an ESSAY;  
 For all the needful Rules are scatter'd here;  
 Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;  
 (So well is Art disguis'd, for Nature to appear.

Nor



Nor need those Rules, to give Translation light.)  
 His own example is a flame so bright;  
 That he, who but arrives to copy well,  
 Unguided will advance; unknowing will excel.  
 Scarce his own *Horace* cou'd such Rules ordain;  
 Or his own *Virgil* sing a nobler strain.  
 How much in him may rising *Ireland* boast,  
 How much in gaining him has *Britain* lost!  
 Their Island in revenge has ours reclaim'd,  
 The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.  
 'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow  
 Deriv'd from *British* Channels long ago,  
 That here his conquering Ancestors were nurst;  
 And *Ireland* but translated *England* first:  
 By this Reprisal we regain our right,  
 Else must the two contending Nations fight,  
 A nobler quarrel for his Native earth,  
 Than what divided *Greece* for *Homer's* birth.  
 To what perfection will our Tongue arrive,  
 How will Invention and Translation thrive  
 When Authors nobly born will bear their part,  
 And not disdain th' inglorious praise of Art!  
 Great Generals thus descending from command,  
 With their own toil provoke the Souldiers hand.  
 How will sweet *Ovid's* Ghost be pleas'd to hear  
 His Fame augmented by an *English* Peer,  
 How he embellishes His *Helen's* loves,  
 Out-does his softness, and his sense improves?  
 When these translate, and teach Translators too,  
 Nor Firstling Kid, nor any vulgar vow  
 Shou'd at *Apollo's* grateful Altar stand;  
*Roscomon* writes, to that auspicious hand,  
 Muse feed the Bull that spurns the yellow sand.  
*Roscomon*, whom both Court and Camps commend,  
 True to his Prince, and faithful to his friend;  
*Roscomon* first in Fields of Honour known,  
 First in the peaceful Triumphs of the Gown;  
 Who both *Minerva's* justly makes his own.  
 Now let the few belov'd by *Jove*, and they,  
 Whom infus'd *Titan* form'd of better Clay,  
 On equal terms with ancient Wit ingage,  
 Nor mighty *Homer* fear, nor sacred *Virgil's* page:  
 Our *English* Palace opens wide in state;  
 And without stooping they may pass the Gate.

The Earl of  
Mulgrave.



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Now, at the silent time of night  
When every sound conveys a spirit  
When stretched beneath his straw cap'd bed  
The Rustic lays his clanking head;  
There, while the dews of balmy sleep  
Around his weary'd temples creep  
He soon forgets his daily toil  
Of harvest dreams, and reaps the spoil  
Cold was the night and beating rain  
Had delug'd half the dreary plain  
When Love, in all his arts array'd  
Knock'd at my door and beg'd for aid  
'Who's that cry'd I who dares to come  
'Disturbing thus my peace I come  
'Open the door, the Vision said  
'I am a Child be not afraid  
'Indeed good Sir, I've lost my way  
'And though the Moon be high I stray



